THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

In This Number

Samuel G. Blythe—Will Irwin—Irvin S. Cobb—George Pattullo—Emerson Hough
H. G. Wells—Clarence Budington Kelland—James H. Collins—Earl Derr Biggers

MICHELIN

MICHELIN
Red Inner Tubes

have a world-wide reputation for durability for the following reasons:

1st: Michelin Red-Rubber Tubes are compounded of certain quality-giving ingredients which prevent them from becoming brittle or porous and which preserve their velvety softness indefinitely.

These ingredients make Michelin Tubes red; but red in itself is no sign of superiority, for there is a "Dyed-Red" as well as the "Michelin Quality-Red."

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3rd: The world's first inner tube was made by Michelin in 1891, coincident with his invention of the detachable bicycle tire. This original inner tube was red, and Michelin Tubes have been red ever since. Backed by twenty-five years' experience and sincere effort for improvement, it is not surprising that Michelin Inner Tubes hold their present preëminent position.

Note to Dealers:—There are thousands of loyal Michelin dealers in all parts of the country, yet in your territory we may not be adequately represented. Michelin casings and Michelin red tubes—both of the highest quality—offer you a real sales-opportunity. Write for full information.

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MICHELIN RED INNER TUBES cost so little more than the average and last so much longer that in the end they are by far the most economical and satisfactory

First, find yourself in this List

—then the numbers will tell you which of these Ingersoll watches are best suited to your needs.

(Illustrations are considerably under actual size of watches)

Automobilists 13, 4, 12

Baggagemen 7, 5
Boys 7, 3, 8, 5, 6
Boy Scouts 9, 7, 8, 4
Boat Owners 12, 13
Bricklayers 8, 7, 3
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Railroad men 1, 2

Sailors 1, 3
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Shoppers 6, 9
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Soldiers 9, 1, 2, 3
Students 4, 2, 1, 3

Teachers 6, 11, 12
Telegraph and Telephone Operators 12, 10
Travelers 10, 11, 9, 4

Watchmen 4
Women 6, 9, 11

1

Ingersoll **RELIANCE $3**

This new flat 7-jewel Ingersoll slips into the pocket like a silver dollar. It's built bridge-model. Keeps accurate time. Made by Ingersoll and guaranteed by him, but in a factory devoted exclusively to these new jeweled watches.

4

Ingersoll **RADIOLITE $2**

Shows the time *night and day.* The hands and the figures on the dial are coated with a luminous substance containing radium, which shines in the dark more brilliantly than pure radium would. For campers, doctors, night watchmen, and other night workers. An ideal "under-the-pillow" watch. At your dealer's about May 15.

7

Ingersoll **TRIUMPH $1.25**

A brand new Ingersoll, just out this year. A low-priced watch with high-priced watch refinements; antique bow and crown; graceful, easy-to-read, compressed figures on the dial. Recommended to all, but especially to outdoor and other workers who demand plenty of endurance along with good looks.

10 11

Ingersoll **"TWO-IN-ONE"**

(10) Yankee $1.25 (11) Midget $2.75

The Yankee and the Midget in handsome white cases that look like ivory. Watches can be removed and carried separately.

The "Two-in-one" is for workers at desks, telephone or telegraph operators, school teachers, librarians; for dressing tables and other home uses.

2

Ingersoll **WATERBURY $3**

Many people nowadays want a jeweled *12-size* watch—that is, a little smaller than the ordinary men's size. The new Waterbury is 12-size and it is thinner than the Reliance. Like the Reliance it is an enduring timepiece. Just the watch for get-up-and-go sort of men such as salesmen, active business and professional men. A good size for boys. At your dealer's about May 15th.

5

Ingersoll **ECLIPSE $2**

A trifle larger than the Junior, but like it a flat model. Same antique bow and crown—same solid nickel case that won't turn "brassy." Like all Ingersolls it stands jolts and jars with guaranteed time-keeping. Though this is recommended on the list only to special classes, it really is a watch that can be used by all.

8

Ingersoll **"DOLLAR WATCH"**

"The Watch that Made the Dollar Famous."

Everybody knows the Dollar Ingersoll. It is bought and used by all. It is a boy's "first watch"—the watch for workingmen and millionaires. It's field of service is by no means limited to classes in which it is enumerated; they are merely suggestions.

12

Ingersoll **SIMPLEX $1.25**

The Yankee Watch in a metal holder that can be fastened *anywhere*—beside the bed in the bedroom or the stove in the kitchen, in front of the workman at his bench, in the elevator and on the telephone switchboard in offices, on the dash of automobiles and the side of boats—in hundreds of other places that will readily suggest themselves.

3

Ingersoll **JUNIOR $2.50**

Like the Waterbury, the Junior is the popular 12-size watch. It has an antique bow and crown and its case is solid nickel (gun metal and gold plate finishes, too). It combines these features of good looks with a *sturdy Ingersoll movement.*

For traveling men, business men, and others who like the style of the Waterbury, but prefer Junior sturdiness at 50 cents less price.

6

Ingersoll **MIDGET $2.50**

It is becoming a national habit among women to carry the Midget in their handbags—especially when shopping. Can also be worn on pin or chain in the regular way. It's a splendid watch for girls—neat looking, inexpensive and a good timekeeper. Nurses in hospitals like it; so do school teachers; small *boys* also like a small watch of this kind.

9

Ingersoll **WRIST WATCH $3**

Wrist watches are for all people—*men* and *women*—who are without convenient pockets, and who want the time quickly and easily.

As a man's watch it is not in the least effeminate—soldiers, policemen, surveyors, farmers, hunters and other hardy men wear them. More soldiers in the European trenches wear the wrist watch than any other style made.

13

Ingersoll **AUTOTIMER $2**

Many automobilists will replace their auto clocks with the new Ingersoll Autotimer. It stands vibration and gives accurate time in spite of it. It is easy to remove the watch to carry in the pocket, if desired; also easy to replace or have repaired in case of accident.

Interesting illustrated catalog describing Ingersolls mailed free on request. Write for it; and see the actual watches at your dealer's. If he is out of any models, they will be sent prepaid on receipt of price.

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Hart Schaffner & Marx

The "Sport" coat for Spring

Young men will wear these coats with joy; lively, snappy models; distinctive.

Our label is your assurance of being just right in style; a small thing to look for—a big thing to find.

1916

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

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THE MUDDLE IN MEXICO

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

GEOGRAPHICALLY there is such a place as Mexico. I make that statement, after due reflection and investigation, with a reasonable certainty that it will not be denounced or denied; though it may be. All other statements about Mexico are, of course, subject to such revision or renunciation as may be dictated or desired by the individual, or local, or political, or financial, or partisan interests of those concerned; entirely unprejudiced, as it will be said, and solely that Truth—The Truth—shall be known.

Truth about Mexico has been buffeted between Washington and the border for five years or more, and is hard to find. It doesn't exist in Mexico, for the Mexicans never tell it. The Americans retail it with marked reserve, filtering it through their pocketbooks or their politics or their local interests; and between them all Truth is in a sad state of disrepair. The poor, distressed lady has been hiding out for a long time; but, while hunting her assiduously in Washington, in Mexico, and on the border, I have had a few glimpses of her, with conclusions that shall be set forth herewith.

Geographically there is such a place as Mexico. Financially there is no such place—nor economically; nor productively. Politically Mexico is biggest on this continent, both in an American and in a Mexican sense. Potentially Mexico is opulent. In reality Mexico is in ruins. Its industries are prostrated and its lands are untilled. Its treasury is bankrupt and its people are hungry. It is facing anarchy, pestilence, famine. It is overrun by thieving, murdering, marauding bandits. It is ignorant in the mass, and cruel; grafting; absurdly clinging to a long-destroyed national dignity in the class. It is looted, helpless, hopeless, chaotic; but rich in resources, in soil, in minerals, in timber—in all that goes to make a land prosperous.

What Happens When One Mixes Politics and Idealism

MEXICO is our North American Belgium, the gravest international problem of the West, regardless of what other international complications may be; for Mexico is at our door, and sooner or later the United States will be forced to take her in or kick her out. She has stood on the doorstep for five years now, and we cannot ignore her much longer; for this European war will end some day, and when it does end there will be demands to be met from France and Germany and England—demands based on that most potent inciter of acute interest and concern, financial obligations.

After a few months of study any trained observer could write a book called Our Mistakes in Mexico. And it would be quite a volume, with chapters concerning the failure of President Taft to take his opportunity in the first revolution; the Vera Cruz incident, with its double-barreled mistake of going in and coming out; the Villa hallucination; the Carranza business—and thus and so to great and extended detail; but to what end? When you come to mix politics and idealism the result is likely to be confusion; and the better way for the American people to look at the Mexican situation is to consider all past dealings with that country as water over the dam, and tackle it as it exists to-day.

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Outpost Duty on the Mexican Frontier

The idea that, in coöperating with Carranza's men, we are working with or assisting men who have any higher ideals than the advantage that will accrue to themselves if they can hold on, is not based on any national conception of the characters, or impulses, or desires, or policies of those men.

While we were coddling Villa as the hope of the future, we scorned Carranza as a narrow-minded, pompous country lawyer of Spanish type and infirmities. Since that time Carranza has not changed, except to be made more pompous by our recognition of his futile government; nor has he gained any in personal power. Carranza will last just so long as Obregon wants him to last. When Obregon thinks it is time to eliminate Carranza, Carranza will be eliminated. He is a figurehead and that is all. Nobody familiar with the situation, whether Mexican or American, has any faith in the Carranza government. It is tottering. It is not likely to be in existence six months from now, unless we put some physical support behind it.

As I write, our soldiers are chasing Villa. If they catch him and come out, having fulfilled their punitive requirements, the situation will be as it was before they went in, except that such Mexicans as have seen them in operation will perhaps realize that the gringos have a few soldiers. Nor will the situation be changed if Villa is not caught and our soldiers remain in Mexico. The only American policy that can change the situation more than superficially is intervention. Some untoward incident—such as a fight with Carranza's soldiers, which might be construed as an attack on our recognized sovereignty of the state by the Carranzistas—may occur between writing and printing time; but as this is written there appears to be no disposition on either side other than to allow chaos to arrive. If we do intervene the causes will be as stated here.

Carranza is shrewdly advised. His immediate demand that our government shall allow Mexican soldiers to cross to American soil as a set-off for his permission that American soldiers might go into Mexico was a smart move, for it enabled Carranza to issue proclamations and fill the Mexican newspapers with accounts of what was termed a great diplomatic victory for him over the Americans. We had recognized Carranza and were forced to accede to this demand or disavow the very government our recognition made possible. The Mexicans set great store by this and made much capital out of it. We call it patience. The Mexicans do not call it that. Fear is their word.

Patience Supposed to be Fear and Forbearance Cowardice

HOWEVER, it is not particularly necessary to pay heed to what any Mexican—or set of Mexicans—thinks. We are cowards, moneygrabbers, despised gringos. The solution of the Mexican problem does not depend on what Mexicans think or say. It depends on what Americans think and say and do. If we do nothing save capture Villa, or lose him, as the case may be, Mexico will continue on her devious way to chaos. If we do something —— But what shall we do?

Now there are two answers to that question: the border American answer and the official Washington answer; one being predicated on conditions and the other on

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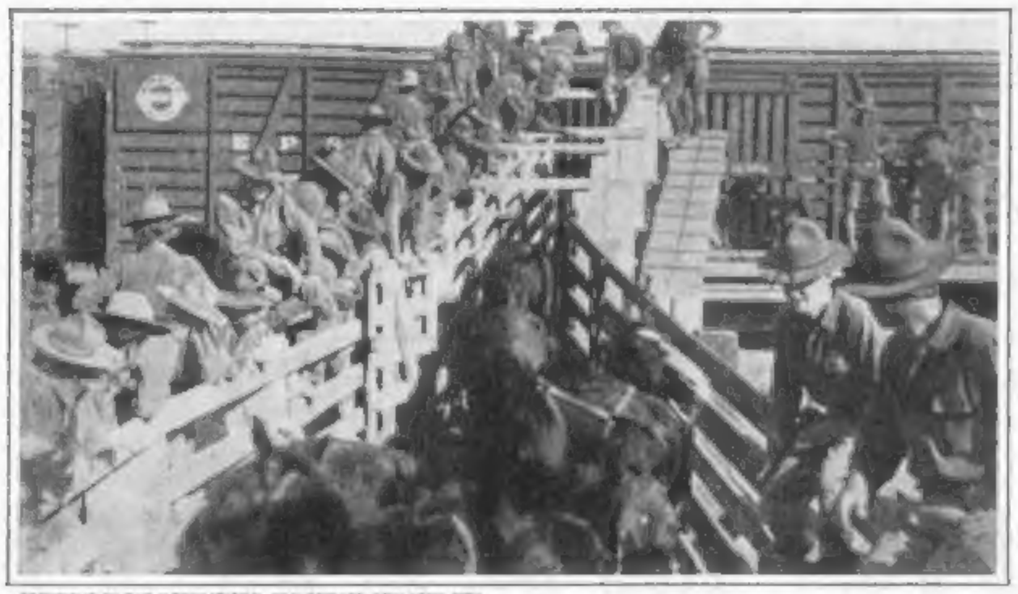
A Regimental Review of the United States Cavalry at Fort Bliss, Texas



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Unloading Cavalry Horses at Columbus, New Mexico, for the Drive After Villa

considerations. Neither of these answers is the ultimate answer, for the answer lies with the great bulk of the American people. Sooner or later they will say what shall be done, and then we shall arrive at a solution. It makes no difference what protestations the Mexicans offer. Nor is the advice or comment of the people in our country, interested geographically, politically or financially, to be considered. There is a right way to deal with Mexico. We haven't found it yet—tried it, might be better—but it exists, and one of these days it will be utilized.

There are five or six hundred million dollars of American capital invested in Mexico—possibly more. Some persons put the figure at n billion; but that is too much. This capital is invested in mines, in factories, in ranches, in cattle—in all sorts of similar enterprises. Ever since the Mexican troubles began, this capital—through its owners and representatives—has been screaming for protection, for intervention, for the support and aid and comfort of the organized force of the United States.

There is, or was, a ruling class—cientificos—in Mexico, who owned about all the country not owned by Americans. This class has been uniting its yells of agony and its howls for protection to the screams of the American interests. There are along the border of twelve hundred miles between the United States and Mexico many thousands of American citizens living in fear of assault, having enjoyed excellent trade relations with Mexico and desiring to continue prosperously and peacefully in those relations. Naturally they have urged, and are still urging, that the United States shall take a hand, compose the troubles, and let them go about their pursuits, unmolested and unafraid.

Mexico as Others See It

THESE, with the addition of certain of the politicians, both in Washington and along the border, comprise the principal advocates of intervention. On the noninterference other hand, there is the President of the United States and his supporters, who are apparently of the opinion that the Mexicans can and will ultimately work a way out of their own difficulties; who consider all the woes of Mexico as directly attributable to the cientificos who are in such straits at present; and who have an idealistic passion that the Mexican people, in the bulk, shall be uplifted by their own efforts; who conceive liberty to be the goal for which the Mexican people are striving—and so on.

Between these is the great bulk of the American people, who do not understand what all this Mexican fuss is about; who pay no attention to Mexico and do not think about Mexico, save when there is some concrete reason, like the incident at Vera Cruz, the massacre at Santa Isabel, or Villa's raid at Columbus. They have no investments in Mexico. Most of them have never seen a Mexican. In general they are for the protection of American lives and American property in foreign countries; but they do not consider going to war with another country except as a last resort—and, in short, have given the matter very little thought one way or the other.

The object of my investigations of the situation has been to get, as nearly as possible, a view of conditions that shall be of value to these Americans. There is no man with a dollar invested in Mexico, and very few men living on or near the border, not avid for intervention. There is no follower of President Wilson or political adherent who is not opposed to intervention; and the basis for the views of the first class is as primarily material as the basis for the views of the other class is primarily idealistic, tinged in transmission, no doubt, by political exigencies and loyalty. It is useless to talk with an investor or a border man, for his sympathies are the result of his investment or his environment; and idealism does not admit of argument, being a most self-sufficient doctrine. Still, an average can be struck; and I have tried to strike it.

We conquered Mexico in 1846 and 1847; had our interest in the Maximilian episode after our Civil War; and since that time we have done most for Mexico, especially in the northern part, in a material way. We knew vaguely of the character of the dictatorship Diaz held over the so-called republic, and we heard stories of the splendor of the dons; their vast estates—their haciendas—the magnificences of the cientificos; and of the misery and practical slavery of the peons. We were nationally in sympathy with the first revolution, which began in 1910 and resulted in the victory and assumption of the presidency by Madero, himself of one of the former great ruling families of Mexico. We shuddered over the assassination of Madero; held largely with the President of the United States in his refusal to recognize the Huerta régime. We believed rather fatuously in the legends about the diamond-in-the-rough abilities and patriotic purposes of the bandit Villa.

We were uneasy over the continued disorder in Mexico, and incensed over the killing of American citizens and the destruction of American property; but we are peaceable, and we applauded the President's efforts to arbitrate and to do what he could without using an armed force. We hoped the recognition of Carranza would result in some sort of stability, but never did get, as a mass, in sufficient temper over the mess to insist that we should go into that country, clean it up, establish a stable government, and turn the place back to the Mexicans with instructions to run things efficiently and correctly, on pain of our future displeasure and future use of force to make them do so.

Our view was the view of those who do not want trouble. We did not see, and do not see yet, why we should sacrifice many lives of American youth and spend great sums of American money because the Mexicans are in turmoil and murdering one another. To be sure, we felt, in a way, that Mexico, by virtue of our size and greatness and by virtue of the Monroe Doctrine, is a sort of ward of ours, and that we should look out for her; but we did no concrete national thinking on the point. It was not an issue. We were prosperous. We had our domestic problems. Why go traipsing down to Mexico because certain business interests demanded it? As for those border people, they chose their own places of residence. They might be living comfortably in Indiana, or Ohio, or Illinois, or Pennsylvania, where the Mexican question does not intrude.

So we left Mexico to muddle through. There was no national issue or demand on the question. Now and again there would be reference to it in Congress, but that was set down as partisan when it was critical, and as doubly partisan when it was praiseful. We kept our hands off, and Mexico staggered her way along, getting deeper and deeper into the slough day by day.

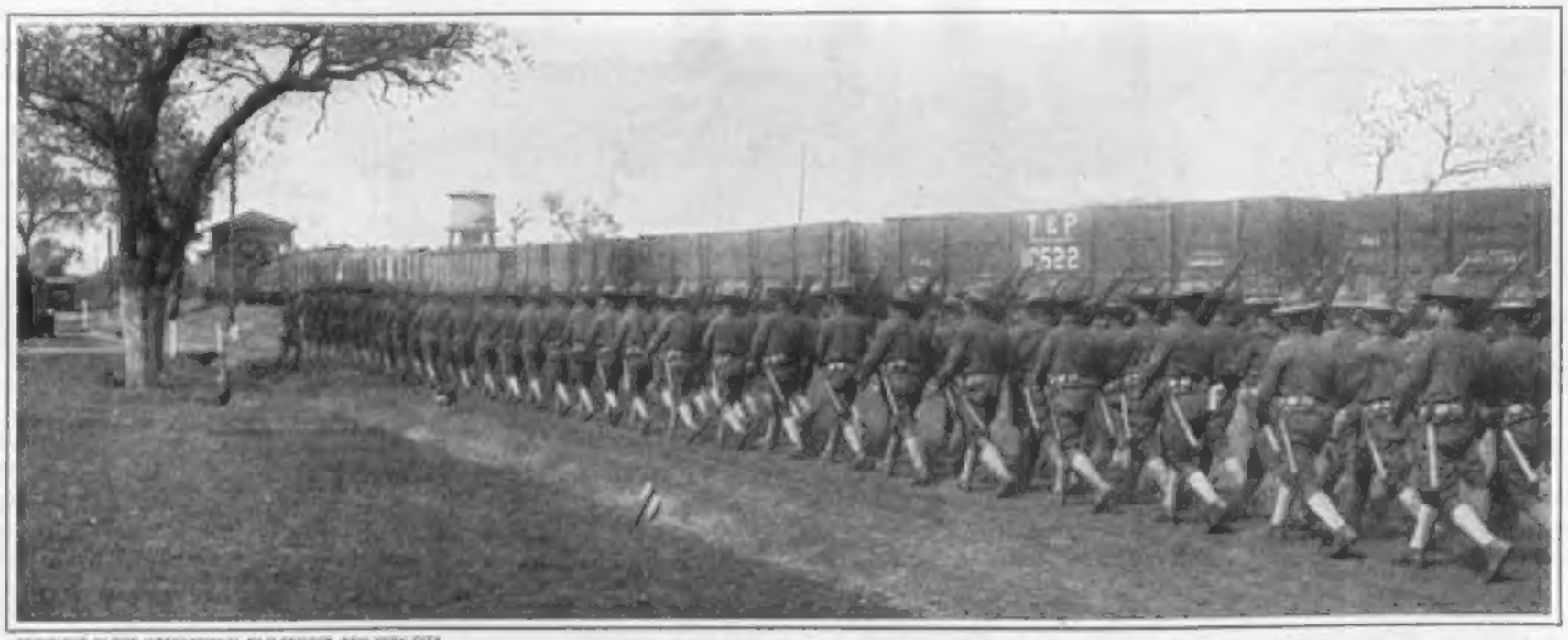
Then came the European war, with its compelling interest to us, and its various problems; and Mexico was almost completely forgotten. We did know vaguely that Villa and Carranza, after jockeying with each other for a time, had split; that Villa had begun another revolution; and that we had recognized the Carranza end of the broil as the de facto government. We thought and talked almost exclusively of the European war and our part in it and our problems arising from it.

When Our Protégé Turned Bandit

ONE day Villa, or Villa's men, killed some ranchers. Then Villa, or Villa's men, killed sixteen American citizens at Santa Isabel—murdered them in cold blood after taking them from a train on which they were going to begin business operations. There was a flare over this—some speeches in Congress and some editorial protests; but Carranza promised to capture and punish the bandits and nothing further was done. That was in January. Early in March Villa himself raided across the border into the little village of Columbus, New Mexico, some seventy or eighty miles from El Paso, and killed American soldiers and American citizens, seventeen in all.

That was too much. It wasn't Carranza, of course, the de facto ruler, who did it. It was Villa, our former protégé; and we sent in some soldiers to capture the bandit and kill him. We were quite deliberate, owing to certain elements of unpreparedness; but we got away finally, and as I write this we have some ten thousand soldiers after Villa; we have made an arrangement with Carranza whereby his soldiers can come into our territory on a similar errand; and we have frequently and forcibly announced that the expedition is entirely punitive, does not mean intervention, and has no purpose, ulterior or otherwise, beyond the punishment of this bandit person who raided into an armed camp of American soldiers and got away with it.

This excited public interest, rather jaded with the European war, and has been a two-weeks sensation as I write. To be sure, a prize fight in New York rather crowded it one morning; but it has held remarkably well, inasmuch as it is merely a Mexican matter. It may be that it will continue to hold, for possibilities of further



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The 7th United States Infantry on the March at El Paso, Texas

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The 6th Field Artillery Making Ready for Rapid Travel

trouble exist in multitude. Now that we have some ten thousand soldiers in Mexico, there are chances for a great increase of that number, breaking about even with the chances of the withdrawal of those ten thousand if they catch Villa. On the surface the Carranza government until this time has acted in accord, which shows that Carranza is well advised, for he could bring intervention by an untoward act! And he can prevent it for a time by acting honestly with us and hastening the day when the American soldiers shall be ordered out.

Whether the American soldiers come out or whether they remain in, the Mexican conditions, that eventually the United States must recognize, will not change until those conditions are changed and rectified by the United States. It makes no difference whether we begin the work of correction this year or next year or the year after. The fact of it is that we shall have to begin that work sometime and carry it through; for the Mexican situation that has grown out of these five years of turmoil cannot be settled and never will be settled by Mexicans.

Some day a President of the United States—either Mr. Wilson or another—will act with that as his guiding premise. One way or another—either by intervention or by some other method to be devised—the United States must settle things in Mexico. That is as sure as it is that there is a geographical Mexico remaining.

Some day we must treat with the Mexicans as they are, both congenitally and as they have come to view us, without delusions. The racial aspects and the mental processes and the moral impulses of the high-class Mexican and the low-class Mexican differ mostly in regard to the polish that has been imparted. The high-class Mexican is cultivated. The low-class Mexican is ignorant. The middle-class Mexican is not much of either.

Our leniency with the Mexicans, our patience with them, our forbearance and courtesy and kindliness, have gained us nothing. They have not responded in the slightest degree. Instead, our very patience and forbearance have for the most part made them despise us rather than respect us; and that extends all along the line, from the richest cientifico to the poorest peon. They laugh at our army, abuse our President, and will have none of our efforts in their behalf. Idealism, as applied to Mexico, is a thoroughly exploded theory.

The President said, in his New York speech, that most of the people who had talked to him about Mexico were liars, and intimated the same thing in his intervention plot statement. Granting that, the President could learn a few things about Mexico which would not be lies if he would be at the pains of trying.

He would learn, for example, that no man, Mexican or American, who has any first-hand knowledge of the Mexican situation, but is convinced—knows—that the settlement of the interior difficulties of Mexico, as they exist at present or as they will go on to worse, by any Mexican, or any body of Mexicans, is impossible unless that Mexican—or body of Mexicans—has the support of the United States. And that does not mean the moral support, but the actual physical support. With all due respect, the President has no first-hand knowledge of affairs in Mexico; nor can he have. And there are a few persons in the United States—not many, but a few—whose consideration of affairs in Mexico is both first-hand and not influenced by any connection with the interests or by border residence or by political desires.

There was a time when it may have been possible—finding the right man—to get a stable government in Mexico; but the right man was not found—probably because he

(Continued on Page 33)

Efficiency Edgar's Courtship

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I AM perfectly well aware that the boys at the office call me Efficiency Edgar in a derisive way; but I am also aware of the fact that I am, by reason of my knowledge of the new science of efficiency, office manager and their boss. When I subscribed for a correspondence course in this science I was assistant bookkeeper. My salary has more than doubled in two years; so there is little sting in the jeers of my associates.

It has been my endeavor to apply the rules of efficiency to my individual affairs as well as to those of the company. Among other things, my observation has taught me that marriage and the possession of a home tend greatly to increase the efficiency of the individual, and I determined to equip myself with a wife and home immediately it became possible. If a man equips his office with the latest filing devices and loose-leaf ledgers, why should he not equip himself with those things that raise the standard of his personal output in labor or in pleasure enjoyed?

I may admit that I was aided in making this decision by the arrival, in the house next to the one where I boarded, of a family named Pierce, which included a daughter, whose name, I learned, was Mary. Mary Pierce! Does not that name itself sound efficient? Mary, Anne, Jane, Julia—all these have an efficient ring; but, most of all, Mary.

"If You Come Into This House Again With That Infernal Machine I Shall Call in the Police!"

She was a young woman any man would be proud to be seen with in public. No home can be truly efficient if the husband cannot feel a degree of satisfaction in the appearance of his wife. Mary Pierce was all that could be asked. Her equipment in this line was of the most modern and satisfactory type.

I was introduced to her by a young man named Wimple and had an opportunity to chat with her for some minutes. As is my invariable rule of conduct, I endeavored to get the most out of those minutes that was to be had. Of course I was attracted by the young woman's beauty; but, before I committed myself to any determination with relation to her I must know more of her—of her mental equipment and training; of her disposition; of her ability; of her adaptability as a companion and helpful adjunct in the home.

At the end of the quarter hour I was practically ready to make up my mind. Mary was charming. She was undeniably witty, a quality I admire, inasmuch as it is one the lack of which I regret. She seemed interested in domestic affairs and not without a working knowledge of their theory and practice. So I decided to confirm my first impression by lengthier observation. To this end I requested the privilege of calling, which she granted with cordiality.

To my way of thinking, a courtship is nothing more nor less than a sales campaign. You wish to sell yourself, your character, your accomplishments, your desirability, to a certain young woman, and conduct yourself accordingly. In a manner of speaking, you display your samples; exhibit your talking points; demonstrate your fitness and desirability as a husband. The man who succeeds where his rivals fail is the one who, consciously or unconsciously, makes use of the methods of efficient salesmanship. Needless to say, I laid out my campaign with as much care as does the sales manager of our plant.

The call I was to make was to determine the important point: Did I want to sell myself as a husband to this particular girl? It developed that I did. I arrived at Miss Pierce's door promptly at eight. It was with satisfaction that I perceived she was ready to receive me, and did not keep me waiting alone in the parlor while she completed certain details of her toilet.

When we were seated on the porch I ventured to compliment her on her promptness.

"Miss Pierce," said I, "some—indeed, a great many—girls lack a coherent, systematic plan of dressing, and seem invariably to arrive at the stated hour with a dozen little things undone. In this way they waste not only half an hour of their own time and pleasure, but keep a young man at a dead loss, so to speak, waiting downstairs. You are a very pleasant exception to this rule."

She gurgled in such a girlish, charming manner that I found it difficult to keep my mind calmly on its object of unbiased study of her. I regret to say that I found it very hard to do so throughout the evening. She had numerous little ways and tricks of manner that appealed so directly to—shall I say?—the emotional side that the logical side was quite unable to function.

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Bumpus," she said. "I love compliments. I like folks to approve of me—and to say so."

"Compliments," said I, "form a considerable part of the wages of social life. When we earn them they should be paid promptly."

"I don't know that I ever heard them described just like that; but the idea is all right—about paying them when they're earned. How should a girl go about it to earn compliments?"

"In your case," said I—and here, apparently, scientific observation was blinded by the attraction with which Miss Pierce already influenced me—"in your case you don't have to do anything except be!"

As I considered this speech afterward it seemed a bit strong for a beginning, but she took no offense.

"That," she said, "was a very pretty thing to say."

"First calls," said I, "are difficult. You might almost describe them as preliminary laboratory tests. If," I continued, "you are planning to install a new device in your

office, you first give it a trial to see whether it will do the work you want it to do; a first call is to try out a new acquaintance. You are studying me and I am studying you to see whether we wish to become—friends."

I had not intended to hesitate before the word "friends," but somehow I did, and it lent a significance I was far from intending. I could see her face, and it seemed a bit puzzled—or, more strongly, somewhat aghast.

"Oh!" she said in a small voice. "Is that what we're doing? I thought people called because they enjoyed it."

"They do," said I. "How much they enjoy it depends on the social efficiency of themselves. For instance, if you entertain me efficiently I have a good time; if I am efficient in giving you amusement you have a good time."

"Am—am I being efficient?" she asked.

I caught myself on the verge of saying something that would commit me farther than I desired to be committed as yet. Before I could make any answer, a man turned in and climbed the steps. Miss Pierce rose.

"Oh, Mr. Wimple!" she said. "Won't you sit down? Mr. Bumpus is here, and he and I have been talking about efficiency."

Wimple made a sound that I would describe as a grunt.

"That's usually the topic when Bumpus is on hand," he said.

"It's a very interesting topic," said Miss Pierce severely; "at least, Mr. Bumpus makes it so."

I did not welcome an additional caller, because I had planned to ask Miss Pierce to go walking with me. I wanted to experience the sensation of being her companion in public. It seemed essential that I should have some idea of how I should feel when I knew people were observing us together—because, if the matter should progress to the point of marriage, we should be together a great deal. I was not glad to see Mr. Wimple, but it rather astonished me to find how vexed I was at his appearance. I was actually angry; and, though it seems scarcely possible, I felt something akin to jealousy.

But the situation was not without its advantage. It gave me an opportunity to observe Miss Pierce handling a difficult situation and entertaining two young men, each of whom heartily wished the other at a safe distance.

There was no doubting her cleverness. Though I watched carefully I could not detect a shade of difference in her bearing toward us. She talked well—and constantly. She gave both of us chances to state our opinions, and even when we disagreed she seemed somehow to give the impression that she agreed with each. And all the time she looked—I shall not describe how she looked, because when I attempt to do so I become positively illogical.

At exactly ten o'clock I took my leave. Of two things I was sure: I wanted to come again, to see more, a great deal more, of Miss Pierce; and, secondly, I did not like Wimple. I had never found him objectionable before, but tonight he must have manifested qualities I had not previously observed. Yes; I quite disliked him.

I must say, however, that he had the good taste to leave when I did. Miss Pierce invited us both to call again.

I went home to study over the data I had collected, but I found concentration difficult. Every time I began a logical train of reasoning as to Miss Pierce's suitability and desirability as a wife to a man of my own type and in my circumstances, I found my mind leaping off to consider, I may say to revel in, recollections of her face, her smile, her manner. I am afraid Miss Pierce, in that one evening, had made a sentimental impression on me which even the clearest logical reasons could not have eradicated.

I am glad to say, however, that no such attempt had to be made. So far as I could see, Miss Pierce was in every way desirable. Before going to sleep I made up my mind. I should try to secure her as my wife, and to that end would plan a systematic courtship along the most efficient lines.

I have blocked off my day into squares, each of half an hour's duration, and keep rigid account of what I do in the time represented by each square. I was astonished to find that in this way I actually added upward of an hour daily, between eight A. M. and five P. M., to my time genuinely employed in productive work. Prior to the establishment of this personal system I had been losing that hour in useless puttering.

My whole day was divided into zones. I rose at six. From six until eight was given to bathing, exercises, dressing, breakfasting, and walking to the office. The remainder of the day, until five o'clock, was, with the exception of the noon hour, taken up with work. Then an hour to reach home and dress. Half an hour for dinner. One hour for reading the news of the day. From that time until eleven was given in equal parts to recreation and to self-improvement.

The period between seven-thirty and eleven I now determined to devote to courtship, adding Sunday from two o'clock until ten-thirty. Also, I seized on fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes at noon. Thus every possible moment would be utilized; and if there was any virtue in systematic efficiency—which cannot be disputed—I might hope for a happy outcome of my efforts.

I am a great believer in the follow-up system and in the intensive cultivation of prospects. If I had an article to sell I should not be satisfied with writing my prospect one sales letter. Indeed, no. I should follow that letter at short intervals with others, so keeping my product in the prospect's mind and offering him additional arguments to convince him it was what he needed. If this is a good plan in selling merchandise, it ought to be an equally good plan in selling myself.

Therefore, I stopped next morning at a florist's and ordered flowers to be sent to Miss Pierce five days a week—small bouquets four days, but a large one Saturdays. I also directed a confectioner to send a pound of candy on Tuesdays and Fridays. In this way I would be certain that Miss Pierce thought of me at least once each day, and it is highly probable she would think many more times—indeed, each time she saw the flowers or nibbled a bit of candy. It is difficult to see how, in either case, her thoughts of me could be other than pleasant.

I should scarcely be warranted in calling again that evening, but a little planning might bring about an equally desirable result. To hitting on such a scheme I devoted the fifteen-minute courtship period set aside from my noon hour.

The plan was simple. I should sit on my own porch until Miss Pierce appeared on her own. Then I should, without appearing to notice her, start down the street past her house. Directly in front I should remove my handkerchief, in which a piece of money had been loosely wrapped. The money would fly to the ground and I would stop to search for it. Natural curiosity, added to an equally natural impulse to speak to an acquaintance, would impel Miss Pierce to ask me whether I had lost something, though it would be obvious that was exactly what I had done. I would not find the money and she would come down to help me. From that point the matter would take care of itself.

I put the plan into execution. The coin flipped into the grass and I began peering about to find it; but under my hat brim I could see that Miss Pierce was watching me—as, of course, anybody would.

"Did—did you drop something, Mr. Bumpus?" she asked presently.

"A coin," said I, straightening up. "Beautiful evening, isn't it?"

"Lovely!"

She stood up and leaned over the railing while I searched unavailingly. It was less than a minute before she was at my side peering into the grass. At the moment my foot covered the coin; so it was quite out of the question for her to find it.

"Seems to have buried itself," I said.

"Your flowers were lovely!" she said. "Lovely" seemed to be a favorite word of hers. "It was lovely of you to send them."

"I hoped you would like them," I told her. Then I pretended to wipe my forehead, as though the evening were overhot. "I was just going down to the river," said I. "It occurred to me it would be delightfully cool in a canoe."

"It would be lovely!" she said.

I made a mental note that if matters progressed to the end I desired I would speak to her about the use of that word.

"I—canoeing is a lonely pleasure. I wonder if you wouldn't like to—take pity on me?"

"Of course I would," she said; and I was elated at the success of my plan. "I should love to go with you; but, you see, Mr. Wimple called up on the phone just before you came along—and lost your money—and asked me to go canoeing with him. . . . And I can't go with both of you, can I?"

"Confound Wim——" I began before I could check myself; but I hope she did not understand.

She may have understood, though, for I discovered in good time that one was not always aware of what went on inside her head, of what she saw or heard or thought.

"I shan't come off second best next time," I said smilingly.

"You did very well this time," she said, with no sign of a smile on her face or twinkle in her eye. "Your idea was good. I have never heard of a young man making use of exactly that thing. It ought to have succeeded better. But next time you won't have to think up anything, for we're quite old acquaintances now."

"I don't understand," I told her.

"Why, dropping that money, of course. You would have fooled even me if I hadn't seen you put your foot on it when I got up."

For a moment I was vexed, embarrassed; but when I looked at her, her eyes were full of fun and her lips wanted to laugh—and we both did laugh. It got us along farther than spending the evening in the canoe would have done.

"I'll never do it again," I promised; "and to prove it—am I to have to-morrow evening, or has Wimple got ahead of me there too?"

"No. To-morrow night is free. I'll be glad to have you come over."

And then Wimple put in an appearance. As they walked down the street together I noticed Wimple carried a guitar case under his arm. I was rather inclined to sneer at this. It seemed to me that time spent in learning to play such an instrument was wasted. However, I was soon to discover that a guitar and a tenor voice are efficient devices in attracting the affections of a young woman.

I am afraid I can never learn to sing, not being fitted by Nature; but I am now devoting not less than twenty minutes a day to mastering the saxophone.

During the next thirty days I discovered that I should have to overcome three obstacles—namely:

1. Miss Pierce's determination not to marry until she was twenty-six. She was now twenty.
2. Her father.
3. Wimple.

Her father developed as an obstacle at the end of a week when I had called three evenings, Wimple three, and both of us arrived on Sunday night together. Miss Pierce did not appear, but her father did.

I Shall Not Describe How She Looked, Because When I Attempt to Do So I Become Positively Illogical

He Stepped, With Marked Distaste, Into the Water and Began to Flounder Toward the Canoe

"Young gentlemen," said he, "it may appear to you that I went to the trouble of raising my daughter for your joint—or individual—benefit. I did not. She has cost me twenty years of parental anxiety and a not inconsiderable sum of money. In return for this I desire a fraction of her society. Also, I wish to continue enjoying that fraction of her society for some time to come. Hereafter Mary will receive company on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. The remaining nights shall be mine. Also"—he paused here and eyed us with what I took to be truculence—"I take it that your obvious attentions to Mary are the symptoms of a desire to deprive me of her permanently?"

I bowed affirmatively. So did Wimple.

"In that case I must decline to have you received at my home"—again he paused ominously—"unless you promise me, on your honor, not to broach the subject of marriage to Mary until you have first obtained my permission, or for a period of three years."

I looked at Wimple, who looked at me. I hope my face did not present the same nonplused appearance as his.

"Well?" said Mr. Pierce sharply.

"I—I promise, sir," said Wimple, gathering up his guitar.

"And you?" Mr. Pierce turned his eyes toward me.

"I promise, also," said I; "but I reserve the right to endeavor to sell myself to you as a son-in-law, and to convince you that true social efficiency and your individual welfare demand that your daughter shall be allowed to have a home of her own and a family of her own."

"Young man," said Mr. Pierce, "you're welcome to convince me. All I can say is that if you do convince me you will—have me convinced; and there will be the end of the matter. But it will require a gilt-edged A-Number-One brand of argument. You'll be so busy thinking up arguments you won't bother much round here."

"Thank you, sir," said I.

That night I began my campaign. I made out a schedule showing my business career in detail since I became of age. I set down each year's earnings, noted in red ink each increase of wages and each year's savings. I considered it a satisfactory showing. Since my twenty-first year my salary had increased from twelve dollars a week to fifty. I had saved from my wages in the seven years exactly four thousand six hundred and ninety-six dollars and fifty cents. A legacy had increased this by twenty-five hundred dollars, and sundry small investments and trades in vacant lots had brought the total sum up to nine thousand and some-odd dollars. This statement I sent to Mr. Pierce.

I next obtained from my employer a letter containing his views as to my character, prospects, abilities. This went to Mr. Pierce the following day.

I happened to see in the paper an account of a young woman who eloped with the driver of a milk wagon. It appeared that her father, like Mr. Pierce, had put obstacles in the way of her marriage. This gave me an idea: I subscribed to a clipping bureau, which furnished me weekly with numerous clippings showing a similar state of facts. These I sent in daily lots to Mr. Pierce.

It is safe to say I left no argument untouched. No day passed without adding to the array; and at the end of the month I noticed that Mr. Pierce regarded me with a peculiar look in his eye—a very peculiar look, the exact meaning of which I was unable to fathom.

Mary divided fairly between us the four evenings a week her father allowed her for entertaining guests. Wimple made what use he could of his evenings; I made what use I could of mine, but did not neglect to reap some advantage from his. I arranged that while he was present Mary should receive flowers, candy, a book, or some other trifle bearing my card. If she was going to the theater with Wimple, I saw to it that my gift arrived before they could leave the house. Thus, though Wimple was present and I absent, I was sure, for a few moments at least, to crowd him aside.

I was compelled many times to sit next door and to listen to Wimple's not unpleasing voice as he sang to the accompaniment of his guitar. Without doubt it added a touch of romance to his efforts. So it may be supposed I was delighted when I found myself sufficiently master of my saxophone to be able to play simple tunes. I was in a position to offer Wimple logical competition.

When I say that Mary was astonished to see me present myself at her door with a musical instrument under my arm, I am not understating the fact.

"Why, Mr. Bumpus!" she exclaimed prettily. "What is this?"

"It is a saxophone," I said with satisfaction.

"What is a saxophone?" she asked.

"It is a musical instrument," I told her, "and, I am informed, a most difficult one to master. Much more difficult than the guitar, which can be picked up out of hand." Then I added: "I have been learning to play since I met you. I was, if I may say so, endeavoring to add one more accomplishment for your sake."

"How lovely of you!" she said. "Did you bring some music? Can I accompany you on the piano?"

"I had hoped you would like to," I said.

With care and some thought I had selected only tunes of a sentimental nature—such selections as were calculated to rouse tender thoughts. If Mr. Pierce forbade me to speak of love or marriage, I could at least, through my saxophone, express my feelings so as to make them understood.

Miss Pierce seated herself at the piano and we began. At the end of the second selection I heard a movement in the adjoining room and presently Mr. Pierce entered. It was most ill-timed, for I had perceived a flush on Mary's cheek and was assured the tenderness of my rendition had reached her heart.

"Young man," said Mr. Pierce with evident repression, "may I speak to you a moment regarding a matter connected with—er—efficiency?"

"Certainly," said I, and accompanied him into his library.

"What I want to know," said he, "is if this blatting is only a symptom; if it is only a casual occurrence; or if it is to be regarded as chronic."

I could only look my failure to comprehend.

"Blood has been shed for less than this!" he said grimly. "Is it your intention to snort through that overgrown tobacco pipe habitually? Is it a part of your infernally irritating scheme to possess yourself of my daughter?"

"My purpose in mastering the instrument was to give your daughter pleasure," said I.

"You never can tell what will please a woman," he said cautiously; "but I can give you a straight tip regarding men—myself in particular. The pleasure I derive from it is negligible. I have allowed you to exclude me from my own parlor on certain evenings and to monopolize my daughter; but"—he stated this with savage emphasis—"I'm not going to have my parlor turned into a blattery. If you must blat, do it somewhere else. If you come into this house again with that infernal machine I shall call in the police. That is all!"

"Have you," I asked, "given due attention to the various matters I have mailed you?"

He did not reply, except by a malignant glare. Presently he found his voice and said harshly:

"You ought to be employed by a collection agency to get money out of deadbeats. Persistency like yours is lost anywhere else."

I returned to Mary, who glanced at me uneasily.

"Your father," said I, "does not care for music. We will not play any more."

"I'm sorry!" she said sympathetically. "I think a saxophone is just lovely!"

"You shall hear it, then," said I—"but not, of course, while I am in your father's house."

Hear it she did. After that, every evening when I was not with Mary I sat in my room, which overlooked the Pierces' porch, and played the saxophone for one hour—leaving my window open to its widest extent.

A week later I had an idea that reached almost the height of inspiration. I gave Mary a puppy—and named him Efficiency. She was delighted with him and abbreviated his name to Effie. I learned soon after that the puppy had developed a taste for leather. Indeed, he was seldom to be seen without somebody's shoe in his mouth. That he should have thoroughly masticated Mr. Pierce's newest pair of patent leathers certainly was no fault of mine; but Mr. Pierce was inclined to lay it up against me.

I began to perceive the uselessness of trying to sell myself to Mr. Pierce as a son-in-law. Unquestionably there was a market there, but Mr. Pierce is of the old-fashioned type of business man who refuses to install modern improvements in his business until he is compelled to do so. He was determined not to be shown the benefits to be derived from a son-in-law; particularly myself. It is inefficient to waste sales efforts on a market not ready for your product.

Therefore, though not altogether abandoning him as a prospect, I laid my plans for a more energetic campaign to sell myself to Mary as a husband. If I succeeded in this Mr. Pierce would have a son-in-law whether he wanted one or not. I called on Mr. Pierce.

"Mr. Pierce," I said, "I have done my best to prove to you that I am the proper husband for your daughter. I have placed before you my qualifications. You have nothing to urge against me. Yet you refuse your consent. I have come, therefore, to tell you that I can no longer agree to refrain from taking this matter up direct with Mary."

"In which case," he said, "I cannot refrain from telling you this house is no longer open to you!"

"Of course," said I. "Good day, sir."

The next step was, naturally, to close the deal with Mary, so to speak. Many salesmen are efficient up to the point of closing a sale, but seem to fail at that crucial moment. I determined not to be one of those. I felt that my efforts to this point had been as successful as one could desire. I was sure that Mary would be ready to listen to

(Continued on Page 42)

THE CITY OF UNSHED TEARS

By WILL IRWIN

IT WAS a strange time to come into Paris, that Washington's Birthday of 1916—a period of quiet drama, echoing the louder drama of Verdun. That very day the brief, guarded communiqués to which we look for news had definitely announced that a battle of "unheard-of intensity" was raging at Verdun—perhaps the half-expected German drive on Paris, without which, the more chauvinistic German military critics have announced, there can be no decision of this war.

Paris knew by now that this was the greatest German action on the Western front since the Battle of Flanders locked the line in 1914. And with this news came a season of the worst weather that Paris has known for ten years—cold, wet winds followed by something that would have been called a very respectable snowstorm in the United States, but that amounted to a blizzard in France. The ten inches of snow alternately thawed and froze. At intervals rain came down on the mess—a gentle rain, but searching and cold. Paris got out its stocks of old, heavy clothes and shivered. It is no military secret that coal is in such demand for munitions manufacture as to make its price nearly prohibitive for the poor, and quite expensive for the well-to-do. The Parisian hotels and pensions have no heating arrangements, even in the best of times, for such weather as this. The shivery Americans in Paris, accustomed to those tropical interiors which are the jest of the European, ordered up wood fires and clustered close about their hearths.

All through the worst of this weather—which has scarcely changed for the better now, ten days later—there came official reports from the line which might be taken as encouraging or discouraging, according to one's individual temperament. The French had fallen back to a new line, abandoning the front trenches. The Germans were in Douaumont Fort, but surrounded there. Three days of this, and then the whole atmosphere began to change for the better. The communiqués were no more hopeful than in the beginning; yet somehow the newspapers seemed to reflect a new confidence in the people. It isn't hard to account for this.

Paris Heavy Hearted but Unshaken

NEWSPAPERS are not the only mediums for the transmission of news. In fact, the human race, until a hundred years ago, got its information without them. Officers, relieved for special duty, came down from that hell only a hundred and fifty miles from our doors to report that what the communiqués said was true. The line had reformed itself and was standing firm in the reserve trenches. The Brandenburgers, the Berserks of Germany, were really and truly surrounded in Douaumont Fort. The heights above Verdun looked as though a whole autumn of green-gray leaves had fallen on the snow. Soldier letters straggled back through the censorship, bearing the same news. The word passed from mouth to mouth; each letter reached a thousand people. What Germany meant by this attack will be more apparent when these words come to print. It may be a terribly costly feint. It may be a drive that failed. Or it may be only the beginning of a real drive.

Visitors arriving from London, where the German end of the news gets freer circulation than it does in Paris, report that Germany has heard of a "state of panic" in Paris. If this is a panic through which we have lived this last week, I should like to see the French in a state of calm. Life went its usual sober, almost normal way. It was not a gay Paris, though infinitely more cheerful than a year ago; but it was, nevertheless, almost normal. On the most miserable days you could find Frenchmen, wrapped up to the ears, sitting at the tables of the out-of-door cafés and following the immemorial French method of taking the air. If attendance at the occasional theatrical exhibitions and the regular moving-picture shows was smaller than usual, that could easily be laid to the weather. There was not a great deal of life in the cafés, but that has been true all this winter, or ever since the law went into effect forbidding cafés to serve spirituous liquors—which term does not include wine and beer—to women. No; all in all, Paris was as calm all through those days of crisis as any city I have seen since the beginning of this war. The truth is that even the Germans at the gates would not create a panic in Paris now. They have been through all that once in the anguished days before the Battle of the Marne—and even then there was no real panic. London and Berlin, who have not lived in the peril of the invader, might have a panic, but not Paris.

Men and Women Work Side by Side in the Fields

Yet through it all ran a quiet tension which had nothing to do, I am convinced, with the fortunes of war nor yet with the safety of the city. The faces which glanced past you on a subway train were staring and set. Drop into a café; there would sit a family group, trying to make the best they could of these days of grief. You would see the women, when no one was directing conversation their way, looking out with unseeing eyes—just thinking. During those first two days—being an incurable and constitutional tourist—I traveled about, Baedeker in hand, renewing acquaintance with Notre Dame, St. Etienne du Mont, St. Eustache, and some of the other beautiful old churches which I had half forgotten since last I came. I still feel about those visits as though I had intruded rudely upon private matters which were none of my business; for all day the churches were half full; all day the shrines of the Virgin were fringed with women and old men, their attitudes showing an intensity of anxiety and of despair.

Two or three groups stand out in memory. There was, for example, one heroic-size statue of the Virgin, set without pedestal close to the floor. Worshipers by scores knelt about it, their black-veiled heads bowed close to the floor. Closest of all were two women and one young man. Crowded up against the statue, they were pressing hands and foreheads against the cold marble of the Virgin's sculptured robes. Again, there was a glimpse of a middle-aged woman, kneeling in a far recess of St. Eustache, her face in her hands and her whole figure shaken with sobs.

It is very plain, all this, to anyone who knows a civilian population in war. These people were worrying and praying, not over the fear of the invader in France and Paris—the French have too much confidence in their army for that. What they were dreading was solely those curt official notices which come in four or five days after the event, informing parents and relatives that Jean has joined the Roll of Honor "*Pour la Patrie.*" Some knew, in advance of the battle, that their sons or brothers or husbands were at Verdun; the others knew that in such times as this a regiment might be hurried from any point on the line to reënforce the point of attack.

No, it is not fear that obsesses the civilian population of France in these days, or at least not fear for themselves or for La Patrie. It is dread lest the black chance of the grim, gray, German widow-makers should have fallen on their own.

Yet I should not describe Paris as a city of tears, but rather as a city of unshed tears. I fancy that it is in the exercise of her religion alone that the wonderfully heroic, wonderfully human and wonderfully subtle Frenchwoman gives way. It was an American woman who knows the French better than I can ever hope to know them who said to me:

"They can't cry. It is just too much for tears. They are working feverishly. Every woman among them is doing the job of three women. They just try to wear themselves out so that they may sleep. But it's no use. They lie awake and think—and can't cry. But," she added, "talk to one of them about quitting and closing up this war before Germany is beaten—and she'll want to scratch your eyes out." That is the wonderful thing about France: she is indulging the luxury now, as heretofore, of being human. She is throwing no poses about fortitude. She is making no pretense of liking the calamity which has been thrust upon her. But she is probably all the stronger because she is looking facts squarely in the face, as the French have a way of doing.

Even the Idlers Hard at Work

UNDER it all, as you watch the dark days come and go in this curious world, one perceives how rightly this woman spoke when she told of the mighty labors of the Frenchwoman. It is a city of work. In work lies salvation. The French and the foreign element alike are ashamed not to be doing something. Characteristically the American element in Paris, being largely composed of people who live on incomes, is an idle set. Now women who have never worked with their hands in their lives are picking cleansed gauze in the workrooms of the hospitals or nursing mutilated common soldiers back to life. Women who never before managed anything are running *ouvroirs* in order to give work to the women and the comfort of clean clothes to the *Poilus*. An American woman who had nothing to do except entertain but two short years ago, invites you to dinner with a little air of apology for holding dinners. "You know," she says, "we have set off Saturday night for our friends—we have to relax a little." It is a special etiquette of these times, by the way, not to dress for dinner.

If the Americans here are working so, how much more the French! Two readjustments are going forward now: the readjustment to the state of war and the beginning of the readjustment to a new France after the war is over. He who would try to write an account of the changes in business and in daily life would write not a single article but whole libraries. Those libraries will be written, too, in time. I mistake my guess if this war and its consequences will not overturn the whole science of economics.

The situation is so confused that one who has merely glanced at wartime France cannot run any thread of generalization through it. Some classes of business are so prosperous, even with half the men gone to the war, that they would be making large profits did not the all-powerful military dictatorship step in to prevent. For example, Lyons, the great silk-weaving town to the south, has managed to replace its lost male operatives by women. Its German

The Women of Three Families Combined to Work Their Farms Last Autumn

and Austrian market is gone; but it has crowded all the traffic will bear on to the American market. The exports of manufactured silks to the United States and American markets in general have risen perceptibly. Lyons gets on very well.

In fact, wherever there are raw materials to be had, wherever there are markets, and wherever women can be used in the place of men, France marches along. It has been a land, as everyone knows, of little, fine industries. Among these the production of perfumes is typical. There are no processes in this industry which women and children cannot perform. And the perfume district is in the south, far from the invader. I have talked to some perfume men who understand the situation. The market is bad, of course. Yet the employers have felt their responsibility to France in these times, and with what spare capital they can command they are piling up stocks which they may or may not be able to sell after the war. Grenoble, center of the great kid-glove industry, is also getting on pretty well. If the war cut off the central European market, if it greatly reduced consumption at home, it also closed America to the manufacturers of cheap German gloves.

Curiously—at least to an American who does not understand that industry—the wine business has been hit as hard as any. It is obvious that the champagne branch of the business has suffered. That famous and expensive beverage takes its name from a district which has been twice fought over; the Champagne advance of last autumn blasted mile after mile of famous and valuable vineyards. But in the Bordeaux and Burgundy districts there was another special blight at work. Wine-making, as practiced by the French, is partly a craft and partly an art. The vintners have put a lifetime of study into their business; that, more than any difference in the soils, is why Algeria and the United States have never been able to compete with their best vintages. Those wine-makers were men, and experienced ones; and the greater part of them have been called to the colors. Neither women nor inexperienced men can be taught this art in a day or a year. Famous vintners have refused to put out their 1915 product under their brands. Vintners of lesser fames, who make the cheap brands that are part of the daily food for France, have been forced to let the grapes rot. This is more serious than it might seem to an American. It is as though something happened to our supply of tea and coffee.

Staple commodities are cheaper in some minor particulars and much dearer in others; but on the whole there has been a rise in prices. The government has seen that bread remains stable; the Frenchman, breaking his long, hard loaf at breakfast, remembers always that his enemy is paying war prices for a mixture of wheat and potato flour. Meat, in Paris at least, has advanced from a quarter to a third in price. Fresh vegetables are higher in the capital than in the provinces—it is probably a matter of transportation, which waits on military necessity. Prices in this respect advanced especially during the late unexpected storm, which blocked some of the railroads and tied up the market carts on their way to the Halles. In that period, for example, cauliflower heads, which used to sell for seven cents before the war, brought fifteen cents.

Luxurious Living Sixty Miles From the Front

THERE were little privations of life during that storm which proved that we were in the midst not only of a great storm but of a great battle. One morning we had no milk for our coffee, though at nine o'clock the maid announced that it was a pity we had breakfasted so early, the milk had just come. The snow had tied up the trains; and I fancy that such snowplows as they have on the French railway lines were busy keeping the way open to Verdun. So, too, needing a taxicab that morning, I hailed a driver who headed a waiting line on the Boulevard des Capucines.

"*Ah, monsieur, ça ne marche pas!*" he said.

That is a literal transcript of his remark, but it cannot give his gesture and intonation. He conveyed that it was frightful, it was terrific, it was unbelievable. The bottom was out of the taxicab business, out of his whole world. In addition to that monsieur was going

Peasant Women Making Yarns as They Watch Their Flocks

to be discommoded. But, ah, life was ever thus! It was a queer old universe, wasn't it? That was what the French taxicab driver conveyed to me while simply informing me that his cab would not "march."

It was the same with the rest of the line; and the drivers vouchsafed information. The rise of the Seine, the snow, perhaps temporary military necessity, had cut off the day's supply of gasoline. I found one at last that had started the day with a full tank. And that brought an encounter which has nothing directly to do with the war. I asked the driver, in my poor French, if he were free. He replied in very good English. "I was ten years in the United States," he said as I paid my bill. I asked: "Where did you live in America?" "All over—two years at Cape Nome, at Seattle, at Portland and at San Francisco." I caught at that, with the instinct of the Californiac. "Would you like to go back?" I asked. "No," he said. "I lost my wife and two children in the San Francisco earthquake." He went on with the story simply, as one relates an old grief. The house was in that narrow district of the Mission which suffered most. He had left early to go to work—he was a cook, I supposed—when it came. The house collapsed, killing all within. "I left three days after that," he concluded.

In the midst of this tragedy universal, that recital of an old tragedy seemed too much.

One must write in these days with an eye both to exact truth and to the censor; and I am not implying that France is short of gasoline, nor of any other essential to life or war. She is, in fact, the most self-sufficient of all the belligerent countries. Blockade all her frontiers and her coasts and, though she would be handicapped in war, yet she would continue to drag along and live. These are but the little incidents and irritations which show that Armageddon is at our doors. The marvel is not that these things happen, but that with all the vigorous men gone, with a line of fire and steel only fifty or sixty miles away, with a great battle raging on the northeastern border, we find fires and comfortable beds, we eat plentifully and deliciously, we have the convenience of subways, trains, cabs, porters, and everything that a traveler really needs.

However, values are disturbed, as I have said; and the higher cost of living includes all kinds of commodities, from coal to pins. Coal, of course, is a large item. The Germans hold Northern France and Southern Belgium, from which France drew most of her supply. Anthracite and the harder grades of bituminous are needed to make munitions—the first necessity nowadays. The civilians must needs get along with a poor grade of Cardiff coal, which costs, at latest figures, twenty-six to thirty dollars a ton. To-day there is a fog over Paris, and it differs from the old white-and-gray fogs. It is a heavy, deep saffron in color; it has brought a day of darkness, so that I am working at noon under electric lights. I have already heard the rumor that it is the smoke from the battle of Verdun! It is, in fact, nothing but soft-coal smoke in suspension—the thing that makes the famous "London particular" noxious. So war has changed even the physical atmosphere of Paris. Going to the other extreme: The Germans used to make pins for France. Factories here have lately taken to pinmaking, with the imperfect results which always attend the first year of any product. So the price of pins is high. There is much talk, pro and con, concerning the recent embargo on paper. This is a bulky product and not always a strict necessity. The government has decided, considering the present expense of ocean transport, to limit its importation. Wherefore prices have gone up. Pins and paper are, of course, but small items; but many small items added together play havoc with a domestic budget.

All of which brings us to the present state of the poor, and into a very tangled subject. I have heard some declare that the working class is doing better than ever before. I have heard others affirm that the distress is fearful. I should say that both are half right and half wrong. For example, there is a woman of whose circumstances I learned the other day. She belonged, before the war, to that class of family common in France wherein husband and wife both work and support themselves equally. There are two children. He "put up" when the children were very young—they were born in one of those institutions wherein the French Government provides rest and care for poor mothers. He is at the line. She is at work still. Her wife's allowance from the government is one franc twenty-five centimes—or twenty-five cents—a day. For each child she gets ten cents, which makes forty-five cents a day. She is living for the present rent-free. In spite of the increased cost of living, she is on the whole better off. This class gets along very well.

Peasant Women Who Do Men's Work

IT HAS been said, also, that there is no unemployment. Every man excused from the line through age or physical disability can get something to do according to his powers. During the snowstorm the municipality called for thirteen hundred laborers to clean the streets. Only one hundred and thirty responded, and part of these were women. Before the day was over we in this hotel were regaled by the spectacle of three heavy, peasant-looking women, dressed in black shawls and wooden shoes, shoving a snow-scraper down the Rue de l'Echelle. If America knows anything about France nowadays it knows that women are everywhere doing men's work. Myself, I used to watch with interest and amusement a certain street car that run past my door at Bordeaux. On the front platform was a capable-looking young motorwoman, rosy-cheeked, thick-waisted, big-handed. She wore a black skirt and black shawl, topped by a peaked motorman's cap. When she started the car she jerked the brake and laid her weight to the controller-bar with all the snap and vigor of a man. When the car halted at the terminal she drew out from under her shawl a half-finished gray sock, and set herself to knitting until the woman car-starter gave the signal. As for the conductor, or conductress, a black-haired, severe-faced Gascon girl, her air, as she gave the signal to clear the way, said: "I carry on these shoulders the efficiency of Les Tramways de Bordeaux. I'd like to see any straggler, laggard, lallygagging lover or drunk get gay with this car!"

Blind Soldiers are Tenderly Cared for and Taught to Support Themselves With Their Own Hands

One has grown so accustomed to seeing women delivering groceries, hustling baggage, blacking boots, hammering out horseshoes, plowing, cleaning stables, that he barely notices the thing as unusual. How many women are working, according to what physical powers they have, in turning shells, fitting shell-parts, filling cartridges and making powder, only the French Government knows. No secrets are so carefully guarded in this wartime world as those having to do with munitions making. But both here and in England there has appeared a new phenomenon in industry which may have its influence on the future—what I might call the itinerant female laborer. Girls who have never been out of their own villages in their life before are being shipped in gangs, sometimes a thousand at a time, to points where new needs have arisen.

It is easy to say that there is work for all; but that does not tell the story. To begin with, there are the mothers of three, four or five children, dependent of old on the father's earnings, and that father at the line or dead. The wife's allowance will not sustain life in such times. Now any physician and most women know that in our modern world few women who have had three or four children are thereafter capable of the industrial struggle. Moreover, the French, with that fine idealism which marks their civilization, hold both motherhood and childhood sacred. Public opinion, even now, would not tolerate that such a woman should be separated from her children. Then there are the troubles of readjustment.

In the stable times of peace industry roughly arranges people according to their powers, putting the muscular at heavy jobs, the deft-fingered at light jobs. You may be a skillful midinette, capable of sewing a fine seam. When your old job goes because people no longer want expensive clothes it is no good to go to work in a munitions factory. Your hundred pounds of weight, your deft little fingers which never lifted a heavy burden, cannot stand the strain. Still further, in many lines of trade there has been a necessary reduction of wages. Certain employers who have cut pay in two during these times are not generally to be blamed. It was a choice between that or closing up shop and throwing everyone out of work. Nevertheless, to cut a European wage in two is to reduce it below the standard of living in any times.

Then there is the class just a notch higher in the financial scale than those who work with their hands. These are the ones who in any hard times seem to suffer most in proportion to their means. The retail tradesman of Paris is doing better than during the early days of the war, but only comparatively better. In October, 1914, when I first saw France at war, probably four out of five shops were closed, with the words "*Personnel mobilisé*" written in chalk across the steel shutters. By March, 1915, when I saw the city again, they had begun to open fast. More had opened by autumn and still more by this spring. Yet still the blocks away from the central district are dotted with the gray color of closed shutters. I look from my window now. The first building on the road across the street is a hotel. It is still closed. Below stands a fashionable store for the sale of sporting specialties—closed. Who wants such things now? Next is a cleanser and dyer—open. Next is a shop without any sign outside of the shutters to show its character, but it is closed. Next is a tobacconist—closed. And so on.

A Widow and Children Harvesting in Brittany

A Peasant Soldier on Leave Bringing in His Crops

The Charities of the French People

THE shops which deal with necessities, as groceries and bakeries, are running, of course, and are probably doing business above the margin of profits. Those which deal with luxuries have shut down or are marking time. In many cases madame has opened up in order to have something to do and to hold the business together. She has to keep the stock somewhere; perhaps she may get a customer—who knows? Along the Arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, facing the Tuileries Gardens, runs a row of shops for the sale of jewelry, Oriental curios, and such trifles as tourists buy to remember Paris. There are no tourists; the only persons likely to buy there now are occasional soldiers from England or the Provinces, getting little souvenirs to send home. I passed down that row yesterday, looking idly into the windows. From each shop popped madame, to solicit my custom as they used to do on the Bowery in the old days. And if the shopkeepers have suffered, so, of course, have such of their clerks as the army has not taken away.

Some of the small *rentiers*, the people living on the incomes of invested funds, are perhaps most pinched of all. Much of the invested capital was in the north. It goes without saying that investments in the mines, mills and factories of Lille and vicinity pay no dividends now. I know one Frenchman who was worth a million dollars before the war. It was invested in manufacturing properties about Lille. One factory was totally destroyed. The rest, he learns, have been "ripped up"—the machinery packed and sent to Germany. This is one sign, by the way, to indicate that the Germans are not confident of holding Belgium and Northern France when the war is over. "I own the sites—that is all!" says this man.

As for those who have depended for a living on rents, and especially of tenement properties, many of them are hard hit. At the beginning of the war the government declared its moratorium on rent. By this measure those who could not pay might go before the duly appointed authorities and swear to the fact, and the payment would be allowed to lapse until the end of the war. Just how the tenants will pay accumulated rents after the declaration of peace is a matter for future adjustment. Probably the state will step in. But that does not help the property owner just now. The other day a woman applied for work at sewing in one of the *ouvroirs*—a job that pays very poorly. Two years ago she was living on one of those small but respectable invested incomes so common over here. But the money was in stocks and real estate which have not rendered her a penny since August, 1914. She had spent all her immediate funds; it was a choice between working at the only thing a woman of her age and training could do and charity.

Again I must be careful lest I paint a false picture. Let no pro-German draw the conclusion that the resources of France are strained toward the breaking point. That is not true; France can go on indefinitely. But the situation calls for all that the French have of kindliness and of self-sacrifice. Yes, and for help from that fortunate land which I left only a long month ago.

For the charities of France just now are infinite; it is that which has given work to so many hands which never worked before. To tell all about this phase of French life would take someone who knows France inside and out. The posters, the shop signs, the banners of societies for war relief, call to us from every wall and window. It is give, give, give—money, time, thought. The Paris Herald is scarcely out on the streets, announcing you as registered at your hotel, before they begin to send letters or to call in person. Sister Cecilia, of the Little Sisters, came on the day after my arrival. At her special request I disguise her name and that of her order. "Publicity is against our rules," she said.

She proved to be an Englishwoman, a Londoner by birth. Choosing the hardest chair in the room, she settled down to talk of the order and of her poor. They look after working families; first the ne'er-do-wells which any people have always with them, and then the mothers who cannot go out to earn a living because they have too many children. They hunt out these cases, and go to work at their task of cleaning, of feeding, and of keeping the families together. There are more and more cases. "The French are a very saving people," said Sister Cecilia, "but, of course, savings don't last forever, and when the money is gone they come to us." Sometimes, I took it from her account, they come rather late in the game—only when privation has broken down their pride. She told over some of her instances; only one sticks in my memory. It was an old woman, whom they found moaning and mumbling in a fireless house. She had four sons when the war broke out; they are all gone, and the death of the last and youngest broke her reason.

Sister Cecilia spoke also of the militant priests of France. "They passed a law mobilizing priests in 1900 or thereabouts," she said. "Well"—Sister Cecilia's expression showed what she thought of that—"but behold the Providence of Almighty God. This affliction has come, and the priests can be a great consolation to their comrades, not only in their last moments, but always—little kindnesses, little comforts." Sister Cecilia said nothing against the Germans. Her order has houses in Belgium and in the imperiled or invaded districts of Northern France. Their establishment in Paris is a clearing-house for refugee nuns from all these houses. Among the thousands and thousands of war stories which she has heard two seemed to stick in her memory; and the character of these stories is a revelation of her character.

Stories Told by Sister Cecilia

"OUR mother-house was at Rheims," she said. "The Sisters remained through the bombardment. The cathedral was full of German wounded. All the approaches were under shellfire—even the soldiers could not cross them; because the Germans dropped a shell as soon as anyone appeared on the street. That afternoon some French soldiers came to the Sisters and told them that the German wounded had nothing to eat. Someone had shouted it across the street. The Sisters themselves had only a little bread. But one of the French soldiers said: 'Some broth would be good for them!' The soldiers went out under fire and cut four or five big pieces of horseflesh from an artillery horse which had just been killed by a shell. As night came on the soldiers and the Sisters made a big kettle of bouillon—the soldiers ruined a kitchen table chopping up the meat into little pieces. The soldiers did not take any of it, although they were hungry themselves. Then when night came the Sisters and the soldiers poured the broth into pails and carried it across under fire. One of the soldiers was wounded. The Germans were very grateful. It was quite touching," concluded Sister Cecilia with her native English chariness of emotional expression.

Her other story related to an Irish woman, married to a Belgian, whose husband was arrested in Brussels. She applied again and again to see him, but she was always refused. Finally the Prussian officer in charge of the prison said: "Madame, you know probably the whereabouts of certain British subjects hiding in Brussels. If you will tell us where they are we will let you see your husband."

The lady made no answer, but she stared at his breast. The officer glanced down. She had her eyes fixed on his Iron Cross. He colored, stammered, and "Madame," he said, "in war one must do things for his Kaiser which he would not do for himself."

"That is the trouble with them, perhaps," said Sister Cecilia, reconciling her large Christian charity with her natural feelings—"they have to obey their orders. I took care of one of them, wounded. He used to look at the photograph of his wife and children, and cry."

(Continued on Page 53)

THE GREAT AUK

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

AS REGARDS the body of the house it lay mostly in shadows—the man-made, daytime shadows which somehow always seem denser and blacker than those that come in the night. The little jogs in the wall behind the boxes were just the same as coalholes. The pitched front of the balcony suggested a deformed upper jaw, biting down on darkness. Its stucco facings, shining dimly, like a row of teeth, added to the illusion. At the bottom of the pit, or the family circle, or whatever it was they called it at the Rialto Theater, where the light was somewhat better, the backs of the seats showed bumpily beneath the white cloths that covered them, like lines of graves in a pauper burying ground after a snowstorm.

A third of the way back, in this potter's field of dead-and-gone laughter, a man was hunched in a despondent posture. His attitude would make you think of a lone ghost that had answered the resurrection trump too soon and now was overcome with embarrassment at having been deceived by a false alarm. The brim of his hat rested on the bridge of his nose. Belonging, as he did, to a race which is popularly esteemed to be essentially commercial, he had the artistic face and the imaginative eyes that, as often as not, are found in those of his breed.

His name was Sam Verba. He was general director for Cohalan & Hymen, producing managers. He was watching a rehearsal of a new play, though he did not appear to be. Seemingly, if he was interested in anything at all it was in the movements of two elderly chorewomen, who dawdled about the place deliberatively, with dust rags and brooms in their possession. Occasionally, as one of the women raised her voice shrilly to address her distant sister, he went "Sh-h! Sh-h!"—like a defective steam pipe. Following this the offender would lower her voice for a space measurable by seconds.

A young man let himself in through the box-office door and stood in that drafty, inky-black space which theatrical folks call the front of the house and the public call the back of the house. Coming out of the sunlight into this cave of the winds, he was blinded at first. He peered and blinked until he made out the shape of Verba, slumped down midway of a sheeted stretch of orchestra chairs, and he felt his way along the center aisle and slipped into a place alongside the silent, broody figure. The newcomer was the author of the play, named Offutt; his age was less than thirty; and his manner was cheerful, as befitting an author who is less than thirty and has placed a play with an established firm.

"Well," he said, "how's everything going?"

"Rotten, thank you!" said Verba, continuing to stare straight ahead. "We're still shy one grandfather, if that should be of any interest to you."

"But you had Grainger engaged—I thought that was all settled last night," said the playwright.

"That tired business man? Huh!" said Verba expressively. "By the time he'd got through fussing over the style of contract he wanted, in case he liked the part and we liked him in it, and then quarreling about the salary he was to get, and then arguing out how high up in the list of names his name was to appear in the billing, your friend Grainger was completely exhausted.

"And then, on top of that, he discovered we were going to Chicago after the opening in Rochester, and he balked. Said his following was here in New York. Said he'd supposed we were coming right in here after the opening instead of fussing round on the road. Said he couldn't think of being kept out of New York at the beginning of the season unless he got at least seventy-five more a week. Said he'd go back to vaudeville first. Said he had a swell offer from the two-a-day shops anyhow.

"Then I said a few things to Grainger and he walked out on me. His following!—do you get that? Grainger could carry all the following he's got in the top of his hat and still have plenty of room left for his head. So there you are, my son—within ten days of the tryout and nobody on hand to play dear old grandfather for you! And nobody in sight either—in case anybody should happen to ask you."

"Oh, we'll find somebody," said Offutt optimistically. The young of the playwrighting species are constitutionally optimistic.

"Oh, we will, will we? Well, for example, who?—since you're so confident about it"

"That's up to you," countered Offutt, "I should worry!"

"Take it from me, young man, you'd better worry," growled Verba morosely.

"But, Verba," contended young Offutt, "there must be somebody loose who'll fit the part. What with thousands of actors looking for engagements ——"

"Say, Offutt, what's the use of going over that again?" broke in Verba in a tone which indicated that he was prepared to go over it again. "To begin with, there aren't thousands of actors looking for jobs. There are a few actors looking for jobs—and a few thousand others looking for jobs who only think they can act. Offhand, I can list you just three men fit to play this grandfather part—or four, if you stick in Grainger as an added starter."

He held up a long, slender hand, ticking off the names on his fingers.

"There's Warburton, and there's Pell, and there's old Gabe Clayton. Warburton's tied up in the pictures. Damn the movies! They're stealing everybody worth a durn. I got a swell offer myself yesterday from the Ziegler crowd to direct features for 'em. The letter's on my desk now. Old Gabe is in a sanitarium taking the rest cure—which means for the time being he's practically sober, but not available for us or anybody else. And Guy Pell's under contract to Fructer Brothers, and you know what a swell chance there is of their loaning him to our shop.

"That doesn't leave anybody but Grainger, who's so swelled up with conceit about himself that he's impossible. And, anyhow, he's too young. Just as I told you yesterday, I only figured him in as a last chance. I don't want a young fellow playing this part—with his face all messed up with false whiskers and an artificial squeak in his voice. I want an old man—one that looks old and talks old and can play old.

"He's got to be right or nothing's right. You may have written this piece, boy; but, by gum, I'm responsible for the way it's cast, and I want a regular, honest-to-God grandfather. Only," he added, quoting the tag of a current Broadway story, "only there ain't no such animal."

"I still insist, Verba," put in Offutt, "that you overestimate the importance of the grandfather—he's only a character bit."

"Son," said Verba, "you talk like an author! Maybe you thought he was only a bit when you wrote him in; but he's not. He's going to carry this play. He's the axle that the whole action turns on and if he's wrong the whole thing's wrong. If he falls down the play falls down."

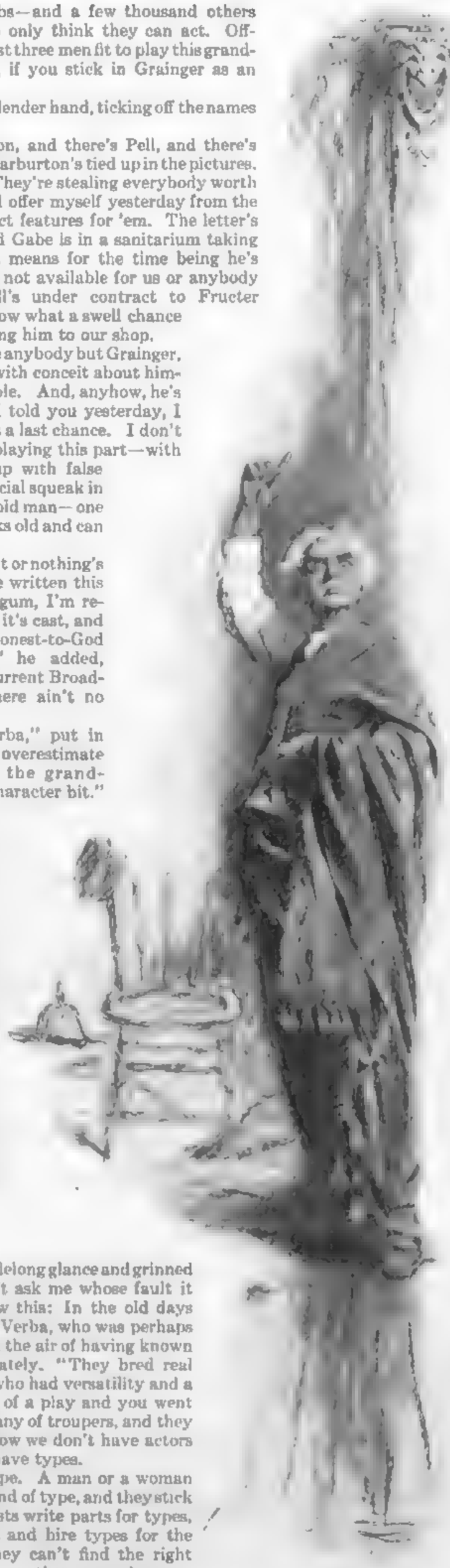
"Well, suppose he is," said Offutt plaintively. The bruised worm was beginning to turn. "Am I to blame because I write a part so human and so lifelike that nobody's competent to do it?"

Verba gave him a sidelong glance and grinned sardonically. "Don't ask me whose fault it is," he said. "I know this: In the old days actors were actors." Verba, who was perhaps forty-four, spoke with the air of having known Edmund Kean intimately. "They bred real artists then—people who had versatility and a range. You got hold of a play and you went out and hired a company of troupers, and they played it for you. Now we don't have actors any more—we only have types.

"Everybody's a type. A man or a woman starts out being one kind of type, and they stick right there. Dramatists write parts for types, and managers go out and hire types for the parts. Sometimes they can't find the right type and then there's another expensive production taking a trip to its eternal rest in the storehouse. I don't know whose fault it is—I only know it's not mine. It's hell—that's what it is—simply hell!"

Gloom choked Verba. He stared moodily ahead of him, where the broad of a wide, blue-gingham-ed back showed above the draped tops of the next row of seats but one. Suddenly he smote his hands together.

"Bateman!" he exclaimed. "Old Bird Bateman!"



"Ladies and Gentlemen, I Thank You for the Ovation You Have Given Me"

He got on his feet. "Come on, Offutt! Let's get outside—I've got an idea." In the half light his eyes shone like a cat's.

Outside, on the hot pavement, he took Offutt by the lapels of his coat. "Boy," he said, "did you ever hear of Burton Bateman—better known as Old Bird Bateman?"

Offutt shook his head.

"Never did," he confessed.

"You're too young at this game to remember, I guess," said Verba. "Well, then, did you ever hear of the Scudder Stock Company?"

"Of course I've heard of that," said Offutt. "It was long before my time though."

"It was long before everybody's time," assented Verba. "Ten years is the same as a century on this street. But twenty-five years ago Burt Bateman played leads with the Scudder Stock Company—yes; and played juveniles and walking gentlemen and friends of the family and long-lost heirs and Dutchmen and Irishmen and niggers—played high-comedy parts and low-comedy parts—played anything there was to play.

"He wasn't one of your single-barreled modern types and none of your old-time ranting scenery-biters either; he was an actor. If he'd come along a little later they'd have made a star out of him and probably ruined him. You'd have remembered him then. But he never was a star. He never was featured even. He just kept right on being an actor. And gee, how he could eat up an old man's part!"

"You speak of him as though he were dead," said Offutt. "Is he?"

"He might as well be—he's forgotten," said Verba, unconsciously coining all Broadway's epitaph for all Broadway's tribe. "I haven't seen him for fifteen years, but I understand he's still alive—that is, he hasn't quit breathing. Somebody was telling me not long ago they'd crossed his trail 'way downtown.

"You see, Burt Bateman was a character in his way, just as old Nate Scudder was one in his way. I guess that's why they hung together so long. When the theatrical district started to move uptown Nate wouldn't move with it. It moved from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third, and from there to Thirty-fourth, and from there to Forty-second—and it's still headed north. But Scudder stayed where he was. And it broke him—broke his heart, too, I guess. Anyhow, he died and his organization scattered—all but Bateman. He wouldn't scatter. The heirs fell out and the estate—what was left of it—got tied up in litigation; and it's been tied up ever since."

He turned and waved a long arm at a passing taxi. The driver curved his machine up to the curb.

"Come on!" said Verba, making to cross the sidewalk.

"Come on where?" asked Offutt.

"We're going to University Place—you and me," said Verba, quickened and alive all over with his inspiration. "We're going down to Scudder's Theater. Didn't know there was such a theater as Scudder's, did you? Well, there is—what's left of it. We're going down there to find Old Bird Bateman. That's where he was last accounts. And if the booze hasn't got him he's going to play that damn grandfather in this show of yours."

"Can he do it?"

Verba halted with one foot in the taxi.

"Can he do it? Watch him, boy—that's all! Just watch him. Say, it's a notion—digging that old boy out of the graveyard.

"You never heard of him and I'd forgotten him; but you take a lot of these old-timers who don't think there've been any actors since Fanny Davenport and Billy Florence—they'll remember him. And you bet they'll come to see him. We'll give this town a sensation—and that's what it loves, this town—sensations."

Just below Fourteenth Street they swung eastward and turned into University Place, which is a street of past memories and present acute activities, and in a minute, obeying Verba's instructions, their driver brought them to a standstill before a certain number.

"Give it the once-over," advised Verba as he climbed out and felt in his pocket for the fare. "You can figure for yourself how far out of the world it is—nobody's had the nerve to try to open it up as a moving-picture palace. And that's the tip-off on any shack in this burg that'll hold a crowd, a screen and a projecting machine all at the same time."

Offutt looked, and marveled that he had never noticed this place before, since surely he must have passed it by a score of times. It stood about midway of the block. Upon one side was a small pawnshop; and upon the other side a small trunk store.

Between these two establishments gaped a recessed and cavernous entryway flanked by two big stone pillars of a dropsical contour and spanned over at the top by a top-heavy, hideous stone cornice ponderously and painfully Corinthian in its aspect. The outjutting eaves rested flat on the coping stones and from there the roof gabled up sharply. Old gates, heavily chained and slanting inward, warded the opening between the pair of pillars, so that the mouth of the place was muzzled with iron, like an Elizabethan shrew's.

Above, the building was beetle-browed; below, it was dish-faced. A student of architectural criminology would pause before this façade and take notes.

The space inclosed within the skewed and bent gate pickets was a snug harbor for the dust of many a gritty day. There were little gray drifts of it at the foot of each of the five steps that led up to the flagged floor level; secretions of grime covered the barred double doors on beyond the steps, until the original color was only to be guessed at; scraps of dodgers, pieces of newspaper and tattered handbills adhered to every carved projection at the feet of the columns, like dead leaves about tree boles in the woods.

Upon the frieze might be made out, in lettering that once had been gold-leafed, the line: Scudder's Family Theater. The words were scarcely decipherable now. Billposters had coated every available inch of space with snipes and sheets.

Verba shook one of the gates until the hasps gritted and the chains clanged.

"Nobody at home," he said. "I guess the sheriff locked her up when the lawsuits started and then threw away the key. Well, let's scout round. Somebody's sure to know our man; they told me Bateman was a neighborhood character down here. A cop ought to be able to help us—only I don't see one. Maybe they don't have cops in this street."

Speculatively his eyes ranged the vista up and down the block and opposite. He pointed to a saloon diagonally across the way, next door to the first corner south.

"When in doubt," he said, "ask everybody's friend. Come on; we'll go over and brace the barkeep."

A young man, with a humorous slant to his eyebrows and dark hair combed back from the forehead in neatly ornate scallops, pulled down the front of a reasonably clean white jacket and spread both hands on the bar, awaiting their pleasure.

"Mister Wine Clerk," said Verba, using the ceremonial title of his uptown range, "we're trying to find an old boy named Bateman—Burton Bateman, retired actor by profession. Ever hear of him?"

"Sure!" assented the barkeeper. "He's part of the fixtures—Old Bird is; but he ain't about now. To ketch him, you've come an hour late."

"Lives round here somewhere, don't he?"

"Search me," said the young man succinctly. "I guess he don't exactly live anywhere—not in a regular lodging house or anything like that. See? I never asked him—him being sort of touchy about his private affairs—but I guess he sleeps in some hole somewhere. He mostly does his scoffin' here though—as a guest of the house."

"Does his what here?" asked Verba.

"His scoffin'—his feedin'. See?" The young man flirted a thumb in the direction of the free-lunch counter.

"Oh! You mean he eats here?"

"You said it! The boss—man that owns this liquor store—is a kind of an old-timer round here himself. I've heard him say he knowed The Bird away back yonder when the old theater 'crost the street was runnin' and things was breakin' better for the old boy than what they do now. So he stakes him to a drink every now and then—Old Bird won't take a piece of change, but he will take a drink—and he lets him browse off the free lunch all he's a mind to.

"He comes driftin' in here twicet a day regular and fills up on chow for nothin'! But he's been here already and left to-day—'bout an hour ago. I figure he won't be back now till 'long about four or five o'clock."

"And Daytimes We Plays Audiunce for 'im. See?"

Verba became cognizant of a tugging at his coat. An incredibly small, incredibly ragged boy, with some draggled first editions under his arm, had wormed silently in between his legs and was looking up at him with one eye. It was a boy who had only one eye to look with. The other eye was a flattened slit over a sunken socket.

"Mister! Say, mister!" beseeched the gamin earnestly. "Gimme fi' cent and I'll ——"

"Hey, you, Blinky!" interposed the barkeeper, bending over the bar to see the small intruder. "Beat it!"

There was a scurrying thud of bare feet on the tiled floor and the wizened intruder magically had vanished between the swinging doors.

"You gents can sit down and wait if you want to," said the barkeeper. "It's liable to be a long time though. Or I can tell Old Bird, when he comes in, somebody's askin' for him and try to hold him for you. I could phone you even, if it's important—if you'll gimme your number."

"It is important—in a way," said Verba. "Suppose we do that, Offutt—give the wine clerk our telephone number."

He laid a coin and a card on the bar. The young man regarded the name and the address on the card briefly.

"All right!" he said, depositing the coin in his pocket and the card against the mirror at his back. "I won't forget. The old boy don't have many people lookin' for him. Fact is, I don't remember he ever had anybody lookin' for him before. Are you gents friends of his? . . . No? Well, anyhow, I'll fix it.

"Funny old sneezer!" he continued. "Dippy a little up here, I guess."

He tapped himself on the forehead.

"If he had a habit I'd say sometimes he was hopped. F'r instance, he'll come in here and spiel off something to me 'bout havin' been in his Louie Kahn's drawin'-room—anyhow, that's what it sounds like. The only Louie Kahn round here that I know of runs a junk shop over in Ninth Street. And it's a cinch he ain't got no drawin'-room. Or he'll tell me he's been spendin' the day on the seabeach. Only yes'day he was handin' me that junk."

"Mightn't he have taken a little run down to Coney?" suggested Verba hopefully.

"Go to Coney—him!" scoffed the barkeeper. "Where'd he raise the coin for carfare down to Coney? You can take it from me, gents, Old Bird forgot what the sad sea waves sound like, long time ago. I'll lay you a little eight-to-five he ain't been a quarter of a mile away from this liquor store in ten years. . . . Well, good day, gents."

"It strikes me, Verba," began Offutt as they passed out, "that possibly we're only wasting our time. If what that gabby young drink wrestler just said is right we're ——"

Something wriggled at his knees and caromed off against Verba. A single bright, greedy eye appraised them both with an upward flash.

"Mister! Mister, listen!" pleaded a voice, the owner of which managed somehow to be in the path of both of them at once. "I heard yous spielin' in there. I know where Old Boid is. I kin show yous where he is."

"Where is he?" demanded Verba.

"Gimme fi' cent—gimme ten cent—first. It's a secrut. It's worth ten cent."

"It is," agreed Verba gravely. "It's worth all of ten cents now and it'll be worth a quarter more to you, sonny, if you deliver the goods."

He tendered the advance installment of the fee and a hand, all claws like a bird's foot, snatched it away from him.

Blinky carefully pouched the dime in some unfathomable inner recess of his rags. Having provided against any attempt to separate him from the retainer in the event of the negotiations falling through, his code of honor asserted itself.

"It's a secrut. See? They ain't nobody but me and two-t'ree udder kids wise to it. Yous gotta swear yous won't tell 'im nor nobody 'twas me tipped yous off. If yous did it'd spoil me graft—he'd be sore. See? Cold nights he lets us kids bunk in there wit' 'im. And daytimes we plays audiunce for 'im. See?"

"You play what for him?" asked Offutt.

"C'm on, an' I'll show yous," bade Blinky. "Only yous is gotta lay dead w'ile it's comin' off. See?"

"We'll lay dead," pledged Verba.

Satisfied, Blinky led the way. Mystified, they followed. He led them back across University Place again; and on past Scudder's Family Theater, with the lowering stone frontal bone above and, below, the wide maw, bitted and gagged by its scold's bridle of snaffled iron; and on round the corner below into a fouled, dingy cross street.

Beyond the canvas marquee of a small walled-in beer garden the child went nimbly through a broken panel in a short stretch of aged and tottery wooden fencing. Wriggling through the gap behind him they found themselves in a small inclosure paved with cracked flagging. Confronting them was a short flight of iron steps, leading up to a wide, venerable-appearing doorway, which once, as the visible proof showed, had been sealed up with plank shorings, nailed on in vertical strips.

"One of the old side entrances to Scudder's," said Verba. "Where the carriages used to wait, I guess. The plot thickens—eh, Offutt?"

Offutt nodded, his eyes being on their small guide. A little sense of adventure possessed them both. They had the feeling of being co-conspirators in a little intrigue.

"Wotcher waitin' fur?" demanded Blinky. "Stick wit' me and don't make no noise." He climbed the iron steps and shoved the nail-pocked door ajar. "Watch yer step!" he counseled as he vanished within. "It's kind o' dark in yere."

"Kind o' dark" was right. Straining their eyes they stumbled along a black passage, with Blinky padding on ahead silently. They turned once to the left and once to the right and emerged, where the light was somewhat clearer, into the shelter of a recess just behind the lower boxes of the abandoned playhouse.

"Wow!" said Verba in a sort of reverential undertone, as though he stood in the presence of death. "I haven't been here in twenty-odd years. Why, the last time I was here I was a kid!"

Veritably he did stand in the presence of death. The place looked dead and smelled dead and was dead. The air was laden and heavy with bone-yard scents—rot and corrosion and rust and dust. With the taints of molded leather and gangrened metal, of worm-gnawed woodwork and moth-eaten fabrics, arose also from beneath their feet that sourer, sicklier stench which inevitably is begotten of neglect and lonesomeness within any spot inclosed by walls and a roof, provided sun and wind and human usage are excluded from it long enough. Offutt sniffed and, over Verba's shoulder, looked about him.

He could make out his immediate surroundings fairly well, for the curtains that had guarded the windows in the hip roof and round one upper side of the building were turned by decay into squares of lacework, patterned with rents and with cracks; and in some instances they had fetched away from their fastenings altogether.

Through the glass panes, and through the grime that bleared the glass, a measure of daylight filtered, slanting in pale bluish streaks, like spilt skim milk, on vistas of the faded red-plush chairs; on the scrolled and burdened decorations of the proscenium arch; on the seamy, stained curtain; on the torn and musty hangings of the boxes; on an enormous gas chandelier which, swinging low over the pit from the domed ceiling above, was so clumped with swathings of cobweb that it had become a great, dangling gray cocoon.

Curving in wide swings from above their heads to the opposite side ran three balconies, rising one above the other, and each supported by many fat pillars. The spaces beneath these galleries were shadowy and dark, seeming to stretch away endlessly.

So, too, was the perspective of the lower floor, at the back elaborated by the gloom into a vast, yawning mouth which fairly ached with its own emptiness. But at the front the screened angles of sunlight, stippled as they were with billions of dancing motes, brought out clearly enough the stage of the old theater and, down under the lip of the stage, the railed inclosure of the orchestra and, at either side, the scarred bulkheads and fouled drapings of the stage boxes, upper tier and lower tier.

Close at hand Offutt was aware of crawling things which might be spiders, and a long gray rat which scuffled across the floor almost beneath his feet, dragging its scaled tail over the boards with a nasty rasping sound. He heard other rats squealing and gnawing in the wainscoting behind him. He was aware, also, of the dirt, which scabbed and crusted everything. And he felt as though he had invaded the vault of some ancient tomb. Sure enough, in a manner of speaking, he had done just that.

"Some place—huh, muster?" said their guide proudly, and, though he spoke in a whisper, Offutt jumped. "Stick yere, yous two," ordered the child. "Somethin'll be comin' off in a minute."

Seemingly he had caught a signal or a warning not visible to the older intruders. Leaving them, he ran briskly down a side aisle, and apparently did not care now how much noise he might make, for he whooped as he ran. He flung his papers aside and perched himself in a chair at the very front of the pit. He briskly rattled the loose back of the chair in front of him, and, inserting two dirty fingers at the corners of his mouth, emitted the shrill whistle by which a gallery god, since first gallery gods were created into an echoing world, has testified to his impatient longings that amusement be vouchsafed him.

As though the whistle had been a command, the daubed old curtain shivered and swayed. A dead thing was coming to life. Creaking dolefully it rolled up and rolled up until it had rolled up entirely out of sight.

A back drop, lowered at a point well down front, made the stage shallow. Once upon a time this back drop had been intended to represent a stretch of beach with blue rollers breaking on beyond. Faded as it was, and stained and cracked and scaly as it was now, the design of the artist who painted it was yet discernible; for he plainly had been one who held by the pigmented principle that all sea sands be very yellow and all sea waves very blue.

Out of the far wings came a figure of a man, crossing the narrowed space to halt midway of the stage, close up to the tin gutter where the tipless prongs of many gas-jet footlights stood up like the tines in a garden rake. Verba's hand tightened on Offutt's arm, dragging him farther back into the shadows, and Verba's voice spoke, with a soft, tense caution, in Offutt's ear: "Lord! Lord!" Verba almost breathed the words out. "'Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your ——' Look yonder, Offutt! It's him!"

"You Cannot Have Been Long in the Business, Else You Would Have Better Manners Than to Interrupt an Artist When His Public Calls for Him"

He might have spared the urging. Offutt was looking and, without being told, knew the man at whom he looked was the man the two of them had come here to find. The lone gamin in the pit clapped his talons of hands together, making a feeble, thin sound. To this applause, as if to a rousing greeting, the figure behind the footlights bowed low, then straightened. And Offutt could see, by one of the slanting bars of tarnished daylight which stabbed downward through the dusk of the place, that the man up there on the stage was a very old man, with a heavy, leonine face and heavy brows and deep-set, big gray eyes, and a splendid massive head mopped with long, coarse white hair; and he was dressed as a fop of sixty years ago and he bore himself accordingly.

The slash of indifferent sunshine, slicing into the gloom like a dulled sword blade, rested its lowermost tip full upon him. It betrayed the bleached pallor of his skin, for his face was free from any suggestion of make-up, and it showed the tears and frays in his costume, and the misshapen shoes that were on his feet, and the soiled, collarless shirt which he wore beneath the once gorgeous velvet waistcoat, and the high-shouldered, long-tailed topcoat.

In one hand he held, by a dainty grip on the brim, a flat-crowned derby hat, and between the fingers of the other hand twirled a slender black walking stick, with the shreds of a silken tassel adhering to it. And everything about him, barring only the shoes and the shirt, which plainly belonged to his everyday apparel, seemed fit to fall apart with age and with shabbiness.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said—and his voice filled all the empty house by reason of its strength and its toned and tempered richness—"with your kind indulgence I shall begin this entertainment with an attempt at an imitation of the elder Sothern in his famous rôle of Lord Dundreary, depicting him as he appeared in one of the scenes from that sterling and popular comedy, Our American Cousin, by Tom Taylor, Esquire."

With that, instantly stepping into character, he took a mincing, jaunty pace or two sideways. Half turning toward an imaginary confrere and addressing that mythical listener, he began a speech which, being pieced together with other speeches, at once lengthened into a kind of monologue. But he knew the lines—that was plain; and he knew the part, too, and for the moment lived and breathed it, and in all regards veritably was it. That, likewise, the watching pair of eavesdroppers could realize, though neither of them was of sufficient age to remember, even had he seen, the great craftsman whose work old Bateman now was counterfeiting.

The interlopers looked on and, under the spell of a wizardry, forgot indeed they were interlopers. For before their eyes they saw, wonderfully re-created, a most notable conception, and afterward would have sworn, both of them, that all of it—the drawl and the lisp, the exaggerated walk, the gestures, the play of leg and arm, the swing of body, the skew of head, the lift of eyebrow even—was as true and as faithful to the original as any mirrored image might be to the image itself.

How long they stood and watched neither Verba nor Offutt was subsequently able to say with any reasonable exactitude. It might have been four minutes; it might have been six, or even eight. When later, taking counsel together, they sought to reckon up the time, the estimates varied so widely they gave up trying to reconcile them.

This much, though, they were sure of—that, in his mumming, old Bateman rose magically triumphant above the abundant handicaps of his own years and his own physique, his garb and his environment. Doing the undoable, he for the moment threw aside his years as one might throw aside the weight of a worn-out garment, and for that moment, to suit his own designs of mimicry, made floods of strength and youthfulness course through his withered arteries.

The old man finished with a whimsical turn of his voice and a flirt of his cane to match it. He bowed himself off with the hand which held the hat at his breast, and promptly on the second he disappeared the ancient curtain began to descend, Blinky meanwhile clapping with all his puny might.

Offutt turned to his companion. Behind the shelter of the box Verba's lean, dark face was twitching.

"Is he there? Can he act? Was I right?" Verba asked himself each question, and himself answered each with a little earnest nod. "Gee, what a find!"

"Not a find, Verba," whispered Offutt—"a resurrection—maybe. We've seen a genius in his grave."

"And we're going to dig him up." In his intentness Verba almost panted it. "Wait! Wait!" he added warningly then, though Offutt had not offered to stir. "This is going to be a Protean stunt, I take it. Let's let him show some more of his goods; for, by everything that's holy, he's got 'em!"

Up once more the curtain lifted, seemingly by its own motive power; and now the seaside drop was raised, and they beheld that, behind it, the stage had been dressed for another scene—a room in a French house. A secrétaire, sadly battered and marred, stood at one side; a bookcase with broken doors and gaping, empty shelves stood at the other, balancing it off. Down stage was an armchair. Its tapestry upholstering was rotted through and a freed spiral of springs upcoiled like a slender snake from its cushioned seat. All three pieces were of a pattern—"Louie-the-Something stuff," Verba would have called them.

A table, placed fronting the chair but much nearer the right lower entrance than the chair was, and covered with

(Continued on Page 38)

RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

Makeshifts in Drugs and Chemicals

By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

FIFTEEN years ago a group of doctors sat round a boardroom table to pass upon the fitness of things pharmaceutical. They were the Revision Committee of the Pharmacopœia, and had come together to bring that learned work up to date, deciding what should be admitted and what excluded.

Presently they came to allium. Very little time was wasted over that. It had no friends. Some of the doctors smiled charitably at the notion of allium as a curative agent and, without a dissenting voice, it was dropped—a relic of past superstition. With the passing of years and the perfection of modern alkaloids, allium had become mere folklore.

Then more years went by in their old way until the scene changed to the Great War and the hospitals of France, with another group of doctors as actors. France was crowded with wounded soldiers. They had to be placed wherever nurses were available. One of the peasant women in charge of wounded soldiers achieved such a high percentage of good recoveries that the doctors were attracted by her record. She seemed to be particularly successful with suppurating wounds. These doctors were true scientists, ready to learn wherever knowledge was to be found. They went to investigate her methods and discovered that she treated all her soldiers with allium. For centuries the European peasant has used allium on wounds.

This investigation led to an extensive trial of allium in the army hospitals of France and England, and strong scientific indorsement of its virtues. And thus allium bids fair to become an orthodox drug again, with a place in the Pharmacopœia. Allium is garlic!

Why Your Drug-Store Bills are High

IT HAS been predicted that the war will give other old-folk remedies scientific standing, just as the ancient belief in the potency of powdered toadskin has been recently confirmed by the isolation of two medicinal agents from the toad—bufagin and epinephrine.

Of all the strange pranks played by the Great War with everyday commodities, none are more fantastic than those in the field of drugs and chemicals. Unheard-of shortages and diversions have developed. Out of these situations a plentiful crop of new war industries has sprung up in the United States. Some of them are healthy and will probably continue. Others seem destined to disappear when the world's trade is once more put in order.

Maybe you intend to build a house, or a skyscraper, or a factory. The chemical shortage will touch your pocketbook when you come to buy the glass. Most people think of glass as being made of sand, which it is; but from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the weight of glass is composed of chemicals. There is soda ash for the principal one, made in this country out of salt. Before the war it was half a cent a pound. Now it is four cents a pound and bound for higher levels, because products of the soda-ash industry are used in making explosives.

Glass also requires chemicals like salt cake—another form of soda made in this country, but needing sulphuric acid which is high on account of the explosive-making demand—nitrate of soda, which comes from Chile and has advanced by reason of ship scarcity; pearlash, or potash, which comes from Germany in normal times, but has been cut off by an embargo; manganese, a metal that has been performing some of the loftiest price acrobatics because it comes from abroad.

Is there sickness in your family? Do you carry a few tablets in your pocket for minor ailments? The whole range of medicines is upset. Most of the popular tablets and pills for people who "enjoy bad health" have risen outrageously, while every time you have a prescription filled there is a battle between your pharmacist and the price list to see how much of the increased cost of ingredients can be carried by him and how much he must shift to you.

Against these shortages, however, we have some compensating benefits. In glass, for example, the windows in your new factory may cost double because there is a war on the other side of the world. But because there is fighting over yonder we have established a healthy new quartz-glass industry. Out in Nebraska there are deposits of a peculiar kind of sand, said to be found nowhere else on earth. The Germans bought thousands of tons of this sand, took it across the Atlantic, made it up into quartz glass, and sold it back to us at high prices in the form of test tubes, retorts, crucibles and other laboratory apparatus. This glass is the only substitute for expensive platinum utensils in scientific work, and is not breakable under high temperature or chills. Until war cut off the German product we had never found time to make quartz glass ourselves—too big and busy, as usual; but now we are doing it, and the industry will live after the war, because quartz-glass products have always carried a high tariff.

And in medicines, too, though we are paying unheard-of prices for many things, there is an interesting development of foreign trade in our serums, and we are cultivating drug plants on lines that promise to give us new industries.

In most cases where drugs and chemicals have risen there is a scarcity due to one of the following four reasons:

First. The stuff came from Germany and supplies have been cut off—for instance, one coal-tar derivative for headache has advanced eighteen hundred per cent; or muriate of potash, for fertilizer, which was thirty dollars a ton, is now five hundred dollars!

Second. It is something used in making explosives, like glycerin, which was twenty cents a pound and is now sixty-five; or nitric acid, which has doubled in price. The makers of explosives pay such high prices for every ingredient needed in their business that all the other industries trail more or less helplessly after them and thankfully gather up what they leave or overlook.

Third. It used to come chiefly from the war zone, like thymol, made from the common thyme with which turkey dressing is flavored, a powerful germ killer, harmless to humans, which has advanced six hundred per cent. Or it is needed in the war zone, like bromide of potassium, an ingredient in poison gas—up fifteen hundred per cent.

Fourth. It is difficult to find ships to bring supplies from other countries in the present distracted state of commerce. Licorice furnishes a very good illustration of this. The root comes from Turkey and Russia, and the juice is extracted and concentrated both here and abroad. The price of licorice root in bales has gone from four cents a pound to seventeen, and the extract from fifteen cents a pound to twenty-five. The tobacco business feels this shortage most keenly, because licorice enters into chewing and smoking tobacco to the extent of one pound of licorice to each ten pounds of leaf tobacco. It is also used in medicines and confectionery.

In some cases high prices of drugs are due to speculators, who have bought up small lots of scarce things, passed them along to others at increasing prices, and turned profits wherever there was a chance. Getting supplies has, in many cases, been a chase round Robin Hood's barn for small lots. One party sends the inquirer to another, and he to a third, until finally the desired article is discovered in a limited quantity, often under mysterious circumstances and always at a stunning price. But this has had no bearing on the shortage.

Not long ago a symposium was held by a medical journal to determine, by a vote among professional men, the five most valuable drugs used in medicine. Those that got the most votes were: Opium, mercury, quinine, digitalis, iodine.

Four out of the five have advanced in price—iodine alone remains at the old level. To follow the others and see what has happened to them is as good a way as any of ascertaining drug conditions.

Opium is now selling for eleven dollars a pound, the highest price in fifty years. At the outbreak of war it was about six dollars and fifty cents. The causes are somewhat complicated. There is a crop shortage in Turkey, hostilities have held up shipments of the crude gum, and our new Federal law to prevent misuse of narcotics, cutting down consumption, led to hesitation in ordering supplies. Morphine and codeine, narcotics derived from opium, have been used to allay suffering in the army hospitals. We are doing a good export business in morphine, which has advanced twenty-five per cent.

Doctors and Powder-Makers After Mercury

MERCURY, or quicksilver, is used in explosives. It was fifty cents a pound before the war and is now three dollars. Throughout the West old quicksilver mines have been opened, making the fortunes of their owners in a year, and each lot that appears is snapped up quickly by the explosive manufacturers at any price. Calomel is a salt of mercury and has gone from ninety cents to two dollars and twenty-five cents a pound. The familiar blue pill has more than doubled in price, and corrosive sublimate is now two dollars and twenty cents a pound, against seventy-five cents in ordinary times.

Quinine has sailed into the skies like a Zeppelin, rising from thirty cents an ounce to as much as two dollars and a half. At this writing it has dropped to about one dollar. The Germans had a great deal to do with quinine prices. As every schoolboy knows, this drug is obtained from Peruvian bark, or cinchona. The wild bark from South America has been practically displaced by cultivated cinchona from Java and India. Cultivated bark contains as high as twelve per cent of the alkaloid, while wild bark has barely two per cent—an emergency cargo from South America not long ago showed hardly enough alkaloid to pay for working. The Germans, with their chemical genius, had become the principal makers of quinine sulphate, with great factories; and, as the drug is a prime necessity to soldiers in the field, they put an embargo upon it when the war began.

Digitalis is the well-known heart stimulant, derived from the leaves of the foxglove, a garden flower. In medicine it is used as a tincture, which must be reasonably fresh. Dried digitalis leaves have advanced from nine cents a pound to eighty. Germany has been the chief producer and we have been getting our supplies from there. But it is reported that the Pacific Northwest has foxglove growing as a weed, and in the East digitalis is now being grown on a drug farm by at least one pharmaceutical house that aims at making a better-keeping standard tincture through improvements in culture and handling.

Iodine is one of the few bargains left in drugs, for war conditions have not affected it either way. It is obtained from seaweed and also from Chilean saltpeter, and in its extraction the Germans led. Prices have remained stable because there seems to have been an abundant supply in the United States.

Castor oil has doubled in price, and some authorities attribute the advance to its alleged use in lubricating aëroplanes. It is a fair lubricant in combination with other oils, withstanding low temperatures and helping to keep heavy, quick-running bearings cool. The real cause of its high price, however, is probably ship shortage—the difficulty in getting castor beans from the Orient. We used to raise them in this country, but coolie labor has made the crop unprofitable for us. The leather dressers use castor oil extensively, and so does the manufacturer of sticky fly paper. They will be more inclined to deplore the scarcity than the small boy who has to take it for medicine.

Cod-liver oil has advanced from eighty cents a gallon to two dollars and seventy-five cents. Great quantities have been used by the troops, especially the Germans, and the latter have been accused of buying cod-liver oil to extract glycerin for making explosives. Fisheries in the North Sea have been interfered with by hostilities.

Oils of nearly every kind are higher in price, from the heavy staples, like coconut and linseed, down to the essentials used for flavoring, perfumes and medicines, like almond, sandalwood, and so on. In most cases this is due to war shortage.

Peroxide of hydrogen has tripled in price because Germany made the raw materials. It is an antiseptic and also a bleach. Some textile manufacturers, shut off on one side by lack of dyes, decided to push white goods. When they came to bleaching, however, scarcity of peroxide of hydrogen shut them off at the other avenue of escape.

All the coal-tar things are up, of course. And again the Germans! Probably the biggest disturbance has been caused by carbolic acid, which is derived from coal tar and is pretty nearly basic in industry, being used in explosives, in medicine, in general industries, and in getting other products out of coal tar. The Germans made most of it, and the price promptly started upward with the declaration of war and has risen one thousand per cent.

Getting a Squeal Without a Pig

SALOL, the intestinal antiseptic made from carbolic acid, is up eight hundred per cent. Saccharin, the coal-tar sweetener, three hundred times sweeter than cane sugar, is up six hundred per cent. With all the coal-tar medicines it is the same story, from the well-known ones, like acetanilide, to things of technical reputation, like phenolphthalein. The latter has an interesting history. It was used in the manufacture of artificial wines for years, because a little alkali turned it red. People who drank those wines noticed a laxative effect, which was traced to this coal-tar product; and so it is now widely used in medicine—and is up seven hundred per cent.

The Germans control most of the coal-tar products. But they have worked forty years to develop derivatives, and make one thing yield another in the factory, and sell another in the market, in such a close, interlocking way that the dye business cannot be separated from the coal-tar pharmaceuticals, or either get along without the trade in explosives and coal-tar crudes. The Germans are successful because they always sell the squeal of the coal-tar pig. This squeal is often a pharmaceutical. It is not enough to ask whether American chemists lack the brains to make these things to meet our temporary shortage; for the problem is generally one of getting a squeal without any pig!

Many of the German pharmaceuticals are patented, and the patents hold here because we are not at war with Germany; or German proprietary names for pharmaceuticals that have substitutes are so rooted in the popular or medical mind that it is hard to switch the demand. A good instance of this is purified wool fat, used as an ointment base because it has the greatest absorbing power of any fat. There are various preparations of it, all identical in quality; but the Germans have centered the demand on a patent brand that people ask for. So that is up five hundred per cent.

All the potash drugs are up, naturally because potash comes from Germany. Spices have risen because ships to the Orient are scarce. There is shortage in many of the leaves, herbs, barks, flowers, seeds, gums, roots and berries grown or gathered for medicine by European peasants.

Higher prices affect the public in all sorts of ways. Take the retail druggist's prescription problem, for example. When drugs began to rise he hesitated to charge more for prescription filling, especially when the prescription was one that a regular customer brought again and again. Before long he was losing money on this business; yet competition made him reluctant to raise prices, and fluctuation in cost of drugs made it difficult anyway. To-day the druggist is carrying much of the burden.

Some of the manufacturers have sad stories to tell too. There is the maker of perfumes and toilet goods. He uses a great deal of alcohol. The price stiffened on the outbreak of war because of the demand for explosives. His competitors in France have free alcohol at about forty cents a gallon, but he has to pay more than two dollars a gallon regular internal revenue tax to Uncle Sam on ordinary grades, and much more on refined spirit. All his pomades, oils, and so on, are imported, and came in free of duty until the last tariff revision, when they were loaded with twenty per cent as luxuries.

War stiffened the cost of these materials. Coumarin went from three dollars a pound to nine dollars; attar of rose, from five dollars and fifty cents an ounce to nine dollars; oil of juniper, from sixty-five cents a pound to five dollars; synthetic oils increased from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty per cent. Ingredients like stearol, largely used in toilet creams, simply disappeared.

Then Uncle Sam needed money to meet the drop in tariff duties caused by decreased imports. His eye lit on the manufacturing perfumer immediately as a maker of luxuries, and a stamp tax was imposed as a one-year emergency measure. This tax amounts to five per cent of wholesale prices received by the manufacturer, and had to be paid not only on all new goods he made but on all the old goods he had sold in the trade.

When the manufacturer thinks about his income tax and corporation tax, he is inclined to think that he pays too much. It is difficult for him to transfer these additional costs to the trade or the consumer, because most of his products are sold at round prices—a quarter or fifty cents. The emergency stamp tax, originally imposed for a year, may be continued, and his French competitor, with free alcohol, has a very good chance in our markets.

In serums we have gained considerable permanent business. This country had taken the lead in perfecting antitoxins and vaccines for tetanus, typhoid, cholera, diphtheria, dysentery, meningitis and kindred diseases. The use of serums abroad was limited compared with that in the United States. Europe was especially backward in the prevention of tetanus by injections of antitoxin.

One of the earliest complications among wounded soldiers was tetanus, due to dirt from trenches in soils so long populated that they contained tetanus germs in abundance. Army surgeons turned to our serums to combat this disease, first by injecting when the symptoms appeared, which was only partially successful, and later by following our method, which is to inject tetanus serum as soon as a suspicious wound is sustained. We have done a good export business in this serum, and also in combination serums by which, with one injection, a soldier is made immune to typhoid, cholera and plague.

The shortage of many drugs derived from plants has turned attention to drug farming and the gathering of wild drug plants. A great number of useful medicines are still made from grandmother's "yarbs," and the cutting off of supplies from foreign countries has caused advances in price. The common sage used for flavoring, a drug crop in Germany and Austria, has advanced five hundred per cent, like thyme. Belladonna root has risen from twenty cents a pound to two dollars and thirty-five cents. Dandelion root has doubled in price and burdock root tripled. Gentian root was four cents a pound and is now twenty. Dog grass has gone to more than a dollar a pound from sixteen cents. Hungarian camomile flowers are seventy-five cents a pound—formerly twelve cents. Elecampane root has more than doubled in price.

These drug plants, taken from a long list, give an idea of the rise in prices. All of them are cultivated in the war zone in normal times, or gathered wild there. All of them can also be grown or found wild in the United States. But we have not succeeded in establishing a drug-plant industry. Cheapness of labor or special skill has enabled the foreigner to beat us on the cultivated things, and wild products are more carefully gathered by peasants than by our own country population.

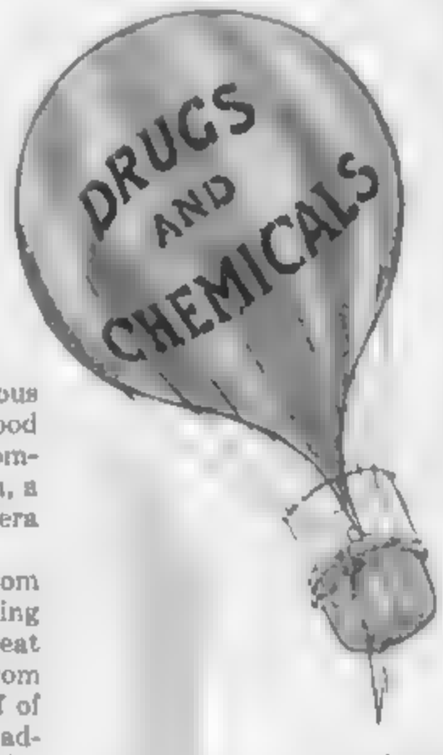
There is nothing in our climate or soils to prevent growing many staple drug plants. The Shakers in New York used to raise drugs by the ton; and during our wars, when prices were high, we have even grown opium.

When it comes to maintaining drug culture in time of peace, however, we seem to be at a disadvantage. The Shakers were long ago driven to other crops by European competition and, except in the growing of a few things like peppermint, we have not put drugs on a solid farming basis. War demand has stimulated drug culture in two ways.

Attention Turned to Drug Culture

FIRST. Many people have studied the subject and undertaken experiments on farms. Round New York, for instance, it is possible to grow burdock, dandelion, sage, thyme, caraway, mustard, peppermint, belladonna, digitalis, aconite, cascara sagrada and other drugs. But to grow them commercially is not so easy as it looks. Some of them require two years or more to mature a crop, and might then be worthless through ignorance as to varieties, time of gathering, and other points. Those who know most about the subject say that we can grow drugs, but that it is a highly specialized field of agriculture—not an easy side line for the general farmer.

Second. Pharmaceutical houses have gone into the cultivation of a few staples, like digitalis, cannabis indica, belladonna and hydrastis, not for the purpose of making up war shortage, but to improve the varieties and yields, increase the alkaloid content and get greater stability and medicinal value. Foreign drug plants are often undependable. Plant selection and crossbreeding are being applied to these crops here for the first time, with marked improvement in the alkaloid percentages and uniformity of the American product.



The war has cut off most of our importations of bottled waters from European mineral springs and stopped the travel of invalids to famous spas. In ordinary times we spent nearly five million dollars yearly for those waters and tens of millions on health-seeking trips. One of our medical colleges has set out to turn this demand into domestic trade. A new department of research has been established—that of balneology, the science of treating disease with baths and mineral waters; and there has been published a list of American springs that give substitutes for European waters. Karlsbad can be approximated in California, Mexico and South Dakota; Baden, in Cuba; Hunyadi, in Kentucky; Marienbad, in New York; Nauheim, in Canada; San Remo, in Florida; Sedlitz, in Missouri—altogether we have found good substitutes for nearly a hundred of the foreign "inbads" and "badoffs."

The drug business is complicated. It draws its commodities from a thousand places and makes them up in a hundred ways. Readjustment to war conditions and the getting of old things from new sources are not easy and cannot be accomplished in a few weeks. Yet it is said that the present crisis offers the opportunity of a generation to American

(Continued on Page 49)

THE CUCKOO—By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

It Was Running Away With Me at Forty Miles an Hour and I Was Powerless to Regulate It

HERE is the very letter. See for yourself:

If you do not leave one thousand dollars ($1000) under the stone bridge across Cedar Crick on the Whiteshell Rode tomorrow mornin before seven oclock a m, a bum will drop in at your house. stick it under the North end and take care you do not try any monkey buisnes neither you half portion, else it will be worst for you. we are on the watch so take warnin in time and be wear.

BLACK HAND.

You start; you change color. A pretty pickle for a peaceful citizen to find himself in, was it not, m'sieu? Imagine the effect produced on me by the receipt of this dastardly threat.

Whence had it come? How had it been delivered? The servants could tell me nothing. Responding to a ring late in the afternoon, a maid found a soiled envelope shoved in the jamb of the door. She was seized with curiosity and stepped out to the sidewalk. There was nobody about, but presently she espied a messenger boy skulking behind a tree. The faithful creature did not hesitate. She accosted the urchin, demanding to know whether he had delivered the missive. He stoutly denied it.

"You're lying!" said she.

"Seeing as you're a lady," he replied courteously, "I won't say anything rude. But you're another!"

The maid thereupon slapped him and brought the mysterious letter to me. *Voilà tout;* such was the history of the incident.

My first impulse was to turn it over to the police, as you may suppose; but a brief reflection revealed the risk in such a step. Though it might prove that failure to comply would have no harmful result and that the officers would succeed in foiling and capturing the villains, on the other hand there was the possibility that the threat would be executed. Dynamite outrages are not uncommon and have been directed at lesser men than Henri Giraud. What reason, then, had I to hope that the wretches would scruple to carry out their fell design? Clearly I must proceed with circumspection. Whether this would be best accomplished by acting alone or in concert with my friends was the next question. I quickly determined not to take M'sieu Hicks into my confidence. No; though endowed with many admirable qualities of mind and heart, he was far too hot-headed and impetuous for an undertaking like this, which required subtlety and guile of a high order. He would fly into a rage and talk about "busting" our foes. M'sieu Sam Field? Not to be thought of; it was no time for levity.

There remained only one course of action—I must go it alone. With me, to decide anything is to perform it, my friend. I resolved to ferret out this conspiracy.

First, I must ascertain who had sent the message by the boy, for I agreed with the domestic that he had deviated from the truth under the influence of fear or a bribe.

Hélas, there was nothing to be discovered. The only information obtainable was that a man had called at the telegraph office with a note for immediate delivery at my residence on the Bluff, had paid the charges and departed. What was he like? Why, he wasn't like much of anything—kind of undersized, and as fair as he was dark, and awful tough-looking; and he wore his clothes like a navvy. The clerk was positive he had never seen the fellow before, and all the messenger knew was that the guy had given him two bits if he would hurry and not say a word about it.

"I'm Marshal of Jimtown. And I Want This Feller for Jail Breakin'"

Small and tough-looking—clothes like a navvy—aha! the plot was thickening, m'sieu. The description would fit a Blackhander perfectly; and in all probability they had read in the Sunday supplements the absurd exaggerations of my wealth and home.

Fully persuaded that I had to do with a band of desperadoes, I was not long in arriving at a decision.

"Why," I argued, "should I take a chance? My wife is in delicate health. A slight shock, any occasion for alarm, might be extremely injurious, if not fatal. And what is a thousand dollars to Henri Giraud compared with one hair of her adorable head?" Thus did I view the matter.

"What's the trouble, Henree?" inquired Madame Giraud at dinner.

"Nothing, my angel."

"You look so *distrait*."

I contrived to laugh, and from that moment affected a cheeriness I was far from feeling. My wife was reassured.

Very early on the following morning I stole cautiously out of the house to the garage.

"Do you know a stone bridge over a creek on the Whiteshell Road?" I asked my chauffeur.

"Sure," he answered sleepily, rubbing his eyes.

"Then take me there."

Without a word he got the car and drove it out. We went humming through the sleeping city at forty miles an hour.

"There's Cedar Crick ahead," he announced in a surly voice.

We stopped on the bridge and I alighted. Dawn was breaking; the air was chill.

"Is there a road house about?"

"One three miles ahead."

"Go there and wait for me," I ordered. "If I do not appear by noon return home. But under no circumstances are you to mention my absence. If any questions are asked you must keep silence. No one must know you left me here."

He nodded sulkily and threw into gear, but delayed moving off.

"Mr. Giraud," he said, "I reckon you can have my job."

I whirled on him frowningly.

"What does this mean?"

"Why," he broke out, "I've always been proud to work for you. I've bragged on you—thought you were one white man. And now—well, now I know why a millionaire is like a grasshopper."

"Indeed, my friend? And why is a millionaire like a grasshopper?"

"Because," he said defiantly, "the chickens get 'em both."

Though I failed to grasp the application of his extraordinary conundrum, I was quick to appreciate that I had found an ally, a friend, and I seized his hand. Yes, m'sieu; I seized the honest fellow's hand and wrung it.

"My boy," I told him with emotion, "I have observed you. For a long time I have suspected you to be a deserving youth. You have proved it. You must stay with me. Do not jump at conclusions—this excursion, it is not an affair of gallantry, upon my honor. Danger threatens."

"Danger?" he cried joyously. "Say, that's my middle name. Take me with you, Mr. Giraud, and we'll sure clean up."

"Alas, it is impossible," I replied, much affected by his steadfast loyalty. "The forces I am called upon to combat—— No! Leave me. Leave me, Steve, and remember what I have said."

Perceiving that I was determined, he moved off with a furious roar of the engine. It was his habit when disappointed to open the cut-off; the noise always seemed to soothe him. Presently he disappeared round a bend.

The moment had come. It was broad daylight, but the road was deserted. I drew the money from my pocket. For greater security I had placed it in a small tin box and this I shoved far under the north arch of the bridge. That done I stood up and dusted the knees of my trousers.

In the middle of this operation a sharp, nasal voice cried behind me:

"Halt! Put up your hands!"

One of the gifts bestowed upon me by Nature, my friend, is a capacity for quick thinking. I obeyed. I acceded to that imperative behest, at the same time turning to face my assailant. He was a burly countryman with a heavy red mustache, and he held an immense revolver trained upon me. My blood ran cold. I am not a timid man, but gazing into the muzzle of his weapon, pointed straight at my head, I could not forget that it required only the lightest pressure of his finger to send Henri Giraud to his Maker.

"M'sieu," I besought him, "I entreat you to point in another direction. It makes me nervous."

"Why, that's what I do it for," he remarked.

"But I will not flee. I will not resist. I will stand still and deliver. I beg of you to take care. I have a wife who loves me devotedly—a careless movement on your part and she becomes a widow."

He utterly ignored this appeal to ask:

"What'd you put that bomb under there for?"

"Bomb? You are jesting."

"Go git it!" he commanded. "Go git it quick before anything happens. And shut it off. Understand? Make it harmless or I'll plug you as sure as my name's J. B. Crow."

So surprised was I by this development that I did not stir.

"Bomb?" I repeated. "There is no bomb. It is money, m'sieu—money in a tin box—the thousand dollars you demanded."

It was now his turn to be amazed.

"Say," he said testily, "are you nutty or am I?"

"Assuredly not I."

"Then what's all this about money? Ain't you a dynamiter?"

"I am not. And you—are you not a Blackhander?"

"Don't git fresh!" he flashed back. "You'll soon find out who I am. I'm the Marshal of Jimtown, that's who I am, and we got orders to round up fellers like you."

"But I tell you I know nothing of any crime. My name is Henri Giraud and ——"

"Aha!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "He admits it—he admits he's a furriner. That's enough. That proves it." His manner became determined. "Now you cut out this talk and do what I tell you. Go fetch that bomb. And behave or you'll git hurt."

He seemed so much in earnest that I considered it the part of wisdom to comply. I brought forth the tin box from its hiding place, my captor watching the operation with the liveliest misgivings.

"You willing to carry that thing?" he inquired.

"Certainly."

"Then I reckon it's all right. Let's go. You walk ahead."

"But, m'sieu ——" I protested. "Hear me. If I fail to leave this money the Blackhanders will take revenge. They thirst for my life. See, here is their warning."

"Shucks!" said the callous clod. "I should worry! Put it back in your pants pocket and come along. You can tell all that to Judge Haven to-morrow."

Not another word would he listen to, but marched me up the road at the point of his gun and into another, running westward at right angles. This we traversed for a distance of half a mile or more, I in front with the box under my arm, and the marshal regaling me with accounts of a marauding polecat he had been hunting when he chanced upon me. Finally we entered a considerable village built up and down two tree-lined streets.

"This is Jimtown," he said. "Keep a-movin'!"

Shortly we arrived at a frame structure surmounted by a belfry. A short stair led to a basement door and I was bidden to descend.

"It ain't much of a cooler," remarked the marshal apologetically as he turned the key; "but then we don't often have any use for one. In you go. Best watch your step. It's dark."

It was, indeed. I tripped over a bucket of water and my captor swore like a trooper.

"Stand still!" he commanded nervously. "I'll strike a light. Keep quiet now or I'll shoot."

You need scarcely to be assured, my friend, that I waited passively until he had put a match to a gas jet. And then the prison was revealed. Involuntarily I flinched. It was a narrow cellar with only one window, and that higher than a man's head.

This aperture was grated and gave air but no light, opening as it did below the level of the sidewalk. The atmosphere was dank and stale. Indeed, the whole place was gloomy and terrible as any medieval dungeon.

Two barred cells occupied half of the cellar and my captor piloted me toward them. Holding me with one hand he swung open an iron door with the other. Apparently he expected resistance, for as he pushed me inside I felt his gun pressed against the small of my back.

"There's straw in a corner for beddin'," he informed me, "and I'll fetch a bucket of water. I always treat my prisoners good."

He turned to leave, but I detained him.

"M'sieu," I said firmly, "you have made a dreadful mistake. I am no anarchist. I am entirely innocent of any wrongdoing, and I demand to be released at once."

"You can tell all that to the judge. Leave go my arm."

"But when shall I appear before His Honor? Take me to him at once."

"He won't be home till this evenin'; so no use hollerin'."

"Then I beseech you to escort me to a telephone. Let us get into touch with my friends. They may convince you."

He shook his head obstinately and, when I persisted, angrily thrust me off and shut the door with a clang. I redoubled my entreaties; he paid no heed. On the contrary, the stupid rascal started to whistle and rattled a tin pail. This he presently brought to me, filled with water.

"The dipper's lost," he explained, "but I reckon you can drink out of the bucket. Now you may as well quit your roarin' and settle down. No, I won't telephone nobody, or do nothin' else till Judge Haven gits home. I've got my orders and I aim to stick to 'em. Huh? I can't help it if your wife is sick. It ain't my fault. Besides, I don't believe you've got a wife."

"What?" I cried, positively quivering with rage. "No wife? You dare to say that when I have the most beautiful, adorable, charming creature ——"

I Endeavored to Explain. Nobody Would Listen. All Tried to Talk at Once

"She shore must of been hard up, that lady," was his only comment as he turned off the gas.

"Wretch," I shouted after him, "if it is money you want ——"

"Gee, that reminds me," he replied, returning to the cell. "Gimme that box."

I did so.

"I'll put it away till the judge gits home. Got anything else on you?"

"Some keys"

"That all?"

"A few old letters and a penknife."

"Let's have 'em. A feller I run in last summer shore had some fine letters. They were wrote by a married lady and they m. de right good readin'."

With that he went out, taking the tin box with him. A silence as of death settled over the prison.

"No use tryin' to buy him off."

M'sieu, I give you my word that I jumped six inches and my flesh seemed to creep when a voice addressed me from the darkness.

"Who is it?" I faltered. "And where are you?"

"In the next cell," was the cheerful rejoinder. "I been here in this hole all the time. Say, you ain't got a drink hid out, have you? That rube cop won't stand for a drop. He's one of those boneheads who'll stick to a rule if it kills him."

"Alas, no. And pray what unhappy chance brings you here, my friend?"

"Nix on that—I had a dandy time. I'm in for bein' drunk, same as you, I reckon. Ever been in before?"

"I have not," I answered decidedly.

"Then you'll get off easy," he said with a regretful sigh. "It's fierce when you're up for the sixth or seventh time. Yes, sirree—makes it mighty hard to explain satisfactory."

"So I should imagine."

There was a short silence. Then he was moved to observe:

"No use tryin' to buy ol' Crow off, though. He's just got enough sense to be honest, and that's all. I done offered him two dollars and he turned it down."

The information effectually blighted my sole hope and I groaned aloud.

"What's the matter?" inquired the voice. "Sick?"

"My wife!" I murmured despairingly. "What will she think? How can she bear up when ——"

"Pshaw! She'll get used to it," he told me consolingly.

"But she is in delicate health. There is no saying what may happen, unless I return to her—I must return! I must return, I tell you."

My intense earnestness stirred his sympathy.

"That's bad," he said. "That's the hell of drinkin', ain't it? The women and children have to pay for it."

Another silence; he seemed to be musing.

"If it hadn't of been for my drinkin'," he went on, "maybe she'd never have left me. Poor ol' Eva! She sure stood for a lot. She was a mighty fine woman, too, pardner—most as tall as me, and weighed two hundred and seventeen pounds."

His tone betrayed such poignant grief that I endeavored to console him.

"It must have been a heavy loss," I remarked.

He pondered a minute, and then the strange creature replied:

"Say, if I thought you were tryin' to kid me I'd take a punch at you if it was the last act of my life."

Hugely surprised and mystified, I hastily disclaimed any intent to offend. My fellow prisoner was easily appeased.

"That's all right. Say, I'd like to get a squint at you. Got a match?"

A careful search discovered the remnant of one in a corner of my waistcoat pocket.

"Light her and let's get a peek at each other."

Nothing loath I cautiously struck the match. As it flared, my eyes fell on a huge rat on the floor near the bars that separated us, and the sight so startled me that I dropped the light.

The rodent scurried off.

"Holy Jemima!" burst from my companion. "Did you ever see such a whopper?"

What came over me I cannot tell you, m'sieu, but a spirit of perversity prompted me to reply, even in that hour of uncertainty and gloom:

"What whopper?"

Yes, my friend; a little devil of mischief whispered to me to deny the rat's existence.

"Do you mean to say you didn't see him too?" he demanded excitedly.

"See what?"

"Why, that big rat."

I laughed.

"Lie down, my good fellow, and sleep. You will feel better for it."

A period of tense quiet succeeded my words. Then my neighbor stirred uneasily and spoke:

"Pshaw! I was only foolin' you, pardner. There wasn't any rat there."

Was he not droll? After that he said no more, but fell to brooding, leaving me to meditate upon the unfortunate plight in which I had landed.

My meditations were of the most harrowing. Here was I, Henri Giraud, cooped up in a dirty country jail on a charge of which I was as innocent as a newborn babe. I could not even communicate with my friends. No; I must wait upon the convenience of a clownish justice of the peace, and all because of the dense stupidity of a rural constable. It was maddening. A prisoner far from home on the very day of all days that I ought to be there! And what might not the baffled Blackhanders be doing? I groaned again in anguish of soul.

"If it made me feel as bad as you do I'd sign the pledge," said my companion irritably.

My worries were too great for me to heed his taunt. I began to pace up and down my cell, up and down and across, over and over again, waiting for evening and Judge Haven.

The hours dragged by. My neighbor sulked. He seemed harassed and fretful, snapping at me whenever I ventured a remark.

"If he ever gets out of this," he remarked solemnly, "your Uncle Dudley is going on the wagon for keeps. Hear me in there? For keeps!"

At last we heard steps, and the front door opened. The marshal entered. He lighted the gas and we perceived that he carried a pail, a loaf of bread and two tin cups. The head of a monkey wrench protruded from a pocket of his coat.

M'sieu, the sight of him drove me to frenzy; he looked so stolid and stupid and stubborn; and he was the author of my woes. I would willingly have throttled him.

"Dinnertime," he announced, setting down the pail. "Always on the dot."

So he was about to feed us, to ladle out the thick soup as one might feed a hog. My gorge rose. And on the instant an inspiration came to me.

With Henri Giraud, m'sieu, to discern a crisis is to seize it. "Now or never!" is his motto in every pinch. If I were to return to my home at all that day, if I were to reach my wife's side in time, prompt and vigorous action was imperative. I trembled, but it was the ague of eagerness and not of fear.

The marshal approached my cell.

"Hello!" he ejaculated when he perceived me stretched on the straw. "What's the trouble here?"

A moan was my only answer.

"Sick, hey? Want anything to eat?"

"On the contrary," I groaned.

It was plain that he was alarmed. He unlocked the door and came in. My neighbor was watching us silently.

"Why didn't you tell me about this before?" continued the marshal. "Where does it hurt?"

Again I emitted a sound of agony. He knelt beside me.

"So!" I hissed, and was on him like a wildcat.

Aye, m'sieu, I was up like a steel spring and grappling with J. B. Crow before he could wink an eyelash. The cup of soup clattered on the floor as I hurled my body against his with all my force, overturning him ignominiously. His huge arms encircled me, but I was undaunted. With the fury of a demon I buried my fingers in his heavy thatch of hair and tugged for dear life. He uttered a bellow of pain and rage.

But the scoundrel proved a veritable giant. He possessed prodigious strength, a surpassing agility. Despite my best endeavors and the exquisite agony I caused him by the vicious tugs at his hair, he rolled me over with ease and straddled my body with his great legs. That accomplished, he reached for the monkey wrench to deliver a finishing stroke. I shut my eyes.

But the blow never fell. No, my friend; in that moment of peril heaven intervened to save me. A hand reached through the bars. It grasped the wrench, tore it loose, and brought it down with a smack on my assailant's poll. The marshal gave a grunt and collapsed on top of me like a sack of meal.

I sprang up.

"Ah, m'sieu, how can I ever repay you? For what you have done, Henri Giraud will be eternally your debtor."

"Ssh!" cautioned my neighbor, peering in at the limp figure. "Gee, I hope I didn't hurt him bad! But it was comin' to ol' Crow. He's been pickin' on me altogether too much."

"Come. Let us fly. We will lock the door and leave him here."

"Uh-huh! No use me skippin' out. I live here and can't leave. You go alone."

"But the consequences!" I exclaimed. "Think of them. They will punish you for aiding me to escape."

"Shucks, no!" he replied confidently. "J. B. never knowed what hit him. He'll think you did it, and when he comes to it's like he'll let me out for tendin' to him. No; I'll stay. But you beat it."

I did not delay further. Bidding my chivalrous companion a hasty adieu I rushed from the jail.

The street was empty when I issued on the sidewalk. Evidently the villagers were at their noonday repast. What now? I stood there blinking, blinded by the sunshine after the murk of the cells, and uncertain which way to turn. Then I recognized the road down which we had come and eagerly set out on it.

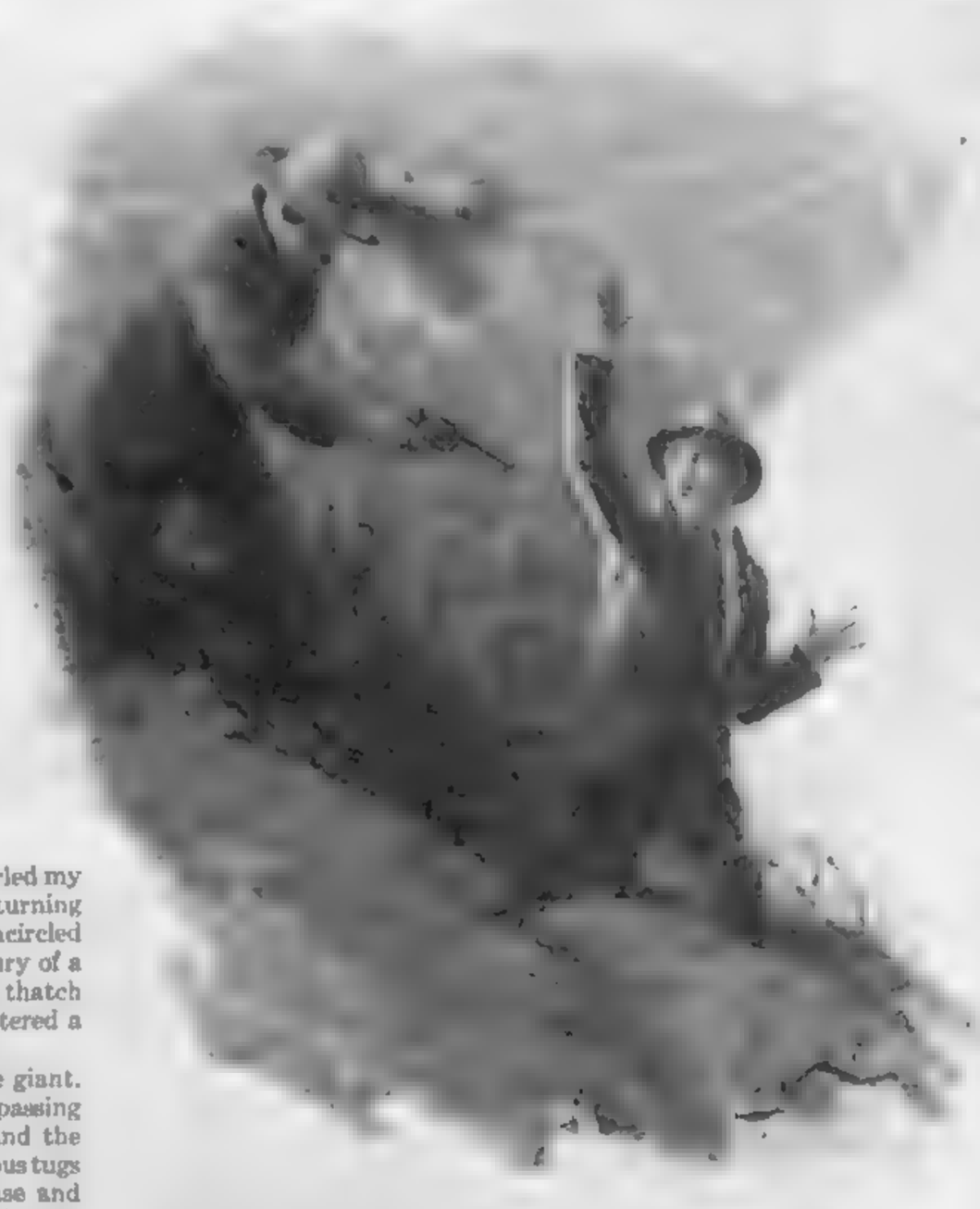
As I was passing a cottage on the outskirts of the hamlet my eye fell on a bicycle leaning against the yard fence. Eureka! The very thing! Often in my youth had I pedaled the country highways, anon engaging in contests of speed, from which I invariably emerged the victor.

I did not hesitate. The machine was the property of another, but my need was the greater and I could probably recompense the owner at a later time to his complete satisfaction. So I seized the handlebars and ran it into the road.

Damn! How heavy it was! Never had I pushed one so cumbersome, but there was no time to think of that now. The owner might put in an appearance at any moment. I took a short run, vaulted into the saddle and began to treadle furiously.

There was something wrong. The machine continued down a grade under the impetus I had given it, but the pedals did not respond as they ought to have done. I could feel that they were not communicating volition to the wheels at all.

This suspicion had barely crossed my mind when a sudden terrific popping and vibration made the hair lift on my scalp. M'sieu, it was so abrupt and unexpected that I almost toppled off from fright. And then, before I realized it, we were gliding forward at a smart rate.



"M'sieu," I Besought Him, "I Entreat You to Point in Another Direction. It Makes Me Nervous"

Yes, my friend; we were taking a stretch of hill as though the elevation did not exist, and yet my feet remained idle on the pedals. In a flash the truth was revealed to me. It was not a bicycle; by a mischance I had mounted a motorcycle, and through a still greater one I had started it. And now it was running away with me at forty miles an hour and I was powerless to regulate or stop it.

"Help!" I shouted, frantic with apprehension. "*À moi*, somebody! Catch him!"

But there was none to hear my call. Quickly realizing this, my natural intrepidity asserted itself; I calmly considered the situation. I was headed toward the city at fifty miles an hour, which would presently be increased to sixty, if I were any judge. The demon under me throbbed and panted, quivering with devilish joy. I gripped the handles hard. The stronger I gripped, the faster went the machine. It seemed to be alive, to summon greater power each minute.

"*Eh bien!*" I said grimly. "I can go as fast as you can."

Yes, my friend; I was headed toward the city whither I wished to go, and, though my rate of progress was considerably greater than I desired and I had no control over it, at least I could steer. For the rest I must trust to the kindly Providence that has never failed me.

Thus reconciled to my plight, my feelings calmed. I became cool, resourceful, calculating. There was not a stone I did not see, not a curve whose difficulties I did not accurately calculate. And, as we ate up the miles without mishap, hope returned.

On the heels of hope came exhilaration. My spirits soared. It was impossible for them not to respond to the mad intoxication of cleaving space like an arrow, of boldly taking chances and conquering them.

"Huzza!! *Vive l'automobilisme!* Huzza!! Huzza!!"

To my intense amazement I found myself shouting. The machine responded by darting round a bend at an appalling angle—and there ahead of me, occupying the entire middle of the road, was a motor car, traveling leisurely cityward. Perhaps there was space on either side for an experienced rider to pass, but I knew I could not achieve it. At a careful gait, perhaps; hurtling forward at sixty miles an hour, the attempt spelled disaster.

I hallooed with might and main. Then I descried a rubber bulb and squeezed it. A horn honked. The driver of the car glanced back and leisurely turned out, giving me a scant twelve inches more margin.

But it was enough. I took the left side like a bullet; he seemed standing still when I passed. Even in my extremity I did not forget the politeness due his courtesy, but turned my head and shrieked "Thanks!" Then I recognized him. It was Steve, my own chauffeur, returning home as I had ordered.

He cast one startled look at me and leaned forward. To my ears came the roar of his engine; the gallant youth had thrown her wide open, as he termed it, and was in hot pursuit.

Hélas, there was not a chance. A crane, my friend, has as good prospects of catching a swallow as had the doughty Steve of overhauling his employer.

It couldn't be done. I gained on him every yard, and now the city lay before me. Also, the road was mostly down grade.

Through the suburbs like a streak of light and into the broad thoroughfare that leads to the Bluff; a traffic officer on a horse waved his arm and yelled, but I could not pause to bandy words with him. He saw a blur, heard a whine—that was all. I was gone, dodging round motor trucks, missing a lady pedestrian by a hair, shaving the off wheel of a delivery wagon, whose driver inquired "What t'ell?" And now I was approaching the exclusive residential section where we reside. Steve had long since been distanced.

My friend, the prodigies of steering that I performed in this flight can be but dimly comprehended. The dexterity I displayed was little short of marvelous. Again and again I threaded my way through traffic at a corner, and not once did I bump. Here twisting to avoid a nurse with a perambulator, there shooting off at a tangent to evade a misguided dog that sought to harry me. Truly I was magnificent! A roar of plaudits broke out as I sped on. The generous souls were so moved by my daring that they wished to reward me.

"Come back till we give you something!" they shouted.

Next I espied my own house and a great fear lifted from my heart; the Blackhanders had not yet wreaked revenge on it.

The doctor's car stood at the curb and on the sidewalk was a man. I cried to him. He peered at me.

"Hi, Henree, stop!" he bawled, red in the face.

Was it not a foolish adjuration, m'sieu? What, I ask you, did he think I had in mind when I whizzed helplessly past with no other response than one agonized look of appeal?

"Come back!" he yelped, beginning to run. "Stop, Henree—for my sake!"

And then he, too, faded in the distance. My anger seethed at his words; did he suppose for a moment that I would not stop for my own sake?

But more pressing matters claimed my attention. I was rapidly nearing the city limits and must inevitably emerge into the country on the other side unless I contrived to halt. Ahead of me was a long, steep hill with unguarded sides, and descending it a furniture van that completely filled the road. Behind I could hear the popping of other motorcycles; pursuit was on with a vengeance.

"Now or never, Henri!" I murmured, drawing a deep breath. "I must either run into this van or fall off."

(Continued on Page 29)

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XI

MORE and more folks begun to talk about us and our place since we got to be alderman. Of course more and more people begun to come in and visit with us now; but not one from Millionaire Row, though, if I do say it, we had the best-looking place now in the whole row of houses. It was one of Bonnie Bell's ideas to make one of them sunken gardens, which she said was always done in Italy.

"I'll tell you," says she; "we'll build our sunken garden right on along Old Man Wisner's wall. How would it do to plant a few ivy vines to run up the side of the wall, dad?" she ast her pa.

"Why, all right," says he; "but you be mighty careful not to plant any olive branches."

So Bonnie Bell and me we was busy quite a while making plans for this here sunken garden. We read all the books we could find; still, she wasn't happy.

"I need some skilled gardener in this," says she; "them Dutch at the park are no good at all. I wonder where the Wisners' gardener went."

"That fellow wasn't so much," says I to Bonnie Bell.

"What makes you say that, Curly?" says she.

"Well, I heard him talking one morning and I didn't like it. For that matter, I didn't like the way he talked about you neither. I told him we couldn't have nothing to do with the lower classes—let alone now, when we're alderman, we couldn't do that. He was fired and he ought to of been."

"How did you come to know all this, Curly?" says she.

"I heard him down at the boathouse talking to Old Lady Wisner. I think we're mighty well shut of the whole bunch of them—though I will say he was learning to rope all right, and I could of made a cowhand out of him if I'd had time."

"What did she say, Curly?" she ast me then. "Did Old Lady Wisner really talk about us?"

"Yes, she did. She thought you was a hired girl. And she says we was can-nye, and he wasn't to mix with us. Can-nye—what is can-nye, Bonnie?" says I.

She got red in the face and was shore mad at something.

"Can-nye, eh!" says she. "Can-nye! So that's what she thinks we are."

"Well, that was before we was alderman," says I. "Maybe they think different now, whatever can-nye is. What is it anyway?"

"It means something common, vulgar and low down, Curly," says she.

"That wasn't no bouquet, then, was it?" says I. "Well, I didn't think so then, though I never heard it called to nobody in my life. I made it plain, though, to that hired man that he didn't have no chance to break into our house."

"Did he want to come over, Curly?" she ast.

"Crazy to! He wanted to get a look in our ranch room. I told you he was hankering to be a cowpuncher."

"Well, why didn't you bring him over if he was trying to learn things you could teach him?"

"What! Me bring him in our place? I reckon not! Now look here, kid," says I, "you don't half know how good-looking you are."

"I'm not," says she. "I got a freckle right on my nose. It don't come off neither."

"Well, maybe one freckle or so," says I; "but that don't kill off your looks altogether. Let me tell you, when it comes to common people like him talking your name out in public, why, it don't go!" says I. "Besides, another thing"—I went on talking to her right plain. "Look at the money you'll come into sometime! He has got to show me a-plenty what right he had to say you was wonderfully beautiful. You are, kid—but what business was it of his?"

"He has been gone four months and eight days," says she, thoughtful, and some red.

"How do you know he has? Do you keep a calendar on folks like him?"

"No; I was just thinking," says she, "that if he was here I might ask him about my sunken garden."

"That would be fine, wouldn't it?" says I. "But then, come to think of it, he wasn't in favor of that fence hisself. He was right free-spoken; I'll say that for him."

"She Thought You Was a Hired Girl. And She Says We Was Can-nye, and He Wasn't to Mix With Us"

"He didn't like that fence idea?"

"Of course he didn't. He knew it wasn't right."

"Well," says she, "I'm going to plant ivy on it. If it runs over the top of the wall and hangs down on their side I'm not going to try to stop it."

Now, why she said that I never could figure out at all. I suppose women is peacefuller than men.

The folks in the ward where we live at they allowed their new alderman was on the square. I reckon it must of been them freckles. There ain't no way of beating a man in politics that has freckles and that can carry his liquor. So by and by all the papers come out and begun to say maybe Mr. John William Wright would be a candidate for treasurer next election. That is about as high as you can get in city politics. Treasurers make a heap more than their salaries usual in any large town. The people don't seem to mind it neither.

Times out on the range wasn't so good now as they might of been. Them high benches along the mountains never was made for farming. The new settlers that had come in under our old patents, through this here Yellow Bull Colonization and Improvement Company, they was shore having hard sledding along of their having believed everything they seen in the papers. They'd allowed they was going into the Promised Land. It was—but it wasn't nothing else but a promise.

It was Old Man Wisner's fault really. Though, after his usual way in side lines, he never showed his hand, he was deep in that company hisself. It was him now that had to hold the thing together. The settlers got sore and some of them quit, and most of them didn't pay their second or third payments.

Of course that didn't make no difference, so far as we was concerned, for the Yellow Bull Colonization and Improvement Company had to make their deferred payments just the same to us. But when the company's money run out, and they had to assess the stockholders, some of the stockholders got almighty cold feet.

"Well, Colonel," says I, "I reckon we'll get back our ranch some of these days, won't we? I shore wish we would."

"So do I, Curly; but I'm afraid not," says he.

"Why not?" I ast him.

"Well, it's Old Man Wisner—that's the reason," says he. "You see, it's his money that they are working with now," says he. "Their new ditch has cost them more than four times what the engineer said it would—a ditch always does. They've been wasting the water, like grangers always do, and they're fighting among theirselves. These States people has to learn how to farm all over again when they go out into that sort of country. As to them pore stockholders, I reckon you could buy them out right cheap; but, cheap or not, Old Man Wisner's in more than he ever thought he'd be," says he.

"Ain't you going to let the old man off on none of them deferred payments?" says I, grinning.

"I am, of course, Curly," says he, solemn. "Seeing what he has done to us, I'm just hankering for some chance of doing him a kindness!" says he.

I begun to believe that before this here game was all played there'd be some fur flying between them two old hes, neither of which was easy to make quit.

XII

BONNIE BELL she was busy, after her little ways, fixing her garden or laying out her flower beds, or reading, or studying about pictures. She drove her electric brougham a good deal, riding round.

She was riding along one day in the park below our house when she seen a girl go riding by, with some others and a young man or two, on horseback, bouncing along bumpety-bump, rising up every jump as though the saddle hurt 'em. One of the girls was on a mean horse, but she was going pretty well and didn't seem to mind it. But this horse he taken a scare at a automobile that was letting off steam, and, first thing you know, up went the horse in front and the girl got a fall.

There wasn't any of them very good riders, and this horse, being a bad actor, scared the others. They all bolted off, not seeming to know that this girl had fell off. She lit on her head.

Bonnie Bell seen all this happen, and she gets out of her car on the keen lope and runs over to where the girl is and picks her up. Her and a policeman took her in Bonnie Bell's brougham. She didn't know nothing yet, being jolted some on the head.

Now that girl was pretty as a picture herself, with light hair and blue eyes, and kind of a big mouth. She was smiling even when she didn't know a thing. She was always smiling. She was dressed like she had lots of money; and she was fixed for riding—boots and some sort of pants.

Bonnie Bell couldn't bring her to and she concludes to take her home to our house. First thing I know, there she was outside, hollering for me.

"Come here quick, Curly!" says she. "Come help me carry her into the house."

So I helped her. The girl still had her quirt in her hand and she was kind of white.

"Who is she, Bonnie Bell?" says I; and she says she didn't know, and tells me to go and get a doctor.

But while I was getting William to telephone—I couldn't use them things much myself—the girl comes to, all right; and she sets up and rubs her haid.

"Oh, what do you know about that!" says she. "He got me off. I thank you so much. Which way did he go?" she ast.

"He was headed to the riding-school barn," says Bonnie Bell, "the last I saw of him. Your friends were all going the same way. So I thought the best thing I could do was to bring you here till you felt better."

I don't reckon the girl was hurt bad, she being young; and such girls is tough.

"Well," says she, "it certainly was nice of you. And how am I to thank you?" She kissed Bonnie Bell then for luck. "You're nice," says she, "and I like you."

Bonnie Bell, if you'll believe me, was kind of timid and scared, with it being so long since any woman had said a kind word to her. She didn't hardly know what to say at first, till the girl kissed her again.

"I am Katherine Kimberly," says she. "We live just above the park. Where is this?"

"This is just above the park too," says Bonnie Bell—"on the boulevard. This is Mr. John William Wright's place," says she, "and I'm Miss Wright. Can I serve some tea to you?" So she calls William.

When William brings in the tea them two set up and begun to talk right sociable. This here Kimberly girl she rubbed her haid once in a while, but she wasn't hurt much along of having so much hair to fall on her haid with. The tea fixed her all right.

"I hit my coco a jolt!" says she. "Gee! I was going some. I'll never ride that long-legged old giraffe again; he's nothing but a dog after all—not that I'm afraid, but I don't like him," says she. "Do you ride?"

"Would you like to come and see my horses?" says Bonnie Bell. "If you like horses ——"

"Do I like them? I'm crazy over them! Can you ride?"

"Oh, some," says Bonnie Bell. "Curly says I can."

"Curly?" And she looks at me.

"He's our foreman," says Bonnie Bell. "Talk to him if you want to know about riding—he's a rider."

"I was oncet, ma'am," says I, "but not no more. I wouldn't get on a mean horse now for a thousand dollars. I'm scared of horses, ma'am; but she ain't"—meaning Bonnie Bell. "She still thinks she can ride any of 'em."

"Yes," says Bonnie Bell; "and, as far as that goes, if I could get you to come with me I would always ride a horse and not go in a car or boat."

"Boat?" says Miss Kimberly. "Oh, of course you have 'em too."

"Come down," says Bonnie Bell, "and you and I can look at my horses and boats and things. After that I'll take you home."

"Oh, may I go?" says this Katherine girl. "You see, I suppose I must get home before they tell mommah."

Well, she hadn't more than got out on our porch than she knew in a minute where she was. This was where she showed she was a lady born and a good girl too. She never let on beyond that first look—she seen she had been brought into the house of us can-nyes. This was the house with the wall, where nobody of the Row ever went.

"How lovely it is!" says she. "Do you know you have the nicest place on this whole street? It's tasteful. I like this little sunken garden—it's a dear! And see how the ivy grows on the wall! And over there's the boathouse. May I see your things?"

Now what she said last wasn't any bluff. It was just the girl in her talking to another girl. I seen Bonnie Bell give her another look, kind of asking like—she herself was free and friendly every way; but she hadn't been used to this right along lately. So she looks at this Katherine Kimberly right close for about half a second, till she seen she was on the square.

Then this Kimberly girl puts her arm round Bonnie Bell. That was the way them two went down to the boathouse—their arms around one another. When they come back, in about ten minutes or so, they was talking so fast neither one of them could of heard what the other was saying.

"Oh, my goodness!" says Katherine after a little. "I must be going home. It isn't far, you know."

"Yes; I know," says Bonnie Bell, quiet.

"And you said you'd take me home in your car."

"Do you want me to?" says Bonnie Bell, kind of funny.

"I wish you would—if you will. Of course I could walk."

"Does your haid hurt now?" ast Bonnie Bell.

The girl looked at her straight. Then I knew she was on the square.

"No, it don't," says she; "but I'd like it if you would take me home in your car," says she. "I want you to come in and meet my mommah. We want to come down here if you'll let us, all of us. Will you let us? Will you let us, Bonnie?" says she.

Now, ain't it funny how much can happen quiet and easy? I expect more had happened for Bonnie Bell this last hour or so than had in a whole year before—and all by accident, like most good things comes to us. Not a woman in that block had ever called on Bonnie Bell, and it didn't look like they ever would. We wasn't on the map—even me, that ain't got any brains at all, knew that.

And yet I could tell that if Bonnie Bell Wright drove along the front of that block with Katherine Kimberly in her car, and they got off at the Kimberlys' and went in—and if the Kimberlys come up to our house too—why, then I knew we was on the map. I don't think Bonnie Bell cared. What was in her heart was mostly gladness at meeting some girl friend she could talk to right free.

Of course, living there so long, I couldn't help knowing some of the things along the Row. I knew there was a sort of a fight there as to which was the queen of Millionaire Row, which was the same as being the queen of the society of this here city of Chicago. Either it was this Mrs. Henry D. Kimberly or else it was Mrs. David Abraham Wisner. The Kimberlys was in wholesale leather, while the Wisners was in wholesale beef and pork, and them things. Most everybody in the Row, it seemed to me, had something to do with a cow, one shape or another, except us—which, dealing with cows on the hoof, might of been said to be at the bottom of the whole game. But that ain't respectable, like I told you. Sausage or hides or leather is better—especial if wholesale.

Bonnie Bell was quiet. She taken up the collar of this Katherine girl and looks at the little pin she wore on it.

"What year was yours?" says she.

"Last June," says Katherine.

Then I seen they was both scholars of that same Old Man Smith, where Bonnie Bell had went to school. They had on some sort of pins so they knew each other, like Masons. Not having nothing better to do, they kissed each other again.

By the time Bonnie Bell had drove over to the Kimberlys' house folks had found Katherine's horse, but not her; so her ma was scared silly, natural enough. When she seen her long-lost daughter coming with Bonnie Bell, both of them able to walk and talk, she was right glad, and fell on the necks of both of them, weeping some.

"And who is this young lady," says she, meaning Bonnie Bell, "who has been so kind as to bring you home?"

And she smiled at Bonnie Bell, her being the second woman to do that in Chicago in two years. You see, if a girl is handsome, women mostly hate her; the men don't—which is why.

"This is our neighbor, Miss Wright, mommah," says Katherine. "They live just below us a little way."

She got red in the face then, for everybody on the street there knew about us and the high fence; yet nobody knew us personal. But Katherine's ma was different from most of these other people. Besides, you only needed one good look at Bonnie Bell to see that she wasn't any common folks.

"She left Smith's the year before I went in, mommah," says Katherine, "and she's in my sororyety; and she's been here ever since they built their fine house; and she's a dear and I love her." Katherine had a way of talking all in one breath, like a sprinter running a hundred yards flat. "I want you to love her too," says she to her ma.

And then Old Lady Kimberly she taken Bonnie Bell in her arms and kissed her some more; and the kid, like enough, come near to spilling over then.

"Come right in and have a cup of tea," says Mrs. Kimberly.

So they went back into the house, and the Kimberlys' sad man, which was named William, too, brought them some tea. They didn't need it none, because they was full of it already; but women can hold plenty of tea. When they was drinking that and, like enough, all three of them talking at once, Katherine tells her ma all about how she got threw from her horse, and how Bonnie Bell saved her life and carried her home and took care of her, and now brought her back.

"Mommah, their place is lovely," says she. "They've all sorts of nice things and they're nice and we're going to call as soon as Bonnie Bell will let us." Katherine was built without no commas.

"Yes, indeed," says her ma, who was going to back any play her girl made.

"Bonnie Bell," says she—"that is a odd name and a very pretty one."

Bonnie Bell laughed at that.

"It's one my dad gave me," says she. "My real name is Mary Isabel. My dad always called me Bonnie Bell; and so did Curly."

"Curly?" says the old lady, not knowing who that was—me.

"Oh, Curly's a dear," says Katherine then. "He's a cowboy, or was when he was younger; but he isn't young now. And he can ride any sort of horse living, and rope things—I think he must be the stableman."

"Indeed he isn't," says Bonnie Bell. "He's our foreman."

They didn't know what that was, being city people; so she told them. Them Kimberlys couldn't see why they took me to the city when they didn't have no cows. I reckon they must of talked of me and Old Man Wright plenty—you see, Bonnie Bell told me of it like it happened. She told me what Katherine's ma wore and what their William looked like, and what sort of pictures was on the walls. Womanfolks can see more than a man and remember it better.

Well, sir, it wasn't any more than a week before Old Lady Kimberly drove up to our house in her car; and she come right up the walk herself and didn't send in any of them little cards that says "Tag; you're It."

She come into our parlor, and our William went out and got Bonnie Bell for her, and them two must of had a regular visit, because Katherine's ma insisted on seeing our ranch room, which pleased her mighty much. She said she certainly was going to bring her husband over, because he would be crazy over it.

"Tell me," says she—"when can we come?"

"Why," says Bonnie Bell, "in a real ranch there isn't a time of the day or night when you can't come and be welcome. Everybody's welcome at a ranch, you know."

Old Lady Kimberly, she seemed kind of thoughtful over that; but she didn't say nothing about being slow starting. Says she:

"If you'd let us come we'd all be so glad to come and sit in your ranch room—it's new to us and we like it. I know my husband would like it very much. As for Katherine, I don't think I'll be able to keep her away after this."

Well, that afternoon, late, Katherine calls up on the telephone again—about the eighth time she had already that day—and she ast might her pa and ma and her come over that evening to see our ranch room. Of course Bonnie Bell told them to come.

"Well, what do you know, Curly?" says she to me. "This ain't according to Hoyle. Mrs. Kimberly ought to of waited till I returned her call, and till maybe one or the other of us had invited the other to a reception, or to a dinner or something."

"What's a reception?" says I.

"Something we never had yet, Curly," says she. "It's a place where people ain't happy; but there's plenty of 'em. Maybe to-night is the closest we've come to it."

Well, they all came that night, all three of 'em—twice in one day, which was going pretty strong; and, like enough, something they hadn't ever done before in all their lives.

"No you don't!" says Mrs. Kimberly when Bonnie Bell was going to take 'em into the parlor. "We're going right into the ranch room and sit there, all of us—mayn't we, please?"

So they come in and Old Man Kimberly he walked around and looked through the place; and he was like a kid.

"By golly, Wright," says he, "I didn't know a alderman could have as much sense as this," says he. "This is the real goods," says he—"you can set down in one of those chairs and not break its laigs off. And here's tobacco handy, and matches all over the place. Now over in the club all you get is a place to smoke and a big chair, and a fireplace to look into. Ain't a city a cold old place, John Wright?" says he.

"Well, you see," says Old Man Wright by and by—"you see, folks get to be pretty busy with one thing and another. I know they all mean right well," says he, "but they get so busy in a town like this they don't have time for anything."

That was about all that ever was said about our being neighbors on our street. Nobody apologized for not having done this or that. We had just fell in like we'd always been doing that way.

"Well, Alderman," says Old Man Kimberly after a time, "you certainly know how to live. I'm going to drop in here every day or so, evenings, because I can't get a

The Girl Still Had Her Quirt in Her Hand and She Was Kind of White

match at the club without calling a boy, and here you can just reach out and get plenty."

"Come in as often as you like, neighbor," says my boss; and he fills his own pipe and passes the fine-cut.

Sometimes I think, after all, folks is a good deal alike inside, and what makes good in one place will in another. We used these people like we was all out on the Yellow Bull; and here was Old Man Kimberly feeling better than he had in two years, and all of 'em glad to come back to our place. Which all happened right soon—and because of them two girls.

"Well," says Katherine's pa after a while, "if I had to choose I believe I'd rather be a ranchman out West than anything in the world. Tell me what made you sell out and come East to live!"

"Well," says my boss, kind of smiling crooked, "we come East to get some of the Better Things of life."

They looked then, both of 'em, over at the two young girls on the sofa. They was so busy talking they didn't know anybody was looking at 'em. When we was all quiet they both spoke out right at the same time. "I got mine at Madeleine's," Katherine was saying; and Bonnie Bell says: "We fry ours in butter." The Lord only knows what they'd been talking about; but it didn't make no difference.

Well, anyways, we all had quite a fine time, setting there in our ranch room, with the smoky mantelpiece and the old tables and chairs, and the sofa covered with a hide, where the two girls was setting.

By and by they all got up and said they had to go home.

Old Man Kimberly he held out his hand to my boss, and they shook hands quite a while together, not saying very much.

"Will you come over some evening?" he ast Old Man Wright.

And he says:

"Shore!"

About then Katherine's ma was kissing Bonnie Bell some more—she seemed never to get tired of kissing Bonnie Bell. Then them two girls they walks off to the front door, their arms around each other. I seen 'em standing there under the light. By and by Katherine picks up Bonnie Bell's hand and looks it over, and there wasn't no rings on it.

"Are you engaged yet, Bonnie?" she ast.

Bonnie Bell kind of blushed at that.

"No," says she. "Are you?"

"No. Mommah says I'm too young," says she; "but then ——"

"Yes," says Bonnie Bell; "but then ——"

Old Man Wright he turns to me after they'd all went away.

"Well, Curly," says he, thoughtful, "I reckon we're coming on."

"Yes," says I; "but then ——"

XIII

WHEN they all went home us three set quite a while in our ranch room, looking at the fire. It wasn't winter yet, but sometimes we lit the fire in the fireplace. Old Man Wright he seemed to be thinking of something, or trying to. At last he says:

"Sis, go get the fine-toothed comb and comb your pa's haid—won't you, sis?" says he.

"Can't your barber do that for you?" ast she.

"He does; but no barber can really comb a alderman's haid soothing," says he; "not like his own kid can. Now a alderman that's soothed proper might be induced to do almost anything, and combing him on his haid is like scratching a pig along its back with a cob. You try it, kid; it might be perductive of a new car or something for you," says he.

So then she gets the comb and begins for to comb his haid some, and he goes on talking with me.

Evident Old Man Wright had something on his mind; that was the way he'd got used to think when something hard come up.

"Curly," says he to me after a while, "what would you say if we had a chance to buy in the Circle Arrow Ranch again?"

"I'd say it was the finest thing in the world," says I. "Them grangers ain't got a chance on earth. It takes a long course for to learn how to understand a cow's mind," says I.

"That's what they call sikeology in Smith," says Bonnie Bell

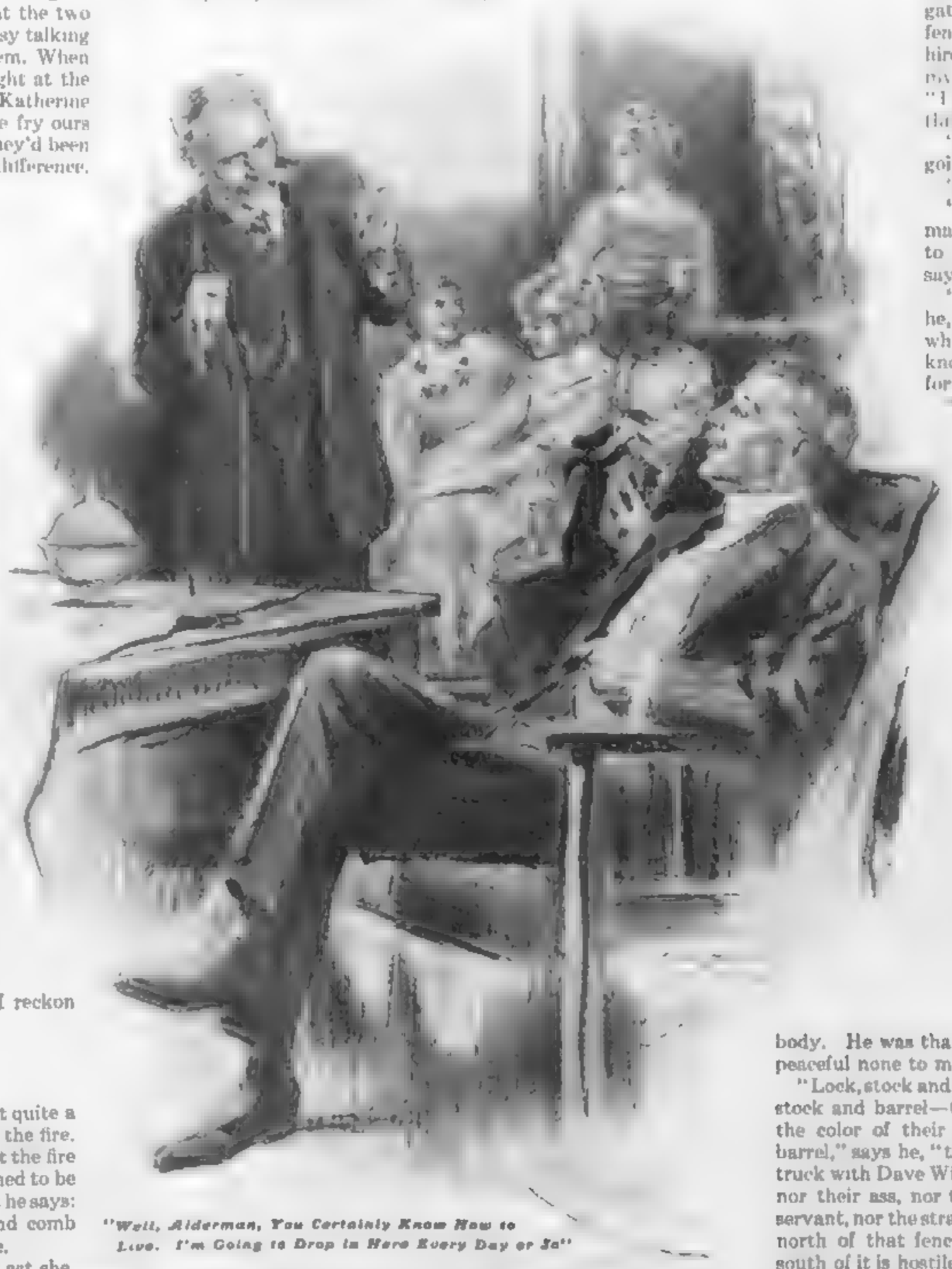
"Well," says I, "you can't get no course in cow sikeology in no four years; it takes more than that on the range, like your pa and me done. They can't raise nothing out there in the Yellow Bull but cows, and they don't know how to raise them.

"Colonel," says I, "ain't them deferred payments deferring all right?"

"Some," says he. "They didn't pay nothing this year yet and it's way past due. Looks like there might be some trouble in there, don't it?"

"Well then," says Bonnie Bell, "where does that leave us? Look at this place; look at all our expense." She stopped combing then.

"Don't worry about that," says her pa. "We've made plenty of money other ways than that. For instance, I got a offer right now to sell out all our land below here toward the park for about three times what we paid for it. The Second Calvary Regiment wants to put up a barracks, or a armory,



"Well, Alderman, You Certainly Know How to Live. I'm Going to Drop in Here Every Day or So"

or something, in there. Also, a French milliner wants a place just below here."

"What!" says Bonnie Bell. "That would ruin the whole Row. What do you mean by that?"

"Huh!" says her pa. "That's what they all say. Old Man Wisner was crazy when he heard something about it—he was going to get out a injunction. I hope he'll try it; for he can't. Seems like most of the things he's been trying on us he couldn't make stick."

"Well, dad, I don't believe I'd like that barracks on our land either. Suppose we all think it over a little bit."

"All right," says he. "There may be other ways of having fun with Dave. I just thought of that one. Oh, well, I bought the lot north of them, and I'm thinking of putting a Old People's Home in there," says he. "Acrost the street from there I'm thinking of putting up a statue of Kaiser Wilhelm; some of my constituents they would come then Sunday and hold services," says he, "with baskets."

"Anything else you got on your mind, Colonel?" I ast him.

"Well, I just seen a chance to make a little speculation in a moving-picture company," says he. "I didn't put in much—only two, three hundred thousand dollars; but I didn't know but what it might make some money after a while. How would you like to be a actor man in our company, Curly?" says he. "The worst it could do would be to spoil a puncher that never was much good anyhow."

"No," says I; "it's too much like work."

"Well, we could make other pictures," says he, smiling contented. "For instance, we could set up two or three cameras right across the street from Old Man Wisner's 'most any morning. Then when Old Man Wisner come out we could take his picture and show him how he looks when he has got a grouch. Or we could take a picture of the old lady getting in her car or getting out. Neither one of 'em has got much girlish figure now.

"Why, there's louds of pictures that we could take. If you didn't like to work much riding or anything in the movies," says he, "you could be taken leaning kind of careless on our gate and looking over the Wisners' fence—for instance, talking to their hired man. . . . Don't you dig no more, kid," says he. "I ain't no bon-to-proof, like you think."

"Dad," says Bonnie Bell, "I ain't going to comb your haid no more."

"Why?" says he.

"You're a mean and revengeful old man," says she. "It ain't right for us to treat our neighbors thataway," says she, "and I won't have it."

"I'm living up to my laws," says he, calm. "I've got to hand Wisner what he's trying to hand to me. You know the law that's been good enough for us. That's the range law."

"This ain't the range," says she.

"Ain't it?" says he. "This looks like a ranch house some If you'll run your comb along over my dome, too, you'll find, unless I'm awful mistaken, something like the haid of a cowman. Feel with your thumb good, Bonnie Bell," says he. "See if you can find any soft spot in there, like in a melon. See if you can find any place where it feels like I was going to lay down and let any yellow-livered son-of-a-gun try to ride me, and me not resent it," says he. "They started thus and it's got to be finished—that's the law. Believe me, one way or the other, that old whiteface over there is going to be a good oxen sometime, and he'll come up and feed outen my hand."

Bonnie Bell she quits combing and goes over and sets down on the lounge, and don't say nothing; nor me neither. We both knew about the old man when he started after anybody. He was that kind of a sher'f. It didn't look peaceful none to me what might happen now.

"Lock, stock and barrel?" says he to hisself. "Lock, stock and barrel—that's the way we done. I dislike the color of their hair and eyes. Lock, stock and barrel," says he, "they got to settle! I don't want no truck with Dave Wisner, nor his old lady, nor their ox, nor their ass, nor their manservant, nor their maidservant, nor the stranger inside their gates—everything north of that fence is hostile to us and everything south of it is hostile to them. There's no crossing."

"Their maidservant and their manservant, dad?" says Bonnie Bell. "Why?"

"You heard me!"

"What's their maidservant or their manservant got to do with it, dad?" ast she. She was setting on the lounge now, with the fine-tooth comb still in her hand.

"He'd better not have nothing to do with it," said Old Man Wright. "Curly, you're foreman—see to it that not one of them crosses the line."

"All right, Colonel," says I; "orders is orders."

XIV

THERE was only one thing kept that armory from going up right on our flower beds. The weak side of Old Man Wright was, he couldn't help doing anything a woman ast him to do. This Katherine girl, one day she comes down to our place with the paper in her hand, and she says to him:

"Look here, Colonel Wright," says she, "what's in the paper! Is that true?"

"If it ain't true," says he, "it may be before long."

"Why, Colonel Wright," says she, looking at him with her eyes wide open—and when she looked at you thataway

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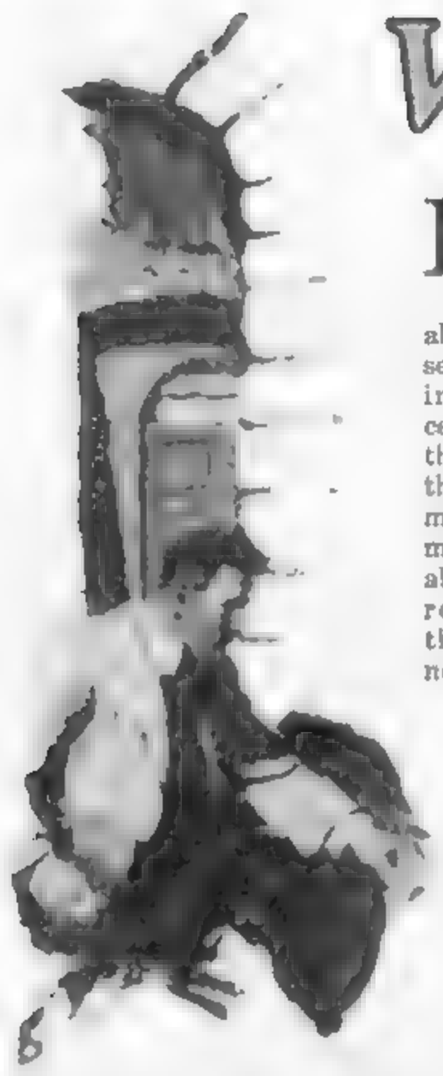
Volcano-Mad

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN



He Found the House Unoccupied

LOVE stories!" the editors cry. "We must have love stories!"

For with love stories alone, they feel, can they send the hot blood coursing—at ten or fifteen cents a course—through the hardened arteries of the circulation department. And so we commercialized authors, about whom you may read so many harsh things in the Sunday newspaper interviews, draw nearer the gold-lined mush bowl and lift the spoon, dear reader, to your panting lips.

And it's easy. We do it in a series of twelve stories—or, if our fingers are tired, a series of six. He—the hero—is tall, straight, clean-limbed. She—the lady—has eyes that remind you of the Mediterranean with the sun upon it. They meet. They love. Variety? Oh, plenty of that! They encounter one another in a different place each story. Bermuda, Rome, California, the Subway. Let's see—that's four. Eight more stories to write. Quick, boy—the geography!

This, reader, is a love story. Not one of twelve, or even of six; but let that pass. Someone else will look after you later on. What worries me is, it's not the regular kind.

When I think of Jim Driscoll, my hero, however, I am reassured. Handsome he always was—tall, straight, and I presume clean-limbed, though the bathing facilities at Port St. Vincent were never anything to brag about. As for the lady with the Mediterranean eyes, she will be along presently. More—there will be two of her. Jim Driscoll will hardly look at either of them; he will barely admit they exist. 'Way back in his college days he had already begun to regard girls with contempt. But don't let him fool you.

He is a lover, Driscoll, even when the story begins—a truly great lover, who had come to a forgotten corner of the world to find his beloved. There by her side he had stayed and worshiped, gazing at her soulfully, taking her temperature, writing passionate weekly and monthly reports about her, lyric effusions in praise of her for the popular scientific magazines.

For she was a volcano named Mount Barnabas, standing on a lonely island in the Caribbean, near a bedraggled town called Port St. Vincent.

The sixth year after Jim Driscoll graduated from Harvard, his class, according to custom, published a report in which each man described his work in the world; and here again Driscoll's voice was raised in a pæan to his love. He wrote:

It is now two years since I obtained my three-years' leave of absence from the Middle West college where I was head of the geology department, to come down here to Port St. Vincent and make a permanent record and measurement of the activities of Mount Barnabas. To say that I am enjoying this work is to put it mildly. The island is rather wild and lonely, but Barnabas has a beautiful little crater that is a constant source of interest. In the two years I have been here observing, many phenomena have come to my notice. Lack of space prevents my recording now any but the most important; however, I cannot omit —— (Here followed several pages of technicalities.) My job is sleeping near the pit where the lava boils, photographing it, surveying it, measuring temperatures of vapor cracks, keeping a chart of the lake temperatures, and so on. I write weekly and quarterly reports. If any member of our class cares to look me up here, at Port St. Vincent, I can promise him a very interesting visit to the crater; and I think I can tell him some things about volcanoes that will open his eyes.

In spite of this handsome offer, no member of the class broke in upon the tropic silences of that Caribbean town. Perhaps, since they had been out of college six years, their eyes had already been opened. Perhaps they felt that Jim Driscoll would bore them. They remembered him, not as a grind with dandruff on his coat collar, but as a wholesome, red-cheeked boy with a passion for details. They read his report of his joyous years with queer little smiles.

"Volcano-mad!" they sighed to themselves, and hastily turned the page to find what the football captain was doing.

That his classmates did not visit him worried Driscoll not at all; in fact, he never noticed their failure to come. For he had Mount Barnabas. In the shack he had built near the summit of the volcano he went on living what to him was an adventuresome existence, his only companion a black boy named Rene Mesa, from the French island of Martinique. Rene was homesick, but he stuck to Driscoll with a loyalty that touched the geologist whenever he could forget his reports and his charts long enough to reflect on it.

Once or twice a week Driscoll tore himself away from his work and walked the three miles down the mountain to Port St. Vincent. To the American, the spectacle of the native cabmen, sleeping open-mouthed in their carriages beneath friendly trees, was symbolic of this, the metropolis of the island. It was a lazy town, a dreaming town, a town where nothing ever happened. Its main thoroughfare, the Street of Immaculate Saints, followed the curve of the sandy, pebbly beach. Here stood Government House, the offices of the exporting firms, the hotel, and all other buildings of note Port St. Vincent boasted. From the Street of Immaculate Saints opened at intervals alleys of far-from-immaculate sinners. Driscoll would call at the post office for his mail—mostly bulky scientific books and magazines—chat briefly with any men of his color who happened to be about, and then flee gratefully to his high, cool home.

His best friend in Port St. Vincent was Billy Gibson, late of Yale, now of Uncle Sam's diplomatic corps. "Pronounce it corpse and tell no lie!" Gibson had once directed bitterly. This gay youth had begun his career in the service as third secretary of the Embassy at Tokio, where his duties were mainly tea drinking and waltzing. From there he had been promoted to the consular post at Port St. Vincent. He did not like Port St. Vincent. Though there are many brilliant butterflies on the islands of the Caribbean, Billy Gibson, of the social variety, was lonely and forlorn.

One Thursday afternoon in the third November of his stay near Mount Barnabas, Driscoll found himself walking along the sandy beach, with all his errands in the town completed. It was deadly hot. The tops of the cabbage palms were as immovable as stone; the sea breeze upon which the town was wont to depend was lost, strayed or stolen somewhere out on the glassy surface of the waters. It came to him that Billy Gibson probably needed cheering, and he turned in at the little frame dwelling under the Stars and Stripes.

Unexpectedly he found Gibson in a happy frame of mind.

"Great doings in New Haven Saturday," said the consul.

"How so?" the geologist inquired.

Gibson gave him a pitying look.

"Good Lord! Don't you know? I don't suppose you do, at that. You poor old fossil—football! The annual Yale-Harvard scrap. Ever hear of it?"

"Oh—of course!" said Driscoll.

"Gad! Wouldn't I like to be there?" Gibson's eyes glowed. "The old town packed to the doors—everybody in furs—furs, mind you!" He mopped his forehead. "And the girls—the ladies, God bless 'em! Can't you almost see them? No use—you can't. But I can. Ever attend a football game, grandfather?"

"Of course I have," laughed Driscoll. "Used to get mighty excited about them. But my researches ——"

"Yes, yes. Well, you're coming to my party Saturday night. Don't make a date with a duchess or anything. I've arranged with that yellow boy at the cable office to get me the score—it'll come in about ten o'clock. Bernard Sabin is going to drop in, and those two English planters from over the mountain. Also, to keep the crowd in order, the Padre at the Church in the Bush. I'll depend on you."

"Isn't That Old Volcano the Cutest Thing You Ever Saw?"

Driscoll sighed. He begrudged every moment spent away from his volcano. However, he agreed to come.

"Things are picking up a bit," smiled Gibson. "Looks as though my little party might be the first of a series. Sabin told me the other day he expects his sister and a college friend to drop in here for a visit about next Monday. Doesn't that make your heart beat faster? It does mine—or it would if I wasn't engaged to the nicest girl in New York. No, by George—it does anyhow! And you ——"

"I'm pretty busy up at the volcano these days," replied Driscoll.

His heart sank. He dreaded the invitations that would no doubt come to him, once these Eves invaded his Eden.

"You make me tired!" said Gibson. "Nearly three years since you saw a real girl too! By the way, I suppose we'll be losing you soon?"

"In January," sighed Driscoll. "My leave of absence is up then. I suppose I'll have to go back to teaching—for a time at least. I wish I didn't have to. There are three hundred volcanoes in existence."

"Oh, you volcano lover!" laughed Gibson.

"Do you know," began Driscoll, "I have lately made a most important discovery regarding the vapor streams of Barnabas ——"

"I do not," said Gibson; "and I don't intend to know. Remember, our friendship lasts only so long as you keep still about your old volcano. Have a drink? Sabin says his sister's friend is a blonde ——"

So it happened that Driscoll did not tarry long in the frail building that flew the flag of his country.

Saturday night found him back again, sitting with several other guests on the cool gallery of the Consulate. It was a tense, still, tropic night; Gibson had mixed the "swizzle" with luck at his elbow, and those who drank it sipped with a languid content as men partaking of the lotus. There was the merchant prince, Sabin, who lived in the finest house of Port St. Vincent, and had grown rich extracting phosphate of aluminum from the rocks west of the town. Also the Englishmen, politely interested in the score of the Rugby match, or whatever the devil it was. And, silent in a corner, with a lime squash in lieu of swizzle, Padre Forstmann, huge, white of hair, a pioneer in good works and a man of infinite compassion and understanding.

"It Is Hard, My Son"

The padre was—and this statement would not have occasioned a smile in those days—a German.

At ten-thirty o'clock the score of the football game had not yet arrived.

"Delayed in transit," said Gibson. He raised his glass. "May the best team win!" he smiled at Driscoll; "and may we do it by a good big score."

Driscoll looked nervously at his watch.

"Sorry," he said rising. "At eleven o'clock I am due to take the temperature of the crater lake. I'm afraid I can't wait any longer."

"What? You mean you're going—without the score!" Gibson was aghast. "Well, I'll be —— Say, this is an event! Make an exception. Forget your volcano. You can feel its pulse and look at its tongue later on."

"Awfully sorry," the geologist repeated. "Haven't missed the eleven-o'clock test once in three years. Can't start now."

Bernard Sabin, red-haired, genial, got up and laid a big hand on Driscoll's shoulder.

"Show some interest in the game," he pleaded. "I'm no college man myself, but I'll bet you a hundred Yale won—just to keep the excitement going."

"You're on!" smiled Driscoll. "But I can't stop. I'll walk down to-morrow and get the score."

And, despite their entreaties, he set out for his shack.

"Man's a mystery to me," remarked Gibson as he returned from saying good night to his guest. "Fancy not wanting to stay for the score! I tell you he's gone nutty over rocks and roots and volcanoes. Plain nutty!"

"If only men loved God as Driscoll loves God's handiwork!" smiled the Padre.

"Couldn't even interest him in the imminent arrival of the ladies," went on Gibson. "All wrapped up in his darned volcano. You can't tell, though. May have a brainstorm when he sees them."

"Him?" laughed Sabin. "As soon expect it of Mount Barnabas!"

An hour later Gibson crushed a cablegram in his hand.

"Glad Driscoll didn't wait," he said. "Yale lost. Can't see what's the matter with the boys! Sorry, Sabin—you're out a hundred."

"No matter," answered the merchant. "Had to have a little excitement. Well, I'll be saying good night. Padre, I'll walk along with you."

Up on the summit of Barnabas, Driscoll, having added new figures to his chart, was lovingly turning the pages of three years' reports. He had forgotten football, Gibson, the world—and, it is hardly necessary to add, he had also forgotten the ladies.

On the following Monday morning the geologist rose early, by appointment with Mount Barnabas. As he left his shack and turned to climb to the crater's edge, he saw far below him, in the brilliant harbor, a yacht, newly arrived. His first thought, as always, was that perhaps the boat had brought him the latest issue of the American Geology Review. Then he remembered that it was a private craft, carrying no mail, and his disappointment was keen as he climbed to make his regular morning inspection.

A Boatman Rowed Him Out to the Yacht

It was later in the morning, when he sat, with his pipe, over his thick bundle of records, that he recalled how this yacht affected him and his life. On it had come to Port St. Vincent Sabin's sister and her friend, and they were to remain in the shadow of Mount Barnabas for a full month, while their friends on the yacht visited certain South American points. A month! A month of dinners and dances and excursions, from which he could scarcely, with any grace, escape, even though he pleaded what was undoubtedly the truth—that his pet volcano was demanding more of his time daily. Confound it! Why were there so few white men in the place? Why weren't there battalions of Billy Gibsons?

His boy Rene entered the room, having just returned from early mass at the Church in the Bush. He stepped immediately to Driscoll's trunk and took out a linen suit.

"To-day," said Rene, "I clean the clothes of monsieur—wash them, and iron."

"What's the idea?" growled Driscoll.

"By the slightest chance," said Rene, "I was on the beach when passengers from the yacht boat came ashore. Two ladies fair, of monsieur's race—and of a loveliness beyond all dreaming."

"Not for nothing," smiled Driscoll, "have you lived among Frenchmen."

"On Martinique," said Rene, shaking out the clothes, "are many fair women such as these. And a volcano, often angry. It is an island so beautiful—you should go there, monsieur."

"You're homesick, you rascal! You want to go back."

"When monsieur deserts me I shall go." Rene shrugged his shoulders. "Now I will wash the clothes. Monsieur will, of course, pay his respects to the ladies."

"Can't get out of it," sighed Driscoll. "Going to Sabin's for dinner to-night—have the clothes ready. A confounded nuisance!"

"What is that—nuisance?"

"Bore—trouble—bother—outrage," fumed Driscoll.

Rene smiled broadly.

"Monsieur will not say so," he predicted, "when he has seen the ladies."

But the boy's prediction did not come true. Monsieur continued to say so—under his breath—after he had met Bernard Sabin's guests. And it was really a matter not at all to his credit, particularly in the case of Helen Sabin. She was tall, dark, beautiful. Moreover, she was interested and intelligent on the subject of the earth's surface. It seemed she had studied geology at college and liked it; and she announced, as she sat down to dinner at Driscoll's side, that she intended to draw him out on his subject. The peal of laughter across the table was supplied by Billy Gibson, who had overheard.

"That's rich!" said Gibson. "Draw him out! Our great trouble has always been to hold him in. Well, good-by, Miss Sabin—a long good-by. You are about to start on a personally conducted tour of the earth's crust. The lecture will be instructive, and I hope you can keep awake."

Gibson's jesting words were more or less justified. In the presence of an intelligent listener, Driscoll poured out his three years' accumulation of facts, theories and deductions. Miss Sabin listened; and though she was somewhat appalled by the flood she gave no sign. Padre Forstmann, gazing at them from his place farther down the table, reflected that here were two people who seemed made for each other.

The Padre and you too, dear reader, are destined for disappointment. Driscoll had found an audience, not an affinity. Though this was the first girl of his own kind he had met in three years, his heart beat no faster as he gazed into her eyes. That she had an entrancing dimple in her chin, a mouth meant for kissing, and a brain not usually found in such company, meant nothing whatever to him.

As for Miss Sabin's friend, Dorothy Clark, the least said about her the better. Her college mates had called her Dotty, with a fine sense of the appropriate. "A little bit of fluff," Billy Gibson had said to himself when he met her. Small, blond, frivolous, she viewed life as the matinée of a farce. If Helen Sabin had a brain, and used it, she had used it in selecting her bosom companion; for comparisons always redound to the credit of one party to them. Driscoll had only to glance at Miss Clark and know that his boy Rene was a mental giant beside her.

After dinner Sabin got out an asthmatic phonograph and Driscoll was forced to yield the floor to the latest dances from New York. Most of the men struggled valiantly to learn; in the case of Billy Gibson the struggle was brief. It was about ten-thirty o'clock when Driscoll found himself on the gallery, practically alone, for only little Miss Clark was with him.

"Oh-h-h—this is wonderful!" the girl had said as they stepped out from the heat of Sabin's drawing-room.

And it is a splendid tribute to the glory of the view that for a moment she was silent. Well she might be! Not far away an unbelievably blue sea was lapping an unbelievably white beach; brilliant green foliage stirred restlessly in the breeze; parrots screamed in the orange trees; and over all the Southern Cross shone as bright as a prima donna's jewels.

"What are those funny trees that look like feather dusters?" asked Miss Clark.

"Those," said Driscoll, "are cabbage palms. Do you remember the salad you had at dinner? It was made of the hearts of those same palms."

"Really?" she said. She laughed. "How nice! I love to devour hearts. Oh, yes I'm quite a cannibal. Is that your old volcano?"

Driscoll cheered at once.

"That," he announced, "is Mount Barnabas. It may interest you to know that only to-day a scientific phenomenon, which I believe has hitherto gone unobserved ——"

"Ugh—it must be lonesome up there!" said Miss Clark.

"On the contrary," replied the geologist, "it is intensely interesting. This phenomenon I speak of ——"

"How do you make it fizz?"

"Make what fizz?" asked Driscoll blankly.

"The volcano. Or does it flare up all by itself? I'd love to see it spout. Can't you induce it to spout for me?"

Driscoll muttered something under his breath; then aloud he said: "I am sorry to disappoint you. The result of my three years' labor has convinced me beyond a doubt that Mount Barnabas will never be active again."

"Then it's nothing but a dead one! What could be duller than a dead volcano?"

"You are quite mistaken. There are constant phenomena ——"

"Oh, isn't this a romantic spot? I'm sure Juliet's balcony was nothing like it. All it needs is — "

"If you'll pardon me," said Driscoll, stepping back suddenly lest he seize this creature and throw her through the mosquito netting to the street below, "I must be saying good night. At eleven I am due to make a few observations and I'm very much afraid I shall be late as it is."

"Three years' living with a dead volcano!" reflected Miss Clark. "You are in a rut, aren't you?"

"Good night!" said Driscoll sharply, holding open the door for her.

He walked home with the Padre.

"That Miss Sabin now," said the old man—"a truly remarkable young woman."

"Yes"

"Of what are you thinking, my friend?"

"The—other. Why have they let her live?"

"God made both the orchid and the rose," smiled the priest.

An hour later, when Driscoll was saying good night to his volcano, Miss Sabin and her friend were preparing to retire in the best room of Bernard Sabin's house. The former's eyes were dreamy, thoughtful.

"He's rather handsome, don't you think?" she asked.

"Awfully! Too bad they don't transfer him to some other post."

"I was speaking of—Mr. Driscoll," said the Sabin girl.

(Continued on Page 44)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 29, 1916

Allied Shipping

THE Allies are paying an enormous freight bill to private shipowners. In January French imports were six hundred and ten million francs against three hundred and thirty millions the year before. In February British imports were sixty-seven million pounds. In January our exports to the Allies were nearly double those of the year before, though the total for January, 1915, was extraordinarily high; and February exceeded January. Buyers of the goods pay the freight, and ocean freights are four, five, six times what they were before the war, because the German merchant fleet is out of commission and a large part of the British, French and Italian merchant fleets have been requisitioned for government service. Naturally shipowners are garnering fat profits; and as England has far the biggest merchant fleet her shipping companies get most of the harvest.

There are indications that England's allies are restive under this situation. It is said that one important object of the recent Allied Conference in Paris was a rearrangement of shipping.

There is an impression in maritime circles that France, Italy and Russia want to pool the shipping resources of all the Allies and put the combined fleet more or less directly in the service of the governments.

This would be government regulation of a sort not yet attempted. Already the several governments have taken over railroads, factories, certain merchandising transactions, and so on. But this shipping rumor points to the virtual taking over of all Allied shipping by all Allied governments jointly. It would be not only an important extension of government ownership, or government control, but also a very important extension of that federation of the Allied States of Europe which has been more or less tentatively shaping itself for some time.

That the Paris Conference discussed a joint tariff policy and certain joint fiscal interests is quite certain. The war seems plainly to be consolidating Europe as well as dividing it.

Schools and Foreign Business

AN INQUIRY by the National Foreign Trade Council shows that many concerns engaged in foreign trade fill positions with foreigners when they would prefer young Americans if young Americans were available. They are not, because, for one thing, young Americans are not much tempted by foreign trade. That generally involves residence abroad, and they would rather reside here. Probably the young Pennsylvanian is sufficiently adventurous to be tempted by a job in Oregon, and the young Oregonian would find an opening in Pennsylvania attractive; but Argentina leaves both of them cold.

Another obstacle is general lack of any training for a foreign post. High school or college may have bestowed a smattering of French, German or Spanish; but commonly it is a very sparse, unserviceable sort of smattering. General ignorance of geography is conspicuously mentioned in the report. High school or college may have left an indefinite impression that Argentina is an extensive country in South America, but there is virtually nothing in the young American's mind that enables him to imagine Argentina as he can imagine Oregon or Pennsylvania. It is mostly just a misty void to him; and misty voids are not attractive.

Now if the young American had some real knowledge of the language of the country, and some real knowledge of the country itself, his imagination would take hold of it. Often, without doubt, the adventure would tempt him. It all comes back to a pretty complete lack of training for any foreign field. If we are to cut a far greater figure in foreign trade, young Americans finally must be able to imagine foreign countries to a greater degree than they do now. Teaching of foreign languages and geography should be got out of the smattering state.

Foreign trade ought to be a good field for a young man with the spirit of adventure and conquest in him.

Tangled Taxes

PROBABLY the Federal Government is going to rely increasingly on direct taxation, which involves a collision all along the line with the taxing powers of the states. Heretofore, with incidental exceptions, it has been supported by indirect taxes that were quite apart from state taxation; but now apparently we have the beginning of an important change.

Thirty-odd states have some sort of inheritance tax. It is generally agreed that this Congress will adopt that form of taxation for the Federal Government. Wisconsin has an income tax. New York is likely to have one before long. Other states may be expected to follow the lead.

Whatever other merits or demerits they may have, income and inheritance taxes are very tempting to the taxing powers. For example, the Federal income tax will yield about a hundred million dollars in the current year. Congress wants more money and proposes to get an additional hundred millions out of the income tax by simply marking up the rates.

Once the machinery is established, getting a greater revenue—up to a certain point, of course—involves no greater exertion or ingenuity than simply marking up the rates. With constantly growing Government expenditures, both state and national, so easy an expedient for raising revenue is likely to be steadily relied on.

A dual system plainly involves waste, confusion and vexation—with the several states levying the taxes differently from one another and differently from the Federal Government. For the sake of economy and certainty we propose that the whole business of levying income and inheritance taxes be turned over, once for all, to the Federal Government, an agreed-on proportion of the yield to be returned to the states within whose borders the taxes are levied. Professor Seligman has made this suggestion respecting the inheritance tax; but it might as well apply also to the income tax.

We believe these two forms of taxation are coming in, and should like them to come as efficiently, economically and equitably as possible. One uniform system of taxation, conducted by the Federal Government, will achieve that.

Trade With South America

SLOWLY we are gaining South American trade. In one month this year, for example, our exports to that continent were fourteen million dollars against seven millions last year.

Compare that with total exports for the month amounting to three hundred and thirty millions, and you see how fantastic was the notion, sometimes expressed at the beginning of the war, that we could make up in South America whatever trade we lost with Europe.

The South American trade is still a drop in the bucket. Nevertheless, it is growing in the right way. For seven months our South American exports increased forty-two million dollars, while our South American imports increased eighty millions. Those countries gained two dollars in sales to us for every dollar we gained in sales to them.

Roughly speaking, that is a proper proportion. We deserve their trade; and in the long run we shall get it just in proportion as we give them a market and furnish them credit.

The question is, what can we do for them? The question, how much can we sell them? is collateral.

All foreign trade finally is just as much a matter of buying as of selling. It depends as much on our furnishing a market and services for foreigners as on our having goods to ship them. Tariff, and everything else affecting trade, should keep that in mind.

Europe's Resources

EUROPE has fought for twenty-one months, and there is no good reason to presume it cannot fight at about the same pitch for twenty-one months more. When Germany floated the second huge war loan, producing more than two billion dollars, it seemed she must be scraping the bottom of her barrel. Then came the third loan, yielding three billion dollars. In March the fourth loan was offered and produced two and a half billion dollars. Yet no outsider can detect a sign of financial exhaustion. That she can float a fifth loan and a sixth now seems more probable than the floating of a second loan would have seemed two years ago.

So with all the belligerents. Nobody, at the beginning of the war, understood the resources of Europe. An English economist recently declared that Great Britain's income was three billion dollars greater than before the war, though about four million men have been withdrawn from normal productive occupations. English banks are full of money, their deposits being a billion dollars greater than before the war. With four million men withdrawn from ordinary production, England's exports in February were about up to a normal ante-bellum level, having increased nearly forty per cent over the preceding year.

French exports in January showed an increase of nearly one-third.

There is no sign of exhaustion, either in men, money or goods. But Europe has fought twenty-one months, at an incredible cost in men and money, and got no decision. Vast as the resources obviously are, every great loan must put them to a heavier strain. With every loan the future burden of taxation looms higher. The colossal casualty lists speak for themselves. We may be fairly certain that both sides are getting more and more ready to discuss tolerable terms of peace.

The Law and the Defaulter

THE man had a salary of nine hundred dollars a year; a wife and two young children; handled money for his employer; took a little of it and falsified his books; took more—of course—with further false entries. When detected the embezzlement amounted to eight hundred dollars. The employer held off a while, hoping the defaulter could restore the amount stolen. This the defaulter was unable to do; so he was prosecuted and sent to the penitentiary; wife got a job that took all her time at six dollars a week; children were farmed out to impecunious relatives, to whom they were an unwelcome burden. This man was weak and foolish, but, aside from thieving, had no bad habits; always meant to do the best he could by his family.

Probably in about four cases of petty embezzlement out of five the employer first tries to get his money back, with a tacit understanding that he will not prosecute if it is restored. In such cases what is prosecution but imprisonment for debt?

It is not when the man steals, but only when he fails to pay back the amount stolen, that the state is called on to lock him up. By and large, a stupid way of managing it, we should say!

We should like to see a more elastic law, permitting a court to consider all the facts in the case, instead of only the very limited set of facts that come within the rules of legal evidence. What sort of man he was aside from his embezzlement; why he embezzled; whether he is being prosecuted only because he was unable to pay back the money; whether he would be likely, if left at large, to let other people's money alone in the future and support his family—such circumstances are socially important, though the letter of the law now takes no account of them.

Certainly an employer will not get his money back by sending the defaulter to jail. If getting the money back was his first consideration, there could be no hardship in making him take a lien on the defaulter's future earnings in cases where a court would approve that course as the best social solution.

Gasoline Prices

THIS rise in the price of gasoline is, of course, a national affliction. We presume more serious thought has been devoted to it the last sixty days than to the situation in Mexico. At least two bills dealing with it have been introduced in Congress—one to prohibit exports; the other, we believe, to have the Government regulate prices, or perhaps to take over the whole industry, supplying owners of cheap cars with juice at last year's prices, while charging owners of expensive cars enough to produce a net balance on the right side of the ledger.

Meantime the rise in price has automatically set afoot remedial measures that will no doubt be much more useful than any action the Government may take, even though it send Standard Oil stockholders to jail in a block. The rise in price has set a great deal of talent to studying, with more acute interest, the problem of using a greater proportion of a barrel of crude oil in internal-combustion engines suitable for propelling pleasure vehicles. It appreciably hastens the day when automobiles will use a heavier oil. The feat is not more difficult than getting an engine that would operate satisfactorily with gasoline once was.

In common with a hundred million other freemen, more or less, we groan over the bills; but we are banking a great deal more on the engineer than on the statesman.

WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

The Outlook for the Germans

WHATEVER some of us among the Allies may say, the future of Germany lies with Germany. The utmost ambition of the Allies falls far short of destroying or obliterating Germany; it is to give the Germans so thorough and memorable an experience of war that they will want no more of it for a few generations, and, failing the learning of that lesson, to make sure that they will not be in a position to resume their military aggressions upon mankind with any hope of success. After all, it is not the will of the Allies that has determined even this resolve. It is the declared and manifest will of Germany to become predominant in the world that has created the alliance against Germany and forged and tempered our implacable resolution to bring militarist Germany down. And the nature of the coming peace and of the politics that will follow the peace are much more dependent upon German affairs than upon anything else whatever.

This is so clearly understood in Great Britain that there is scarcely a newspaper that does not devote two or three columns daily to extracts from the German newspapers and from letters found upon German killed, wounded or prisoners, and to letters and descriptive articles from neutrals upon the state of the German mind. There can be no doubt that the British intelligence has grasped and kept its hold upon the real issue of this war with an unprecedented clarity.

Hatred of Ideas, Not Hatred of a Race

AT THE outset there came declarations from nearly every type of British opinion that this war was a war against the Hohenzollern militarist idea—against Prussianism and not against Germany. In that respect Britain has documented herself up to the hilt. There have been, of course, a number of passionate outcries and wild accusations against Germans as a race, during the course of the struggle; but to this day opinion is steadfast, not only in Britain, but, if I may judge from the papers I read and the talk I hear, throughout the whole English-speaking community, that this is a war not of races but of ideas. I am so certain of this that I would say if Germany by some swift convulsion expelled her dynasty and turned herself into a republic it would be impossible for the British Government to continue the war for long, whether it wanted to do so or not. The forces in favor of reconciliation would be too strong. There would be a complete revulsion from the present determination to continue the war to its bitter but conclusive end.

It is fairly evident that the present German Government understands this frame of mind quite clearly, and is extremely anxious to keep it from the knowledge of the German peoples. Every act or word from a British source that suggests an implacable enmity against the Germans as a people, every wartime caricature and insult, is brought to their knowledge. It is the manifest interest of the Hohenzollerns and Prussianism to make this struggle a race struggle and not merely a political struggle, and to keep a wider breach between the peoples than between the governments. The "Made in Germany" grievance has been used to the utmost against Great Britain as an indication of race hostility. The everyday young German believes firmly that it was a blow aimed specially at Germany; that no such regulation affected any goods but German goods. And the English, with their characteristic heedlessness in such matters, have never troubled to disillusion him. But even the British caricaturist and the British soldier betray their fundamental opinion of the matter in their very insults. They will not even use a word of abuse for the Germans as Germans; they call them "Huns," because they are thinking of Attila; because they are thinking of them as invaders under a monarch of peaceful France and Belgium and not as a people living in a land of their own.

In Great Britain there is to this day so little hostility for Germans, as such, that recently a nephew of Lord Haldane's, Sir George Makgill, has considered it advisable to manufacture race hostility and provide the Hohenzollerns with instances and quotations through the exertions of a preposterous Anti-German League. Disregarding the essential evils of the Prussian idea, this mischievous organization has set itself to persuade the British people that the Germans are diabolical as a race. It has displayed great energy and ingenuity in pestering and insulting naturalized Germans and people of German origin in Britain, and in making enduring bad blood between them and the authentic British. It busies itself in breaking up meetings at which sentiments friendly to Germany might be expressed, sentiments which, if they could be conveyed to German hearers, would certainly go far to weaken the determination of the German social democracy to fight to the end.

There can, of course, be no doubt of the good faith of Sir George Makgill, but he could do the Kaiser no better service than to help in consolidating every rank and class of Germans, by this organization of foolish violence of speech and act, by this profession of an irrational and implacable hostility. His practical influence over here is trivial, thanks to the general good sense and the love of fair play in our people, but there can be little doubt that his intentions are about as injurious to the future peace of the world as any intentions could be. "Here you see is the disposition of the English," the imperialists will say to the German pacifists. "They are dangerous lunatics. Clearly we must stick together to the end."

The stuff of Sir George Makgill's league must not be taken as representative of any considerable section of British opinion, which is as a whole nearly as free from any sustained hatred of the Germans as it was at the beginning of the war. There are, of course, waves of indignation at such deliberate atrocities as the Lusitania outrage or the Zeppelin raids, but it would take many Sir George Makgills to divert this anger from the responsible German Government to the German masses.

That lack of any essential hatred does not mean that British opinion is not solidly for the continuation of this war against militarist imperialism to its complete and final defeat. But if that can be defeated to any extent in Germany by the Germans, if the way opens to a Germany as unmilitary and pacific as was Great Britain before this war, there remains from the British point of view nothing else to fight about. With the Germany of Vorwaerts—which, I understand, would evacuate and compensate Belgium and Serbia, set up a buffer state in Alsace-Lorraine and another in a restored Poland, including Posen—the spirit of the Allies has no profound quarrel at all, has never had any quarrel. We would only too gladly meet that Germany at a green table to-morrow, and set to work arranging the compensation of Belgium and Serbia, and tracing over the outlines of the natural map of mankind the new political map of Europe.

The Weed-Bed of Human Delusions

STILL it must be admitted that not only in Great Britain but in all the Allied countries one finds a certain active minority, corresponding to Sir George Makgill's noisy following, who profess to believe that all Germans to the third and fourth generation are animated by an incredible racial vanity, a race which is indeed scarcely anything but a conspiracy against the rest of mankind. The ravings of many of these people can only be paralleled by the stuff about the cunning of the Jesuits that once circulated in ultra-Protestant circles in England. Elderly Protestant ladies used to look under the bed and in the cupboard every night for a Jesuit, just as nowadays they look for a German spy, and as no doubt old German ladies now look for Sir Edward Grey. It may be useful, therefore, at the present time to point out that not only is the aggressive German idea not peculiar to Germany, not only are these endless utterances of French chauvinists and British imperialists to be found entirely as vain, unreasonable and aggressive, but that German militarist imperialism is so little representative of the German quality that scarcely one of its leading exponents is a genuine German.

Of course there is no denying that the Germans are a very distinctive people, as distinctive as the French. But their distinctions are not diabolical. Until the middle of the nineteenth century it was the fashion to regard them as a race of philosophical incompetents. Their reputation as a people of exceptionally military quality sprang up in the weed-bed of human delusions between 1866 and 1872; it will certainly not survive this war. Their reputation for organization is another matter. They are an orderly, industrious and painstaking people; they have a great respect for science, for formal education and for authority. It is their respect for education which has chiefly betrayed them and made them the instrument of Hohenzollern folly. Mr. F. M. Hueffer has shown this quite conclusively in his admirable but ill-named book, When Blood is Their Argument. Their minds have been systematically corrupted by base historical teaching and the inculcation of a rancid patriotism. They are a people under the sway of organized suggestion. This catastrophic war and its preparation have been their chief business for half a century; none the less, their peculiar qualities have still been

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displayed during that period; they have still been able to lead the world in several branches of social organization and in the methodical development of technical science. Systems of ideas are perhaps more readily shattered than built up; the aggressive patriotism of many Germans must be already darkened by serious doubts, and I see no inherent impossibility in hoping that the mass of the Germans may be restored to the common sanity of mankind, even in the twenty or thirty years of life that perhaps still remain for me.

Consider the names of the chief exponents of the aggressive German idea, and you will find that not one is German. The first begetter of Nietzsche's "blond beast" and of all that great flow of rubbish about a strange superior race with whitish hair and blue eyes that has so fatally rotted the German imagination, was a Frenchman named Gobineau. We British are not altogether free from the disease. As a small boy I read the history of J. R. Green, and fed my pride upon the peculiar virtues of my Anglo-Saxon blood. "Cp.," as they say in footnotes, Carlyle and Froude. It was not a German but an Englishman of the Englishman-hating Whig type, Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who carried the Gobineau theory to that delirious level which claims Dante and Leonardo as Germans. Neither Clausewitz, who first impressed upon the German mind the theory of ruthless warfare, nor Bernhardi, nor Treitschke, who did as much to build up the emperor's political imagination, strike one as bearing particularly German names.

There are, indeed, very grave grounds for the German complaint that Germany has been the victim of alien flattery and alien precedents. And what, after all, is the Prussian dream of world empire but an imitative response to the British Empire and the adventure of Napoleon? The very title of the German emperor is the name of an Italian, Cæsar, far gone in decay. And the backbone of the German system at the present time is the Prussian, who is not really a German at all but a Germanized Wend. Take away the imported and imposed elements from the things we fight to-day, leave nothing but what is purely and originally German, and you leave very little.

Pro-Civilization, Not Anti-German

The majority of sensible and influential Englishmen are fully aware of these facts. This does not alter their resolution to beat Germany thoroughly and finally, and, if Germany remains Hohenzollern after the war, to do their utmost to ring her in with commercial alliances, tariffs, navigation and exclusion laws that will keep her poor and powerless and out of mischief so long as her vice remains in her. But these considerations of the essential innocence of the German do make all this systematic hostility, which the British have had forced upon them, a very uncongenial and reluctant hostility. Pro-civilization and not anti-German is the purpose of the Allies. And the speculation of just how relentlessly and for how long this ring of suspicion and precaution need be maintained about Germany, of how soon the German may decide to become once more a good European, is one of extraordinary interest to every civilized man. In other words, what are the prospects of a fairly fundamental revolution in German life and thought and affairs in the years immediately before us?

In a sense every European country must undergo revolutionary changes as a consequence of the enormous economic exhaustion and social dislocations of this war. But what I propose to discuss here is the possibility of a real political revolution, in the narrower sense of the word, in Germany—a revolution that will end the Hohenzollern system, the German dynastic system, altogether; that will democratize Prussia and put an end forever to that secretive scheming of military aggressions which is the essential quarrel of Europe with Germany. It is the most momentous possibility of our times, because it opens the way to an alternative state of affairs that may supersede the armed watching and systematic war of tariffs, prohibitions and exclusions against the central empires that must quite unavoidably be the future attitude of the Pledged Allies to any survival of the Hohenzollern empire.

We have to bear in mind that in this discussion we are dealing with something very new and quite untried hitherto by anything but success: that new Germany whose unification began with the spoliation of Denmark and was completed at Versailles. It is not a man's lifetime old. Under the state socialism and aggressive militarism of the Hohenzollern régime it had been led to a level of unexampled pride and prosperity, and it plunged shouting and singing into this war, confident of victories. It is still being fed with dwindling hopes of victory—no longer unstinted hopes, but still hopes, by a sort of political bread-card system. The hopes outlast the bread and butter, but they dwindle and dwindle. How is this people going to stand the cessation of hope, the realization of the failure and fruitlessness of such efforts as no people on earth have ever made before? How are they going to behave when they realize fully that they have suffered and died and starved and wasted all their land in vain? They have a large democratic press that will not hesitate to tell them that; that does already to the best of its ability disillusion them. They are a carefully trained and educated and disciplined people, it is true; but the solicitude of the German Government, everywhere apparent to keep the resentment of the people directed to the proper quarter, is, I think, just one of the things that are indicative of the revolutionary possibilities in Germany. The Allied governments let opinion, both in their own countries and in America, shift for itself: they do not even trouble to mitigate the inevitable exasperation of the military censorship by an intelligent and tactful control. The German Government, on the other hand, has organized the putting of the blame upon other shoulders than its own, elaborately and ably from the very beginning of the war. It must know its own people best, and I do not see why it should do this if there were not very dangerous possibilities ahead for itself in the national temperament.

The Legend of German Docility

It is one of the commonplaces of this question that in the past the Germans have always been loyal subjects and never made a revolution. It is alleged that there has never been a German republic. That is by no means true. The nucleus of Swiss freedom was the German-speaking cantons about the Lake of Lucerne. Tell was a German, and he was glorified by the German Schiller. No doubt the Protestant Reformation was largely a business of dukes and princes, but the underlying spirit of that revolt also lay in the German national character. The Anabaptist insurrection was no mean thing in rebellions, and the history of the Dutch—who are, after all, only the extreme expression of the Low German type—is a history of the most stubborn struggle for freedom in Europe.

This legend of German docility will not bear close examination. It is true that they are not given to spasmodic outbreaks and that they do not lend themselves readily to intrigues and pronunciamientos, but there is every reason to suppose that they have the heads to plan and the wills to carry out as sound and orderly and effective a revolution as any people in Europe. Before the war drove them frantic the German comic papers were by no means suggestive of an abject worship of authority and royalty for their own sakes. The teaching of all forms of morality and sentimentality in schools produces not only belief but reaction, and the livelier and more energetic the pupil the more likely he is to react rather than accept. Whatever the feelings of the old women of Germany may be toward the Kaiser and his family, my impression of the opinion of Germans in general is that they believe firmly in empire, Kaiser and militarism, wholly and solely because they thought these things meant security, success, triumph, more and more wealth, more and more Germany, and all that had come to them since 1871 carried on to the nth degree. I do not think that all the schoolmasters of Germany, teaching in unison at the tops of their voices, will sustain that belief beyond the end of this war.

At present every discomfort and disappointment of the German people is being sedulously diverted into rage against the Allies, and particularly against the English. This is all very well as long as the war goes on with a certain effect of hopefulness. But what if presently the beam is so tilted against Germany that an unprofitable peace becomes urgent and inevitable? How can the Hohenzollern suddenly abandon his pose of righteous indignation and make friends with the enemy, and

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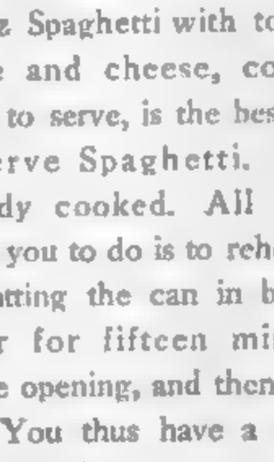

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how can he make any peace at all with us while he still proclaims us accursed? Either the Emperor has to go to his people and say, "We promised you victory and it is defeat," or he has to say: "It is not defeat, but we are going to make peace with these Russian barbarians who invaded us, with the incompetent English who betrayed us, with all these degenerate and contemptible races you so righteously hate and despise, upon such terms that we shall never be able to attack them again. This noble and wonderful war is to end in this futility and these graves. You were tricked into it, as you were tricked into war in 1870; but this time it has not turned out quite so well. And, besides, after all we find we can contrive to get on with these people."

It is a common hypothesis, with those who speculate on the probable effects of such disillusionments, that Germany may break up again into its component parts. It is pointed out that Germany is, so to speak, a palimpsest; that the broad design of the great black eagle and the imperial crown are but newly painted over a great number of particularisms, and that these particularisms may return. The empire of the Germans may break up again. That I do not believe. The forces that unified Germany lie deeper than the Hohenzollern adventure; print, paper and the spoken word have bound Germany now into one people for all time. None the less, those previous crowns and symbols that still show through the paint of the new design may help greatly, as that weakens under the coming stresses, to disillusion men about its necessity. There was, they will be reminded, a Germany before Prussia—before Austria, for the matter of that. The empire has been little more than the first German experiment in unity. It is a newfangled thing that came and may go again—leaving Germany still a nation, still with the sense of a common Fatherland.

Let us consider a little more particularly the nature of the mass of population whose collective action in the years immediately ahead of us we are now attempting to forecast. Its social strata are only very inexactly equivalent to those in the countries of the Pledged Allies. First, there are the masses of the people. In England, for purposes of edification, we keep up the legend of the extreme efficiency of Germany, the high level of German education, and so forth. The truth is that the average elementary education of the common people in Britain is superior to that of Germany, that the domestic efficiency of the British common people is greater, their moral training better and their personal quality higher. This is shown by a number of quite conclusive facts, of which I will instance merely the higher German general death rate, the higher German infantile death rate, the altogether disproportionate percentage of crimes of violence in Germany, and the personal superiority of the British private soldier over his German antagonist.

The Dark Horse of Germany

It is only when we get above the level of the masses that the position is reversed. The ratio of public expenditure upon secondary and higher education in Germany as compared with the expenditure upon elementary education is out of all proportion to the British ratio. Directly we come to the commercial, directive, official, technical and professional classes in Germany, we come to classes far more highly trained, more alert intellectually, more capable of collective action and more accessible to general ideas, than the less numerous and less important corresponding classes in Britain. This great German middle class is the strength and substance of the new Germany; it has increased proportionally to the classes above and below it, it has developed almost all its characteristics during the last half century. At its lower fringe it comprehends the skilled and scientifically trained artisans, it supplies the brains of social democracy, and it reaches up to the world of finance and quasi-state enterprise. And it is the dark horse in all these speculations.

Hitherto this middle class has been growing almost unawares. It has been so busy coming into existence and growing, there has been so much to do since 1871, that it has had scarcely a moment to think round the general problem of politics at all. It has taken the new empire for granted as a child takes its home for granted, and its state of mind to-day must be rather like that of an intelligent boy who suddenly discovers that his father's picturesque and wonderful speculations have led to his arrest and brought the brokers into the house, and that there is nothing for it but to turn to and take control of the family affairs.

In Germany, the most antiquated and the most modern of European states, the old dynastic Germany of the princes and Junkers has lasted on by virtue of exceptional successes and prestige into the world of steel and electricity. But their prestige has paled before the engineering of Krupp; their success evaporates. A new nation awakens to self-consciousness, only to find itself betrayed into apparently irreconcilable hostility against the rest of mankind. What will be the quality of the monarch and court and Junkerdom that will face this awaking new Germany?

Before very long the present Crown Prince will be the monarch. The Hohenzollerns live quickly, and the present Emperor draws near his allotted term. He will break a record in his family if he lives another dozen years. So that quite soon after the war this new disillusioned Germany will be contemplating the imperial graces of the present Crown Prince. He or some kindred regent will be the symbol of royalty in Germany through all those years of maximum stress and hardship ahead. Throughout the greater part of Germany the tradition of loyalty to his house is not a century old. And the real German loyalty is racial and national far more than dynastic. It is not the Hohenzollern over all that they sing about; it is Deutschland.

The Monarchs of To-morrow

Real emperors reconcile and consolidate peoples, for an empire is not a nation; but the Hohenzollerns have never dared to be anything but sedulously national, "*Echt Deutsch*," and advocates of black letter. They know the people they have to deal with.

This new, substantial middle mass of Germany has never been on friendly terms with the Germany of the court and the landowner. It has inherited a *bürgerlich* tradition and resented even while it tolerated the swagger of the aristocratic officer. It tolerated it because that sort of thing was supposed to be necessary to the national success. But Munich, the comic papers, Herr Harden, Vorwaerts, speak, I think, for the central masses of German life far more truly than any official utterances do. They speak in a voice a little gross, very sensible, blunt, with a kind of heavy humor.

That German voice one may not like, but one must needs respect it. It is at any rate not bombastic. It is essentially honest. When the imperial eagle comes home with half its feathers out, like a crow that has met a bear; when the surviving aristocratic officers reappear with a vastly diminished swagger in the *Biergarten*, I believe that the hitherto acquiescent middle classes and skilled artisan class of Germany will entirely disappoint those people who expect them to behave either with servility or with sentimental loyalty. The great revolutionary impulse of the French was passionate and generous. The revolutionary impulse of Germany may be even more deadly; it may be contemptuous. It may be they will not even drag emperor and nobles down; they may shove them aside.

In all these matters one must ask the reader to enlarge his perspective at least as far back as the last three centuries. The galaxy of German monarchies that has overspread so much of Europe is a growth of hardly more than two centuries. It is a phase in the long process of the break-up of the Roman Empire and of the catholic system that inherited its tradition. These royalties have formed a class apart, breeding only among themselves, and attempting to preserve a sort of caste internationalism in the face of an advance in human intelligence, a spread of printing, reading and writing that makes inevitably for the recrudescence of national and race feeling and the increasing participation of the people in government. In Russia and England alike these originally German dynasties are meeting the problems of the new time by becoming national. They modify themselves from year to year. The time when Britain will again have a Queen of British race may not be very remote. The days when the affairs of Europe could be discussed at Windsor in German and from a German standpoint ended with the death of Queen Victoria, and it is only in such

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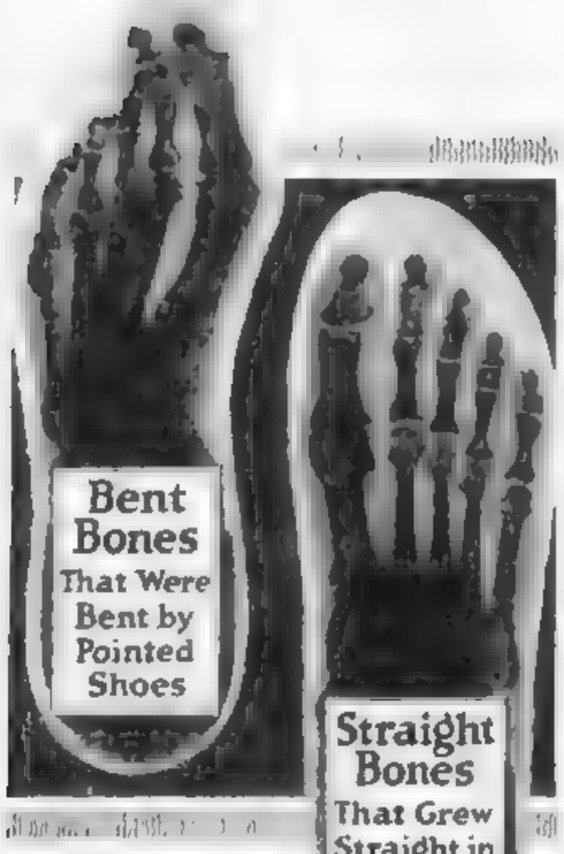

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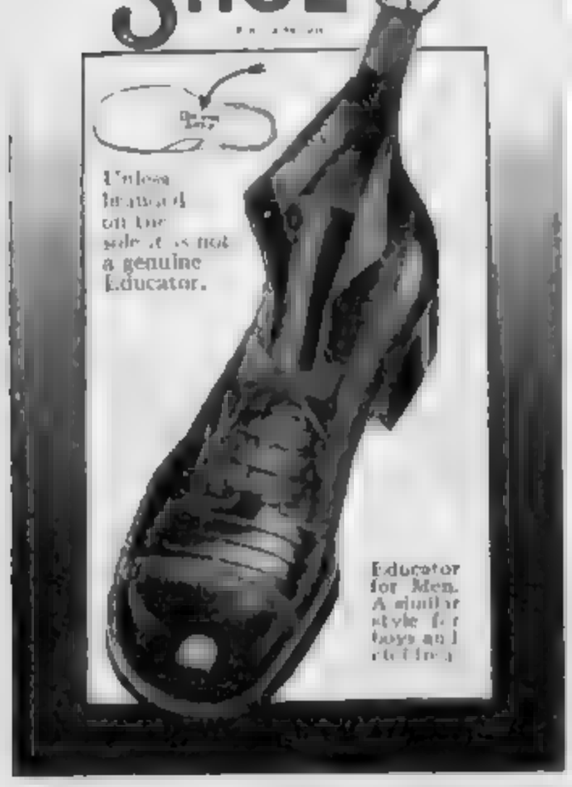


improvised courts as those of Greece and Bulgaria that the national outlook can still be contemplated from a foreign standpoint and discussed in a foreign tongue. The age when the monarchical system made the courts of three-quarters of Europe a German's Fatherland has ended forever. And with that the last rational advantage of monarchy and royalist sentimentality disappears from the middle-class German's point of view.

So it seems to me that the following conclusions about the future of Germany emerge from these considerations. It is improbable that there will be any such revolution as overthrew French Imperialism in 1871; the new Prussian imperialism is closer to the tradition of the people and much more firmly established through the educational propaganda of the past half century. But liberal forces in Germany may, nevertheless, be strong enough to force a peace upon the Hohenzollern empire so soon as any hopes of aggressive successes die away, before the utmost stage of exhaustion is reached, early in 1917, perhaps, or at latest in 1918. This, we suppose, will be a restrictive peace so far as Germany is concerned, humiliating her and hampering her development. The German press will talk freely of a *revanche* and the renewal of the struggle, and this will help to consolidate the Pledged Allies in their resolve to hold Germany on every front and to retard her economic and financial recovery. The dynasty will lose prestige gradually, the true story of the war will creep slowly into the German consciousness, and the idea of a middle-class republic, which, like the French republic of the last forty-five years, will be only defensively militant and essentially pacific and industrial, will become more and more popular in the country. This will have the support of strong journalists—journalists of the Harden type, for example.

When This War Becomes History

This collapse of the Germanic monarchical system may spread considerably beyond the limits of the German empire. It will probably be effected without much violence as a consequence of the convergence and maturity of many streams of very obvious thought. Many of the monarchs concerned may find themselves still left with their titles, palaces and personal estates, and merely deprived of their last vestiges of legal power. The way will thus be opened for a gradual renewal of good feeling between the people of Germany and the Western Europeans. This renewal will be greatly facilitated by the inevitable fall in the German birth rate that the shortage and economies of this war will have done much to promote, and by the correlated discrediting of the expansionist idea. By 1960, or so, the alteration of perspectives will have gone so far that historians will be a little perplexed to explain the causes of the Great War. The militarist monomania of Germany will have become incomprehensible; her *Weltpolitik* literature incredible and unreadable.

Such is my reading of the German horoscope.

I doubt if there will be nearly so much writing and reading about the Great War in the latter half of the twentieth century as there was about Napoleon at the end of the nineteenth. The Great War is essentially undramatic: it has no hero, it has no great leaders. It is a story of the commonsense of humanity suppressing certain tawdry and vulgar ideas and ambitions, and readjusting much that was wasteful and unjust in social and economic organization. It is the story of how the spirit of man was awakened by a nightmare of a war lord. The nightmare will fade out of mind, and the spirit of man will set about the realities of life with revivified energies, will set itself to the establishment of order, the increase of knowledge and creation. Amid these realities the great qualities of the Germans mark them for a distinguished and important rôle.

The primary business of the Allies is not reconciliation with Germany. Their primary concern is to organize a great League of Peace about the world with which the American States and China may either unite or establish a permanent understanding. Separate attempts to restore friendship with the Germans will threaten the unanimity of the League of Peace, and perhaps renew the intrigues and evils of the Germanic dynastic system which this war may destroy. The essential restoration of Germany must be the work of German men speaking plain sense to Germans, and inducing their country to hold out its hand not to this or that suspicious neighbor but to mankind. A militarist Germany is a Germany self-condemned to isolation or world empire. A Germany which has returned to the ways of peace, on the other hand, will be a country that cannot be kept out of the system of civilization. The tariff wall cannot but be lowered, the watchful restrictions cannot but be discontinued against such a Germany.

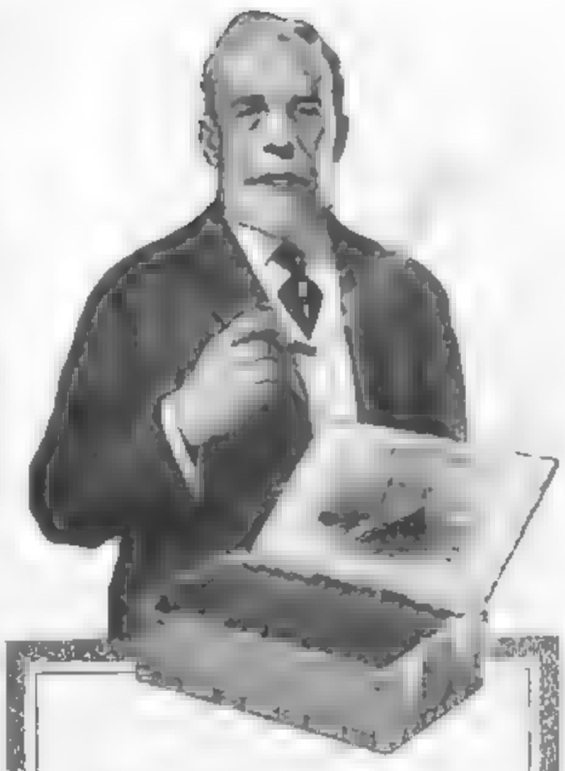
Europe is a system with its heart half used, so long as Germany is isolated. The German population is and will remain the central and largest mass of people in Europe. That is a fact as necessary as the Indianism of India. To reconstruct modern civilization without Germany will be a colossal, artificial task that will take centuries to do It is inconceivable that Germany will stand out of Europeanism so long as to allow the trade routes of the world to be entirely deflected from her. Her own necessities march with the natural needs of the world. So that I give the alliance for the isolation of Germany at the outside a life of forty years before it ceases to be necessary through the recovered willingness of the Germans to lay aside aggression.

But this is not a thing to be run at too hastily. It may be easily possible to delay this national general reconciliation of mankind by an unreal effusion. There will be no advantage in forcing the feelings of the late combatants. It is ridiculous to suppose that for the next decade or so, whatever happens, any Frenchmen are going to feel genial about the occupation of their northeast provinces, or any Belgians smile at the memory of Dinant or Louvain, or the Poles or Serbs forgive the desolation of their country, or any English or Russians take a humorous view of the treatment their people have had as prisoners in Germany. So long as these are living memories they will keep a barrier of dislike about Germany. Nor is it probable that the ordinary German is going to survey the revised map of Africa with a happy sense of relief, or blame no one but himself for the vanished prosperity of 1914. That is asking too much of humanity. Unless I know nothing of Germany, Germany will bristle with *Denkmals* to keep open all such sores. The dislike of Germany by the Allied nations will be returned in the hostility of a thwarted and disappointed people. Not even the neutrals will be aloof from these hostilities and resentments. The world will still be throwing much passion into the rights and wrongs of the sinking of the Lusitania in 1950 or so. There will be a bitterness in the memories of this and the next generation that will make the spectacle of ardent Frenchmen or Englishmen or Belgians or Russians embracing Germans with gusto unpleasant, to say the least of it. We may bring ourselves to understand, we may bring ourselves to a cold and reasonable forgiveness, we may suppress our Sir George Makgill's, and so forth, but it will take sixty or seventy years for the two sides in this present war to grow kindly again.

The Road to Reconciliation

Let us build no false hopes nor pretend to any false generosities. These hatreds can die out only in one way: by the passing of a generation, by the dying out of the wounded and the wronged. Our business, our unsentimental business, is to set about establishing such conditions that they will so die out. And that is the business of the sane Germans too. Behind the barriers this war will have set up between Germany and anti-Germany the intelligent men in either camp must prepare the ultimate peace they will never enjoy, must work for the days when their sons at least may meet as they themselves can never meet, without accusation or resentment, upon the common business of the World Peace. That is not to be done by any conscientious sentimentalities, any slobbering denials of unforgetable injuries. We want no pro-German leagues any more than we want anti-German leagues. We want patience—and silence.

My reason insists upon the inevitableness and necessity of this ultimate reconciliation. I will do no more than I must to injure Germany further, and I will do all that I can to restore the unity of mankind. None the less is it true that for me for all the rest of my life the Germans I shall meet, the German things I shall see, will be smeared with the blood of my people that the willfulness of Germany has spilt.



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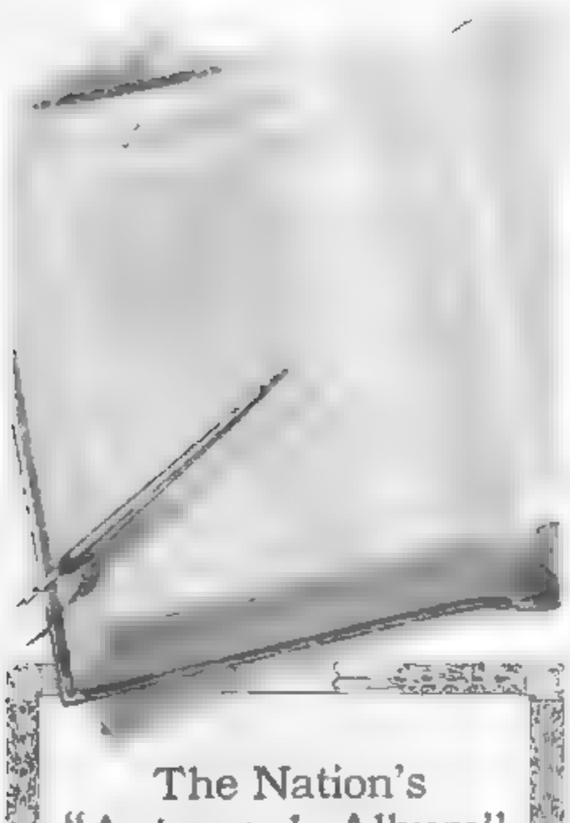

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THE CUCKOO

(Continued from Page 18)

Which should it be? There was a slight diminution in the eagerness with which my motorcycle took the upper slopes, and had I been able to wait until the summit was reached I might have dropped off without fear; but I could not wait. Action had to be immediate.

I saw a stout pedestrian approaching on the left and swerved toward him. Instantly the speed of my machine abated: though I did not know it then, the twist I gave to the handle was responsible.

Self-preservation, m'sieu, remains the first law of Nature. That is my excuse, for I veered toward this fat gentleman and, when almost opposite, dove free from the machine into his midsection. He emitted a loud gasp and fell to the ground. The accursed motorcycle skidded a few yards and rolled over down the embankment.

Bien, it was over—my wild ride. I picked myself up, none the worse for the encounter, and assisted him to rise. He seemed striving to make acknowledgment of the courtesy; he fairly fought for breath, but not a syllable could he get out.

And then the pursuers overtook us. The road seemed suddenly alive with police—officers on motorcycles, on horses, in automobiles. Three pounced on me. I endeavored to explain. Nobody would listen. All tried to talk at once.

The individual with whom I had collided soon recovered his wind and startled me by treacherously essaying to administer a *coup de poing*, but I frustrated the attempt and kicked him shrewdly in the shins. The confusion became indescribable.

Presently another car dashed up and disgorged M'sieu Joe Hicks, who added his voice to the general clamor in an effort to convince the officers that I was innocent of any wrongdoing and should be permitted to return home without delay. But they paid no attention.

"We'll take him to the station," said one who appeared to exercise authority, "and he can tell it to the cap. Huh? That's enough from you and more'n enough. Another word out of you and we'll fetch you along."

M'sieu Joe promptly provided the word, which was of such an incendiary character that he, too, was taken in charge. Curious spectators continued to arrive. The crowd was swelling to immense proportions. Fortunately the patrol wagon responded at this crisis, and into it they bundled M'sieu Joe and myself.

"You'll pay for this!" he threatened. "I'll make some of you big boneheads dance before I get through."

"One more crack like that from you," a policeman warned him, "and I'll pat you with this." And he shook his baton.

My partner subsided.

"All right, Bill," said the officer, and the patrol wagon started up.

"Hi, wait a minute!" bawled the stout pedestrian. "I'm coming too." And before anyone could move a hand to repulse him he crowded in with us. "I'll go along," he explained. "It'll do me good to see him behind the bars."

Bien, we headed toward the center of the city. In a few minutes a glittering limousine drew alongside and kept pace with us. Through the grating I descried Steve at the wheel. The excellent youth was still on the trail, ready to succor.

"Wait!" I cried. "M'sieu, order your driver to halt. Here is my car. We will ride in it instead. I do not like this conveyance."

The policeman on the back step glanced once from me to the limousine.

"I suppose that motorcycle was yours, too, wasn't it?" he inquired sneeringly. "Go ahead, Bill. Don't you like this car, Frenchy? You'd ought to get used to it, for it's like you'll have many a ride."

Of what use to dispute with so great a dullard? "Empty loft," as Madame Patsy quaintly expresses it. Therefore I held my peace.

We drew up at the police station. Instantly another throng gathered. They cheered as we stepped out; cheered again when the officers bundled us up the steps. The fat gentleman followed close, as though fearful I might escape.

Said the captain:

"Stole a motorcycle, hey? And going fifty miles an hour up the boulevard! This'll cost you about three months, son."

"But, m'sieu le capitaine ——"

"Don't you call me any names, either," he barked, "or you'll get three more. How do you want to register? Jones or Smith?"

"Neither," I answered with dignity. "My name is Henri Giraud."

He dropped his pen to stare at me with an amazement ludicrous to see.

"Are you him?" he asked incredulously. "Well, that is queer! We've been hunting for you everywhere, Mr. Giraud. The bank called us up this morning about a young fellow who presented a check of yours for a thousand dollars, and I sent over and pinched him."

"Bravo! I had so instructed."

"But," he continued in woeful bewilderment, "how about this pop-pop business? What do you want with a motorcycle?"

I quickly told him, M'sieu Joe shifting about uneasily throughout the recital. Indeed, his embarrassment was so pronounced that I could not fail to remark it, and presently the explanation was forthcoming. Attend to what follows.

Cried the police captain, boiling with excitement:

"Blackhanders! Why didn't you tell us? Jumpin' Jupiter! Where's that letter? Oh, sergeant! Come here. I want you. We'll get busy on this right now."

An officer bustled in from an adjoining room. The atmosphere grew electric with the tension of high-pressure activity. Then M'sieu Joe Hicks emitted a deprecatory cough and murmured:

"I don't believe I'd take all that trouble if I was you, cap."

"Is that so? Why not? Shoot—we're in a hurry."

"Well, what's the use?" replied my partner lamely.

The captain darted an angry look at him and was proceeding to give further instructions to his subordinate when M'sieu Joe remarked:

"It won't do a bit of good, because Blackhanders didn't send that letter."

"Who did, then?"

"I did. Me and Sam Field."

The tableau that ensued baffles description, my friend. We all stood like graven images of arrested motion, gaping at M'sieu Joe.

"What monkeyshine is this?" demanded the captain sharply.

"You see, we never figured it'd go this far, cap," whined M'sieu Joe in extenuation. "I calculated Henree would show the letter to me and maybe we could rig up a joke on him."

"Joke?"

"Well, it's April Fool!"

The announcement fell like a thunderclap. A moment of straining rigidity and everybody burst into loud guffaws—everybody but me. It was some minutes before I could summon the composure to trust my voice.

"So!" I said sternly when the gusts had subsided. "You consider that a joke, do you? At a time like this, to send a friend ——"

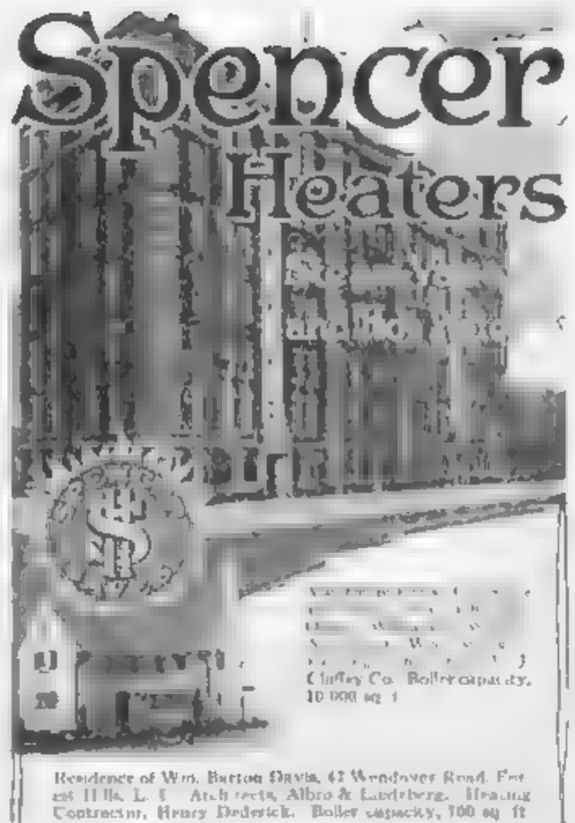
"I never thought, Henree. If I had I wouldn't of done it for a million." His penitence was abject. "Who'd have figured you'd fall for it like that?"

His regret was well enough, but it did not wipe out the offense. No; we can feel sorrow and ask forgiveness, but we cannot undo the harm.

And in this connection, m'sieu, I desire to deplore in the strongest fashion the custom of sending people on empty errands on the first day of April. It is all too common, being even more generally followed in Europe than in America; but that does not excuse the practice or the lengths to which it is carried.

Oriental scholars, I believe, assert that buffoonery on April first was derived from the huli feast among the Hindus. I can well believe it. The conception sounds like a benighted Hindu. Another theory is that it comes from a celebration of Christ's being sent about to and fro between Herod, Pilate and Caiaphas; but to me this sounds incredible. Whatever the origin, it has grown popular. The French call the victim of the mystification a *poisson d'avril*, meaning a silly fish. Is the term not admirably chosen, m'sieu? The Scotch, in their barbarous way, dub him a gowk, which signifies a cuckoo.

However, I digress. The painful situation confronting me was that my best friend had tried to make me a gowk, a cuckoo. Do you marvel that I was cut



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to the quick? Burning words trembled on the tip of my tongue, but I was robbed of the opportunity to voice them. Into the station burst a burly man with a heavy red mustache. He was panting like a hound at the kill.

"So here you are, hey?" he puffed. "Good! I've shore run the legs off that li'l' ol' jitney to git here."

"Who're you?" inquired the captain.

"I'm Marshal of Jimtown. And I want this feller for jail breakin' and murderous assault and ——"

"Hold on! Hold on just a minute, Sergeant! Step this way. Arrest this man."

How I pricked up my ears! Assuredly the tables were being turned.

"Arrest me? What for?" stammered the marshal.

"You'll mighty soon find out. What'd you send your nephew to cash that check for? Huh? It wasn't yours. Why, we were layin' for that check."

"This feller"—vociferated the marshal in an effort to create a diversion—"this feller tried to kill me, captain. That's what he did. He hit me over the head with a monkey wrench and broke out of the cooler."

The officer regarded him calmly.

"Beaned you with a monkey wrench, did he?" he repeated. "That don't mean anything in your case. You've got to prove damage. Take him away, sergeant."

Protesting to the skies he was dragged off and the captain turned to me.

"Well, I guess that fixes it up, Mr. Giraud. There don't seem to be anything to hold you on."

"How about me?" burst out the fat gentleman, who all this time had kept in the background without once ceasing to transfix me with a baleful glare. "Where do I come in, cap? Ain't you going to soak him for knocking me down?"

"That was an accident, wasn't it? It seems to me your only redress is through a civil action."

"And, m'sieu," I put in hastily, "I beg of you to have regard for the desperate extremity I was in. Consider: Unless I broke my fall I must inevitably have been precipitated down the embankment."

His eyes almost popped from his head.

"So!" he said huskily. "You did it on purpose, did you?"

"I was compelled to, my dear sir. My reluctance was great, but I had to do it. Otherwise I must have been dashed to the rocks below."

"But why the Sam Hill did you pick on me?" he wailed. "Why not somebody else?"

All my endeavors to placate him were in vain. He kept insisting to be informed why I had picked him out for onslaught. With the captain for referee we argued for a quarter of an hour, every minute of which was precious. Every precious minute of that time ought to have found Henri Giraud at his own home. Finally the officer cut him short.

"Well, you two settle this between yourselves but quit bellerin' round here. Understand? Cut it out now, or I'll give you something to holler for, Fatty." Addressing me, he asked: "What about the motorcycle, Mr. Giraud? I clean forgot it. Will you pay for the hire and for breakages?"

"I will replace it. Not only that, but I will recompense the owner for any inconvenience I may have occasioned him."

"That sounds fair enough. I reckon you can go. Let's see—yes—I can't think of anything to hold you for."

I pressed his hand warmly and started for the door. M'sieu Joe was for following me, but the captain halted him.

"Not so fast there, Mr. Hicks. We want a little talk with you for sending a threatening letter."

My partner turned pale.

"Why, it was only a li'l' joke, sort of, cap. Besides it wasn't a threat, you might say, at all. I said a bum would drop in at his house. Well, so he would have—I aimed to have Sam Field call."

"Devilish crisp! Very. That used to be considered a good one by our best families when I was a boy, Mr. Hicks. But if Mr. Giraud wishes to lay a charge we'll make that little joke cost you something."

He glanced at me quizzically, but I shook my head.

"No," I said. "Let him go. It's an old saying but a true one, *Rien n'est si dangereux qu'un ignorant ami*—'Nothing is more dangerous than a foolish friend.' But I do not desire to punish him."

The captain considered a moment.

"I don't think you ought to let it go like that, Mr. Giraud," he urged. "Huh? Well, if you won't. But I'll give him a lesson anyhow; he's too fresh. We've got to learn a few of you rich guys that you can't do anything you darn please and get away with it. Oh, sergeant!"

"Sir?"

"Put Mr. Hicks in the cells and keep him there till I can talk it over with the county attorney. And say, sergeant—you might phone his wife and tell her why. Then he'll get it twice."

Would you have intervened for him, m'sieu? Oft since then I have debated this point with myself. Perhaps I ought to have done so, but my wrongs were too fresh. Yes; they smarted too much for prompt forgiveness and I left my hapless partner to his fate.

"Aha! On whom is the joke now?" thought I as I hurried homeward. "Which is the gowk now? Who the cuckoo? M'sieu Hicks or Henri Giraud?"

Surely a measure of triumph was excusable.

But not even the triumphant overcoming of every peril and all the snares that had beset my path could down the anxiety which seized me as I neared my abode. What news awaited me there? What prize of Fortune or calamitous blow of Fate? In a word, what had occurred during my absence?

It was with a palpitating heart that I saw the doctor's car still at the curb. I ran up the walk; scarcely could I breathe. And as I fumbled for my keys the door opened and there he stood, his glasses sparkling benignly in the sun.

"Well, look who's here!" he exclaimed. "Where've you been? We've hunted high and low for five hours. A nice trick to play, I must say!"

"M'sieu," I cried in a tremor of anxiety, "I will explain. But first tell me—tell me all."

Upon that he cleared his throat and an odd, inscrutable smile lighted his face.

"The very worst?"

"Alas, yes."

"Twins!"

The Missing Pronoun

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3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 small cup [illegible], 1½ cups SUN-MAID [illegible] then the juice of the lemon; stir well while mixing in the lemon juice; beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and add, add the separated raisins and pour into pie crust and bake

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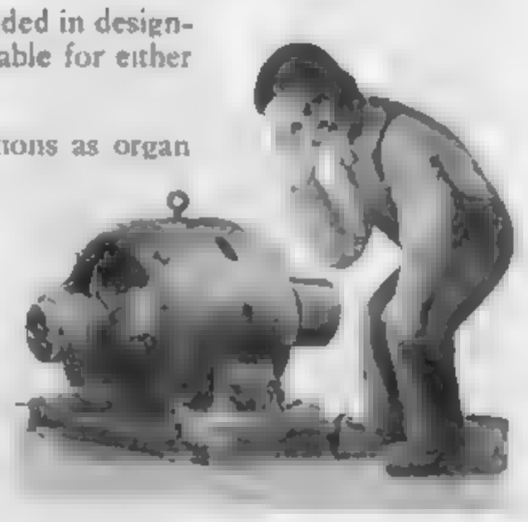

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THE MUDDLE IN MEXICO

(Continued from Page 5)

does not exist. Now the only solution of the problem—and this is no border lie—is to establish a commission, or some similar body, from the ablest and most honest of the Mexicans available, and set that commission at work, supported by this country to the extent of intervention if necessary. This is the only way order can be restored in Mexico. Carranza's government is a makeshift. Obregon is the strong man in Mexico now—strong by virtue of his military following. Obregon would be in exactly the same place Carranza is in now if he drove the pompous Carranza out of power, as he could overnight if he desired. Mexicans alone cannot recoup Mexico; but Mexicans can if the United States will help.

The thing that apparently is not appreciated at Washington is that the Carranzistas and the Villistas and the Zapatistas, and all the rest of the crew, are tarred with the same stick, of like kidney; and that there is no health in any of them. Furthermore, it apparently is not appreciated at Washington that this Mexican question, from being an alleged struggle by the Maderos and their followers to rid the country of the dictator Diaz, and give to the peons—the people—some few of the rights they were guaranteed under the constitution then operative, has worked its tortuous way, with murder, rapine, pillage, graft, assassination and murderous politics, to the place where it is an economic question, a financial question, and no more than that—and no less.

When Madero became President he found some sixty-five million pesos in the treasury and borrowed sixty-five millions more. They took that away from him as if he had been a child, and then they killed him. In February, 1913, the value of a peso—par fifty cents in our money, as expressed in a Banco Nacional note—was forty-eight and a half cents, gold. That currency has depreciated until in March of this year the value of a Banco Nacional peso note was fifteen and a half cents. In 1913, when Carranza currency was first issued, the valuation of a Carranza peso was from thirty-one to thirty-three cents, gold. In January, 1914, the Carranza peso was worth twenty-four cents; in December, 1914, it was worth seventeen cents; in December, 1915, it was worth five and a quarter cents, gold; and as this is written a Carranza peso is worth two cents.

Meantime Villa has issued money, which was first quoted, in 1914, at twenty-two cents a peso, but which ceased to have any value whatsoever about June, 1915, and is now sold by the curio dealers in great bales at a dollar—gold—a thousand, as a curiosity.

The Rise and Fall of Currencies

That tells the story. Carranza, starting with a peso that had a two-thirds value, has now a currency so depreciated that it is worth only two cents a peso, and that will be worth nothing within the next thirty or sixty days. Meantime production has ceased in the country. The merchants, compelled by decree to accept Carranza currency at its face value, have not replenished their stock, because they cannot buy in any market with that currency. Farmers have been unable to buy seed. There is no food. There is no money worth anything and Carranza is facing a new financial problem. His lieutenants say he is accumulating a reserve to form the basis of a new currency, and that he has already gathered fifteen million pesos for such a reserve. He needs five hundred million pesos of circulation, at least. At the rate thus fifteen million pesos has been accumulated he will not get the one hundred and twenty-five million pesos needed for his reserve in a year and a half.

Carranza's present money, issued in unlimited quantities—nobody knows how much of it there is—at its present rate of depreciation will be at nothing in a short time. In reality it is worth nothing now. It has no value, being fiat money and supported solely by Carranza's decree. If he makes a new issue in all probability he will repudiate this; but if, on the other hand, he reëstablishes the Banco Nacional notes, now held at fifteen cents a peso, gold, that will be a fine graft for a lot of people holding those notes; for they figure that the notes will go to thirty cents. In either event El Capitan Carranza is on the verge of a period of high financing.

Still, it will do him no good—nor his government. The people of Mexico—the common people—are hungry. There are few crops. All production in American enterprises has stopped, thus stopping also most of the export duties. There is some internal revenue, but that is being used mostly to maintain the Carranza armies. Military loyalty in Mexico is largely a matter of personal affiliation. Soldiers serve with a general because they like that general or he feeds them—not from any motives of patriotism. The only way Carranza can keep his generals in his service is to feed money to them. That is where most of the real money goes—that, and in the purchase of ammunition, which he must have to defend himself against the various revolutionaries who are now operating and who will continue to operate against him.

Mexico is prostrate. Americans—men with no interests to serve—tell me that anarchy is inevitable, because the fall of the Carranza government also is inevitable, and because the lack of food and employment must entail rioting and plunder and bloodshed everywhere. In addition, there is much typhus fever and no way to prevent it. Most of the patriotism in Mexico or among the Mexicans is elocutionary. They are the most bombastic people on the hemisphere. They have been misled, maltreated and half-starved. Now that they are face to face with real starvation—as they are—it is quite likely that the interior of Mexico will become a bloody battle ground of people who are fighting for enough beans and corn to keep them alive.

Crippled Mexican Enterprises

The real solution of the Mexican problem is the levying of an adequate and compensatory land tax. Vast areas of the most productive land in Mexico was held by a few men. One state was practically owned by three men. Partition will not solve the problem; for if the land was equally divided among the peons it would soon revert to the hands of the few. Experience has proved that. There are records in El Paso showing that, in the case of a similar partition of land on a smaller scale, fifty per cent of the land thus divided passed back to the hands of a few in four months.

We sympathize with the submerged eighty per cent in Mexico, now hungry as well as submerged, without clothes and with no means of getting either food or garments, in a land where the government is bankrupt and unable to borrow a dollar from any solvent country on earth, and say, idealistically, that partition of the land would lessen their difficulties.

What must be done is to tax the land, for this will force the present holders of enormous acreages to sell portions. The better class will buy. There will be no free distribution; and these men of the better class—I mean the better and more thrifty class of the peons and farmers—will have means to support themselves and help to support others. The taxes, now nonexistent, will go to the support of the government. These lands never have been taxed adequately; for in the old days the question of how much taxes a don should pay was a question of personal negotiation with grafting officials in Mexico City. The don went in with his horses and carriages, entertained lavishly, and fixed up things to his own satisfaction.

Moreover, there can be no resumption of American enterprise in Mexico until something stable in the way of government is in sight. These enterprises, which are of varied sorts, with mining as one of the largest, employ many men and distribute much money in wages, as well as pay heavy taxes and export duties. They are all shut down. Their workmen have no wages, nor have they any food. Though it is true enough that the average Mexican can live on a small amount of food and does not require much in the way of raiment, it is also true that he must have some food and some clothes, and that he can get neither without real money.

The land cannot be taxed until a government is secured and secure. Carranza cannot tax it. He might issue an edict, but he would be compelled to make every collection with his soldiers; and as he would not be able to pay his soldiers until he had made the collections he would be helpless. If Villa had defeated Carranza and had set up

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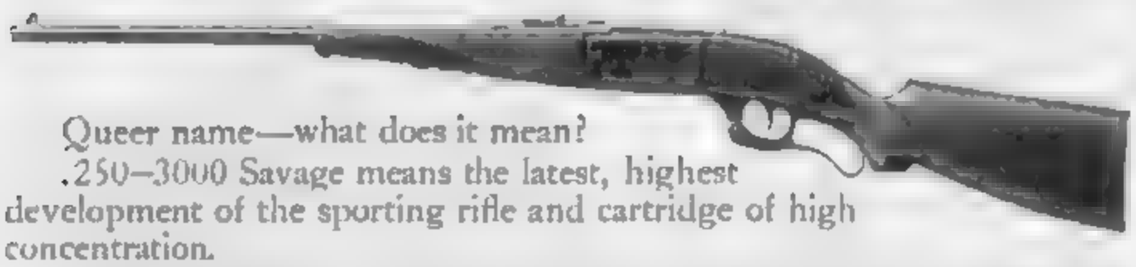

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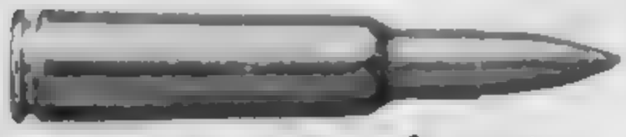

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SAVAGE

his government he would have been in the same case; and so will Obregon be if he shall try a hand at government—or any other patriot.

If the American people are interested in Mexico they may as well set it down that until the United States, by some means or other, stands behind a Mexican Government and supports it physically, as well as morally, no Mexican Government can do more than the present Carranza government is doing toward the regeneration of the country—which is nothing at all. The saving of Mexico has gone beyond the Mexicans. If we do not interfere and help, the present conditions, or worse, may continue for some time; but ultimately somebody at Washington will realize that this sore spot must be cleansed, and cleanse it. Until that time it will suppurate increasingly.

The President spoke of plottings for intervention by known interventionists; but there doesn't seem to be much of that at the present time. As a matter of fact, the men who are keenest for intervention are not keen for intervention under President Wilson. They prefer to await the November elections and see what luck they have in getting a Republican President. They are doing nothing, so far as I can see. These are the men who want intervention for political or financial reasons. The border dwellers want intervention, of course, because they live on the border and desire a stable government in Mexico above all else. They are amateurs, however, and talk from the heart and not from the head.

It is a fair assumption that any person who has made even a cursory first-hand investigation of conditions in Mexico, as they are at present, will subscribe to the statement that the only hope for a stable government, and a restoration of productiveness and prosperity and peace, rests in the United States. Theorists may dispute that, but not men who know the facts. Therefore, it is well enough to make an examination into what intervention may mean to the United States.

What Intervention Would Mean

In the first place, intervention would mean war. It would mean going into Mexico and forcibly taking possession of that country. It would mean defeating the government troops and such of the bandit troops as should give battle. It would mean going in force to Mexico City and establishing a protectorate, setting up a government, and maintaining that government until the country was composed, a Congress elected, and state and subsidiary governments perfected. It would mean supporting that government until laws were made that would do away with the land menace and provide sufficient revenues, not only to meet running expenses but also to meet bond and interest obligations. It would mean putting our national credit back of Mexico, guaranteeing her necessary loans. It would mean the policing of the entire country until the bandit gangs were all wiped out, and the railroads, roads, villages and cities free from fear of attack. It would mean the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars on our part, the loss of a considerable number of soldiers; and, finally, it would mean the control and administration of the ports and customs houses of Mexico until such time as our outlay in money was returned and other financial obligations provided for and satisfied. In time, of course, we should get our money back; but we could not get back our men.

Intervention, as the experts who are familiar with the problem have figured it, would require at least two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers. Even if the Congress should pass the Senate bill providing for a standing army of two hundred and twenty thousand men, it would mean our entire standing army and thirty thousand more. It would entail the calling for volunteers. It would entail the training and equipping of those volunteers.

To be sure, intervention at some near date would have the great advantage of giving us an army that we could use against any foe, and a reasonably well-trained army at that; but, laying that aside, we should have to get—so the experts say—to do the job in Mexico, two hundred and fifty thousand men. Cut that a hundred thousand men, and the task of getting one hundred and fifty thousand men into Mexico on a project of this kind would be huge. The money cost, which would be returned, would be several hundred million dollars.

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Furthermore, there is doubt that we could raise any such army for any such purpose. It is doubt well founded. Then again, if we should go in at the present time in much greater numbers than we have already, we should expose our military weaknesses rather ruthlessly to the rest of the world—make an object lesson of them. Intervention, as we should have to make it, would be a long and involved process. There are men, familiar with Mexican conditions and the Mexican nature, who say that if our Government should mobilize the National Guard along the border at this time, and such regulars as are available, and make a demonstration in force, that would help amazingly in giving the Mexicans a proper estimate of our resources. It might for a time; but the probabilities are that the Mexicans, watching these soldiers and seeing them inactive, would go back to the old cry that the United States is afraid to fight them.

There is talk in Washington and on the border that it may be possible to convert the Pershing expedition into a sort of concealed intervention proposition; that if we get the railroad and fix it up so trains can go over it, and maintain soldiers all the way down to Durango, we shall tacitly be intervening, and the presence of our soldiers—to remain, as General Pershing says, probably for months—will establish a semblance of order. That would be a neat and not difficult way out of it; but it might not work.

Finishing Without Starting

For example, what would Carranza and the rest be doing the while? It might have some effect if the United States, instead of dickering diplomatically with Carranza, should tell that pompous person to sit down and remain seated.

However, that would hurt the feelings of the Mexicans, would wound their delicate sensibilities, and can hardly be expected from idealists.

The opponents of intervention say that we are not concerned—except in an indirect way—in the affairs of Mexico; and that going into that country in a warlike attitude would be indefensible, inasmuch as the official relations between Mexico and the United States have for the most part been friendly. The average American citizen thinks we should attend to our own business and let Mexico attend to hers. The attitude of the Administration is expressed in the well-defined position that if intervention comes it must come by force of compelling Mexican circumstances, and not through initiative on our part. The Administration doubtless realizes the difficulties attending the present punitive expedition into Mexico—as existing when this was written, in the latter part of March—and is prepared to do whatever must be done. As I understand it, it will start nothing, but will finish whatever may be necessary.

If General Pershing gets Villa, that will end it, from our official viewpoint, unless some other repeats a Villa outrage. We have accepted Carranza's protestations at their Carranza value. That is the present view, the momentary obligation. The broad view of it is somewhat different. It isn't whether the United States wants to go to war with Mexico—which the United States does not—but it is whether the United States, as the framer and defender of the Monroe Doctrine, and as self-constituted guardian of the smaller republics south of us, is indifferent to a country in bloody chaos just across our border; a starving and oppressed people; a rotten clique of political soldiers; a prostrate land, threatened with famine and pestilence and anarchy; an opulent and favored territory, bleeding to death; a festering, loathsome ulcer on a continent otherwise fair and clean—this is the big phase of it. There is no party politics in that. It is bigger than party politics. It is a question of national humanity, of national duty. It is the same sort of question we answered in Cuba, in Haiti and Santo Domingo, and in Nicaragua, in varying degree. It will not stand the objection that if we go into Mexico that action will do much to impair the laboriously acquired friendly relations with the other nations of Pan-America by giving them the impression that we would interfere in their domestic affairs in similar circumstances, or in any circumstances. It is much bigger and broader than that, albeit that is an objection that has had great potency.

The American people must decide for themselves whether they are willing to allow Mexico to progress bloodily to famine, anarchy, chaos; or whether they will step in and take a hand. As I have said, and as will be discovered to be the fact, Mexican affairs are now beyond the power of Mexicans to settle. If the United States does not settle them, clean up this mess, put the knife to this sore, the present situation—or worse—will continue indefinitely.

The process of cleaning will be costly. It will entail loss of life and expenditure of money. It will be easier and cheaper to stay out. But it seems to some people that there are some things even more to be dreaded than the loss of life and the loss of money. One is the loss of national self-respect; and there are a great many Americans who are asking whether, in view of the situation as set forth here, known to all who have investigated it with an unbiased mind, we can afford to take that consequence. It may not seem apparent now, but there are times when idealism and politics, and fear of material results, or a combination, cease to justify any nation in refraining from duty to humanity, even though the section of humanity concerned is Mexican. And not all the people who feel this way are connected with the interests, either, albeit that is usually the cheap gibe of the opponents of anything save inaction.

I quote a paragraph written by William Jennings Bryan while he was President Wilson's Secretary of State, and published by Mr. Bryan, over his own signature, in his own paper, the Commoner—first substituting four words of my own for four words used by Mr. Bryan, and omitting one word.

A Lesson from Haiti

"American intervention in Mexico became a necessity. Rival clans were terrorizing the country and practicing piracy on land. The United States, under the Monroe Doctrine, must guard Mexico from European interference; and it could not do so without suppressing the lawlessness which invited European interference. The Mexicans will learn that the United States is a better friend to them than the native chiefs, who have been little better than bandits in uniform. Under American guardianship all foreigners, as well as all Mexicans, will have an equal chance, and peace and prosperity will come to the republic."

This was signed, "W. J. Bryan."

The four words I substituted are these: I used Mexico twice in place of Haiti; and I used Mexicans twice in place of Haitians. I omitted the word black before the word republic in the last line.

But what is the difference between the situation Haiti was in, as described so accurately by Mr. Bryan when he was Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State, and the situation in Mexico, as it might be described by Mr. Lansing, Mr. Wilson's present Secretary of State, if Mr. Lansing should write the facts as they have been presented to him by reliable men with no interests to serve, and known to Mr. Lansing as such? What is the difference?

None!

Fitall
FITALL ADJUSTABLE TOILET KIT
A Fitall Kit always fits whatever you wish to put in it. The adjustable spaces and self-locking straps hold each article tight.
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Something Entirely New

Here is a newly invented traveling kit for which men and women have long been waiting. The Fitall Kit is *adjustable!* It can be used with your present toilet articles, and changed whenever you wish to carry whatever you desire. Only kit which holds complete outfit, including entire shaving set and original packages, cans or tubes of tooth paste, talcum, etc. No waste space as in old outfits. *Our secret lies in the adjustable spaces.*

Fitall Kits cost no more than the old style—fitted or unfitted. Once you see them, you will never be satisfied with the old kind. Fitall Kits come in different sizes and a variety of attractive styles of waterproof fabrics and flexible leathers. Prices $1.00 and up.

Ask your dealer to show you Fitall Kits or write to us if he has not obtained them for his stock. Descriptive booklet on request

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Building, Chicago

Sealpax
REG U S PAT OFF
CLEANEST COOLEST UNDERWEAR

Fresh from the laundry to you in a sealed sanitary container —*no dirt, no germs.*

Break the seal and slip into a cool, clean, snow-white Sealpax union suit

Sealpax is the coolest, airiest, underwear you can put on, because of the crisp, nainsook fabric, the new "freer cut" athletic style and its exclusive comfort features

Buy Sealpax Union Suits $1.00, Shirts and drawers 50c If not at your dealer, write us.

THE SEALPAX COMPANY
260 Church St New York City

Cook Everything on the Hotpoint

Electricity provides the cleanest, the most sanitary and the most hygienic method of cooking.

The Hotpoint Range closely parallels the most approved methods of cooking, but far excels them all in flexibility of operation. Therefore with the Hotpoint Range you cook under ideal conditions because—

—each cooking unit can be instantly switched to high, medium, or simmering heat and kept there as long as needed

—it is the acme of cleanliness

—practically no heat escapes into the room

—the air is not vitiated

—there is no contamination of food

—you save food values through retention of essential salts and meat juices (*on a six pound roast the saving is nearly a pound*)

—insulated ovens save heat and increase economy.

—all of the latest standards of range construction are used, including high oven, thermometer or glass door, porcelain splashers

—the fire risk is lessened—no open flame.

Your Lighting Company will gladly give full information on rates and Hotpoint Ranges.

HOTPOINT RANGE
MODEL "F" $65.00

A very compact and handy model especially appreciated in city apartments.

Same number and size cooking elements as Model G. This gives plenty of cooking capacity for the average family.

Oven same size as Model G, but has swing instead of drop door. Price as pictured above, $65.00. Canada, $85.00.

Optional, white enamel splasher, $2.00; other items same as Model G.

HOTPOINT RA
MODEL "G" $

Just think how eas
glowing-coil, firele
you have high hea
five cooking eleme
boils—snap, and
heat—snap, and y
just enough to kee

Five cooking elements
as in Model D. Large b
wide). There is no wa

Oven has broiling elem
steel lining; thermomet

Detachable shelf at ca
cle for any portable ap

Price as pictured, $55.0

Optional Equipment—Nick
door, $2.00; water-heater s

HOTPOINT RANGE
MODEL "D" $90.00

Here is a real electric range.

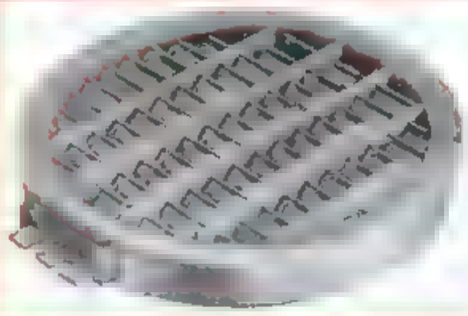
Six cooking elements; each controlled by a switch, giving zipping heat and several degrees down to simmering.

Baking element in bottom of oven, broiler in top. Temperature indicated by thermometer in door.

Big oven (18½ inches) lined with aluminized steel. White enamel door on both ovens, and splasher at back.

As described and pictured above, $90.00. Canada, $110.00.

Optional Equipment—Nickel trimmings, $5.00; glass door, $2.00; water-heater switch, $1.00.



THE HEART OF THE RANGE

The cooking element (the heart of the range) is (1) rugged; (2) quick; (3) efficient.

1—Made entirely of steel-encased porcelain and high resistance wire. Nothing to wear out.

2—No excess metal to heat up, or to carry the heat away. The instant you snap the switch the coils are aglow.

3—The most efficient electric range element yet produced. Closely parallels gas in operation. Use ordinary kitchen utensils. Easily removed for cleaning.

Hotpoint Iron

Here is relief from ironing day drudgery—no hot, stuffy room—no waiting—no waiting—no holder—you simply put in the plug.

This is the iron with the famous hot point, attached stand and cool handle.

Attaches to any lamp socket.

Guaranteed for ten years

3 pound $3.00, Canada $3.75

5 or 6 pound $3.50, Canada $4.00

Valveless Percolator (Aluminum)

In a jiffy the water shoots up and percolates back thru the coffee.

And in six to eight minutes it's ready to pour—

—no floats, traps or valves, therefore no brush needed.

Made entirely of aluminum, nothing to contaminate the coffee

Attaches to any lamp socket 6 cup, $6.00, Canada $7.50.

Hotpoint Ovenette

Used over Radiant stove (as shown above), will bake anything up to its capacity, as well as any oven.

Without the center ring it bakes pie or biscuit to perfection. With the ring it is high enough for a chicken.

Polished nickel $2.50, Can. $3.25.

Radiant Stove $4.00, Can. $5.25.

Hotpoint ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

BUY OF THE DEALER

Hotpoint appliances are sold by more than 8,000 dealers. But if you cannot find them, send order to our nearest office.

Six Hotpoint Appliances to

Electric Range—the Ideal Way!

ANGE
55.00

y to cook with this
ss heat—snap, and
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you have medium
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er in door.
ch end. Plug receptacle
pliance.
0. Canada, $75.00.
el trimmings, $5.00; glass
witch, $1.00.

HOTPOINT RANGE
MODEL "H" $40.00

Efficiency of cooking elements and capacity practically the same as Model G shown at left.

Made entirely of pressed steel and, although light in appearance, is sturdy and strong.

Two cooking elements on top with shelf and connection so any portable appliance can be used in conjunction.

Oven has two elements; broiler above and baker below. Thermometer in door.

Price as pictured above, $40.00. Canada, $55.00.

Over twelve years ago we installed a hundred electric cooking outfits—this experience has enabled us to perfect our Reflex Range Burner.

This burner radically increases cooking efficiency and marks an epoch in practical Range production.

Nor has this perfected Range arrived a day too soon. Lighting Companies are adopting special cooking rates as rapidly as conditions justify.

Their equipment for generating and distributing current must handle the maximum demand. Therefore much of it is idle some of the time.

And ranges, being used largely during non-lighting hours, keep this idle machinery busy.

As a result, many communities now enjoy such low cooking rates that the Hotpoint Range should displace all other methods of cooking.

And where conditions have not enabled the Lighting Company to announce special cooking rates, you may be sure the subject has their full and careful consideration.

Take the matter up with your Company and learn the advantages of cooking without flame—with the Hotpoint Range.

HOTPOINT WEEK This Year Will be July 3–8

Five years ago we inaugurated this plan of having a special sale to introduce some new Hotpoint appliance at a price that saves the customer from 25% to 50%. At first it was a one-day sale, but proved so popular that it now covers a week.

This year Hotpoint Week is July 3–8, when for the first time we will afford you an opportunity to buy our highly improved

Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner at a Saving of $5.50

HOTPOINT RANGE
MODEL "E" $75.00

Another "real range." Plus all of the advantages of electricity—no fumes, heat or trouble.

Three cooking elements on stove. Current consumption varies from the intense heat of 1500 watts down to a mere simmering heat using only 200 watts.

Oven is 16½ inches wide with two elements—top one being arranged for broiling. Thermometer in oven door.

Ovens lined with aluminized steel; white enamel doors.

Plug receptacle for any portable appliance.

As described and pictured above, $75.00. Canada, $95.00.

Optional Equipment, same as on Model "D."

Hotpoint Radiant Grill

This round Grill can be used right on the table.

A glowing electric coil, so arranged that you cook above and below at the same time.

Toast above and eggs below. Or chops and minced potatoes. Use ordinary coffee pot on top.

Cover that is used also for frying and a deflector. All highly polished nickel. Complete $5.00, Can. $6.50.

Hotpoint Toaster

Such hot, crispy toast—an enticing brown, crunchy and tasty, made right on the table.

Two slices at a time—fast as wanted. Operated with one hand.

Wholly nickel plated in handsome pattern. $3.50, Canada $4.50.

Hotpoint Electric Cooker

Thick, insulated walls retain the heat which is controlled by switch. All the flavors and juices are retained. Cooks to perfect.

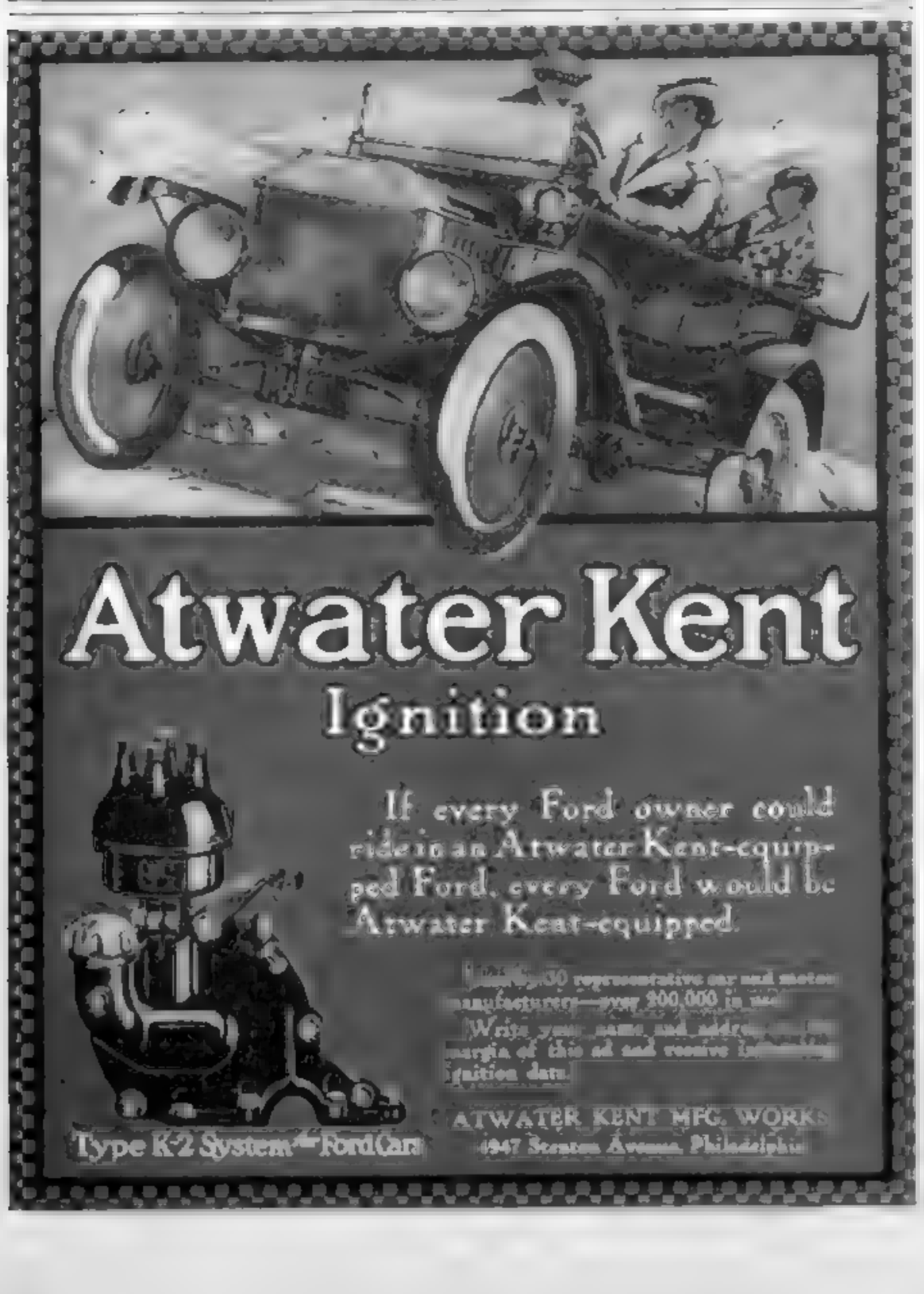
Inside is seamless aluminum. Outside polished steel with nickel trimmings. $30.00, Canada $40.00.

o use on any lamp-socket

HOTPOINT ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY,
Ontario, Calif. Chicago New York London
CANADIAN HOTPOINT ELECTRIC HEATING CO., LIMITED,
Toronto, Canada.

THE theatre is worse than a bore if your feet hurt. The brilliance of the stage only emphasizes the *gloom* you feel. Let Blue-jay help you to enjoy the next show. These wonderful little plasters cost but a trifle, are applied in a minute and positively *end* corns. 91 per cent of all cases yield to first treatment—the stubborn 9 per cent give way to the second or third. Don't try to cure your corns with a knife or razor. That is dangerous and only temporary at best. But you can positively get rid of your corns by using the safe, simple, efficient Blue-jay Corn Plasters.

15 cents and 25 cents At Druggists' — BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. — Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters


Atwater Kent
Ignition
If every Ford owner could ride in an Atwater Kent-equipped Ford, every Ford would be Atwater Kent-equipped.
ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS
Type K-2 System for Ford Cars

THE GREAT AUK

(Continued from Page 13)

a faded cloth that depended almost to the floor, belonged evidently to the same set. The scenery at the back showed a balcony, with a wide French window, open, in the middle. Beyond the window dangled a drop, dingy and discolored as all the rest was, but displaying dimly a jumble of painted housetops and, far away in the simulated distance, the Arc de Triomphe. The colors were almost obliterated, but the suggestion of perspective remained, testifying still to the skill of its creator.

From the wings where they had seen him vanish Bateman reappeared. The trousers and the shoes were those he had worn before; but now, thrown on over his shirt, was the melancholy wreck of what once had been a blue uniform coat, with huge epaulets upon the shoulders and gold braid upon the collar and the cuffs, and brass buttons to fasten it in double-breasted fashion down the front. Now, though, it hung open. Some of the buttons were missing, and the gold lacings were mere blackened wisps of rags.

Bateman came on slowly, with dragging feet, his arms and legs and head quivering in a violent palsy. He stared out of the window as he let himself down carefully into the ruined armchair. His first movement proved that he played a venerable, very decrepit man—a man near death from age and ailments; yet by his art he managed to project, through the fleshly and physical weaknesses of the character, a power of dignity, of dominance and of mental authority. He rolled his head back weakly.

"'My child,'" he said, addressing a make-believe shape before him, "'we must help to receive our brave, victorious troops. See! I am fittingly dressed to do them honor.'"

His tones were pitched in the cracked cackle of senility. He paused, as though for an answer out of space. His inflection told as he, in turn, replied that this answer had been a remonstrance:

"'No, no, no!'" he said almost fiercely. "'You must not seek to dissuade me.'"

The words stung Verba's memory, raising a welt of recollection there.

"I've got it!" he said exultantly, not forgetting, though, to keep his voice down. "Siege of Berlin, by that French fellow—what's his name?—Daudet!"

"I remember the story," answered Offutt.

"I remember the play," said Verba. "Somebody dramatized it—Lord knows who—and Scudder put it on here as a curtain raiser. I saw it myself, Offutt—think of that! Sitting up yonder in the old peanut roost—a kid no bigger than that kid down there—I saw it. And now I'm seeing it again; seeing Burt Bateman play the part of the old paralytic—you know, the old French officer who was fooled by his doctor and his granddaughter into believing the French had licked the Germans, when all the time 'twas the other way and ——"

"Sh-h!" counseled Offutt.

After another little wait Bateman was going on with his scene:

"'Listen! Listen!'" he cried, cupping a tremulous palm behind his ear. "'Do you not hear them far away?—the trumpets—the trumpets of victorious France! Our forces have entered Berlin! Thank God! Thank God! All Paris will celebrate. I must greet them from the balcony.'"

With a mighty effort he reared himself to his feet, straightening his sagged shoulders, erecting his lolled head. His fingers fumbled at button and buttonhole, fastening his coat at the throat. He swung one arm imperiously, warding off imaginary hands.

"'The trumpets! The trumpets! Hark! They come nearer and nearer! They sound for the victory of France—for a heroic army. I will go! Doctor or no doctor, I pay my homage this day to our glorious army. Stand back, *ma chérie!*'"

Offutt, fifty feet away, caught himself straining his ears to hear those trumpets too. A rat ran across his foot and Offutt never knew it.

"'They come! They come!'" chuckled Bateman.

He dragged himself up stage, mounted the two stairs to the balcony, and stood in the window, at attention, to salute the tricolored flag. Nor did he forget to keep his face half turned to the body of the house.

He smiled; and the two unseen spies, staring at that profiled head, saw the joy that was in the smile. Then, in the same moment, the expression changed. Dumb astonishment came first—an unbelieving astonishment; then blank stupefaction; then the shock of horrified understanding; then unutterable rage.

Offutt recalled the tale from which the playlet had been evolved, and Verba, for his part, recalled the playlet; but, had neither known what they knew, the both of them, guided and informed only by the quality of Bateman's acting, still could have anticipated the climax now impending; and, lacking all prior acquaintance with the plot of it, yet would have read that the cripple, expecting to cheer his beloved French, saw advancing beneath the Arc de Triomphe the heads of the conquering Germans, and heard, above the calling bugles, not the Marseillaise, but the strains of a Teuton marching song. His back literally bristled with his hate. He spun about full face, a mortally stricken man. His clenched fists rose above his head in a command.

"'To arms! To arms!'" he screamed impotently, with the rattle already in his throat. "'The Prussians! The Prus——'"

He choked, tottered down the steps, reeled forward and fell headlong out into the room, rolling in the death spasm behind the draped table; and as, ten seconds later, the curtain began to unroll from above and lengthen down, Offutt found himself saying over and over again, mechanically:

"Why, he's gone, isn't he?"

"He kept the table between him and the house and crawled out behind it—trust him not to spoil his picture!" explained Verba. "And trust him to know the tricks of his trade." He tugged at Offutt's elbow. "Come on, boy; I've seen enough and so have you, I guess. Let's go sign him."

He fumbled at the wall.

"The side passageway to the stage ought to be round here somewhere. Here it is—that's lucky!"

Guiding himself by the touching of his outstretched hands upon the walls of the opening, Verba felt his way back of the box, with Offutt stumbling along in his rear. So progressing, they came to an iron-sheathed door. Verba lifted its latch and they were behind the scenes in a better-lighted place of rancid smells and cluttering stage duffel. On their left a small wooden door stood partly ajar, and through the cranny they looked, as they passed, into a dressing room, where a pallet of old hangings covered half the floor space, and all manner of dingy stock costumings and stage trappings hung upon hooks.

"Here's where he must sleep," said Verba. "What a place for a white man to be living in!"

He felt for his handkerchief to wipe his soiled hands, and then together they saw Bateman advancing toward them from out of the extreme rear of the stage. Over his shoulders was thrown a robe of heavy ragged sacking and upon his face he had hung a long, false beard of white hair. He glared at them angrily. And then Offutt, in an instantaneous appraisal, interpreted most surely the look out of those staring big gray eyes.

Verba extended his hand and opened his mouth to speak; but Bateman was already speaking.

"What business have you here?" he demanded. "Strangers are not permitted here during performances. How came the stage doorkeeper to admit you? He has been here too long, that doorkeeper, and he grows careless. I shall have him discharged."

"But, Mr. Bateman," began Verba, half puzzled, half insistent, "I'm in the business myself. I want to "

"Stand aside!" ordered the old man almost violently. "You cannot have been long in the business, young sir, else you would have better manners than to interrupt an artist when his public calls for him Out of my way, please!"

He strutted by them in stilted vanity and gripped the lifting ropes of the old curtain where they swung in the near angle of the wings, and pulled downward on them with an unexpected display of muscular force. The curtain rose; and as Blinky, still at his place, uplifted a little yell of approbation the old man, bending his shoulders, passed out into the center of the French drawing-room set and, extending a quivering hand, uttered sonorously the command:

"'Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!'"

"The mad scene from King Lear," said Offutt

"Sure—Shakspere!" agreed Verba. "Old Scudder was a bug on that Bard stuff. So was Bateman. He used to know it from cover to cover—Othello, Hamlet, Lear—the whole string. . . . Anyhow, Offutt, I've found the only man to play the grandfather's part in that show of yours, haven't I?"

"I'm sorry to say it, Verba, but you're wrong," stated Offutt.

"How do you mean—I'm wrong?" demanded Verba irritably. Out of the corner of his mouth he aimed the protest at his companion; but his eyes, through the gap of the first entrance, were fixed on Bateman as he strode back and forth, and his ears drank in the splendid full-lunged volume and thrill of Bateman's voice as he spoke snatches from the play. "He's not too old—if that's what you mean; he's just about old enough. And he's all there, even if he is old. Didn't you see the strength he had when he hoisted up that heavy curtain?"

"I think I know where that strength came from," said Offutt. "Just a minute, Verba—did you ever hear of the Great Auk?"

"He was in vaudeville, wasn't he?" asked Verba, still staring at Bateman. "A trick juggler or something?"

Offutt forgot to smile.

"The Great Auk was a bird," he said.

"Oh, I see; and I've been calling Bateman Old Bird," said Verba. "I get you."

"No, you don't get me," went on Offutt. "The Great Auk was a rare creature. It got rarer and rarer until they thought it had vanished. They sent an expedition to the Arctic Circle, or wherever it was the thing bred, to get one specimen for the museums; but they came back without it. And now the Great Auk is an extinct species."

"What the devil are you driving at?" snapped Verba, swinging on him.

"Listen yonder!" bade the dramatist. "That old man out yonder is telling you, himself, in better words than I could tell you."

He pointed a finger through the wings. Craning their necks, they heard the actor's voice speak the lines:

"'Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.'"

Verba hearkened and he understood. After a while he nodded in gloomy affirmation of the younger man's belief.

"I guess you're right, Offutt," he said disappointedly. "I guess I'd have seen it, too, only I was so sort of carried away. Real acting does me that way—when I see it, which ain't often."

He paused a minute in uncertainty. Then resolution came to him.

"Well," he said, "come on; there's no use of our hanging round here any longer. I'll give Blinky his quarter—he certainly earned it ten times over—and then we'll go back uptown, and I'll telephone Grainger he can have his seventy-five more a week."

"But what are we going to do about him?" Offutt indicated whom he meant with a wave of his arm toward the stage.

It was Verba's turn to diagnose. Verba knew the stage and its people and its ways as Offutt would never know them. He had been an actor, Verba had, before he turned managing director for Cohalan & Hymen.

"What are we going to do about him?" he repeated; and then, as though surprised that the other should be asking the question: "Why, nothing! Offutt, every haunted house is entitled to its ghost. This is a haunted house if ever there was one; and there's its ghost, standing out there. You mentioned an extinct species, didn't you? Well, you were dead right, son. So take your good-by look now, before we go, at the last of a great breed. There'll be no more like him, I'm thinking."

"But you can't leave him here like this!" said Offutt. "His mind is gone—you admit it yourself. They've got hospitals and asylums in this state—and homes too. It would be a mercy to take him with us."

"Mercy? It would be the dam'dest cruelty on earth!" snapped Verba. "How long do you suppose he'd live in an asylum if we dragged him away from this place? A week? I tell you, a week would be a blamed long time. No, sir; we'll leave him right here. And we'll keep our mouths shut about this too. Come on!"

He tiptoed to the iron door and opened it softly. Then, with his hand on the latch, he halted.

Bateman was just finishing. He spoke the mad king's mad tag-line and got himself off the stage. He unreeled the stay rope from its chock. The curtain rumbled down. Through it the insistent clapping of Blinky's skinny paws could be heard.

Smiling proudly the old man listened to the sound. He forgot their presence behind him. He stood waiting as Blinky kept on applauding—for Blinky was wise in his part too. Then, still smiling, Bateman stripped off his beard, and, putting forth a bony white hand, he drew back the flapping curtain and stepped forth once more.

Scrouging up behind him and holding the curtain agape, they saw him bow low to the pit where Blinky was, and to the empty boxes, and to the yawning emptiness of each balcony; and they knew that to him this was not a mangy cavern of dead memories and dead traditions and dead days, peopled only by gnawing rats and crawling spiders and one lone little one-eyed street boy, but a place of living grandeurs and living triumphs. And when he spoke, then they knew he spoke, not to one but to a worshiping, clamorous host.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, with a bearing of splendid conceit, "I thank you for the ovation you have given me. To an artist—to an artist who values his art such moments as this one are most precious ——"

"Come on, Offutt!" whispered Verba huskily. "Leave him taking his call."

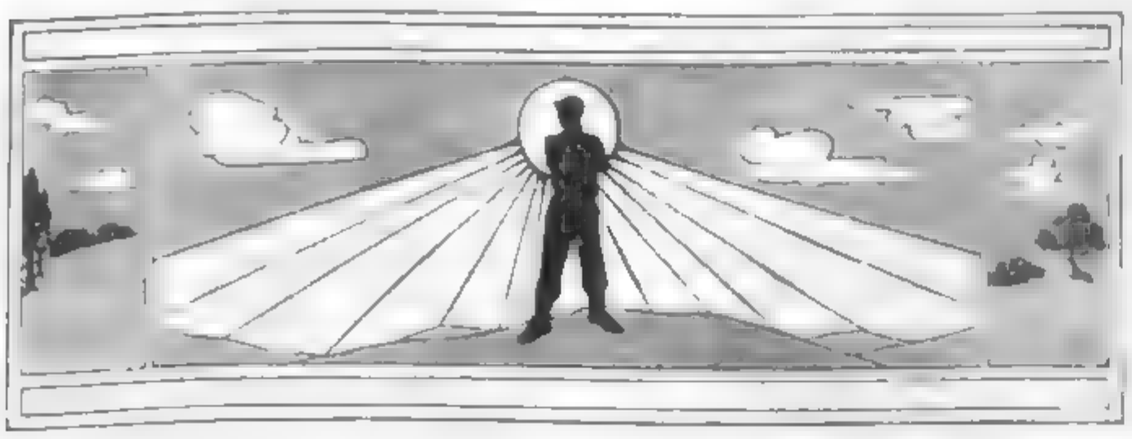
Marching Orders

I WANT to go back to the Open Road,
To the first bud's flower, the first bird's song;
I want to go forth with you, and fare
Where every step is a child's glad prayer;
Where the lightest care
Is an unknown load.
Come along—
Come along—
Come along!

The sun is throned in the April sky,
And nothing is dead but the devil, Doubt,
The dogwood's sweet from the soft night-rain,
The violet mornings are here again.
Is the rose in vain?
You can hear it cry:
"Come out
Come out—
Come out!"

Then take my hand as I'd dream you'd do
When the road was rough and the road-map wrong!
The Spring has written on every tree
Her ancient summons. See it—see!
She sets me free
To fare with you—
Fare far with you.
Come along—
Come along—
Come along!

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*



Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

DOESN'T it seem logical to you that the conscientious application of a knowledge and skill evolved through sixty-one years of making only the best should continue to produce the best?

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N. Y.

Style Panels Mailed on Request

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1888
THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST

The Magic of Motor-Wheeling

THERE'S a world of wholesome fun and ready service in a bicycle. Thousands are returning to the two-wheeler.

But to endow your bicycle with motor life—new riding power—obedient at the slight touch of a thumb lever—that is to lend real enchantment to bicycling.

And *there* is the magic of Motor-Wheeling!

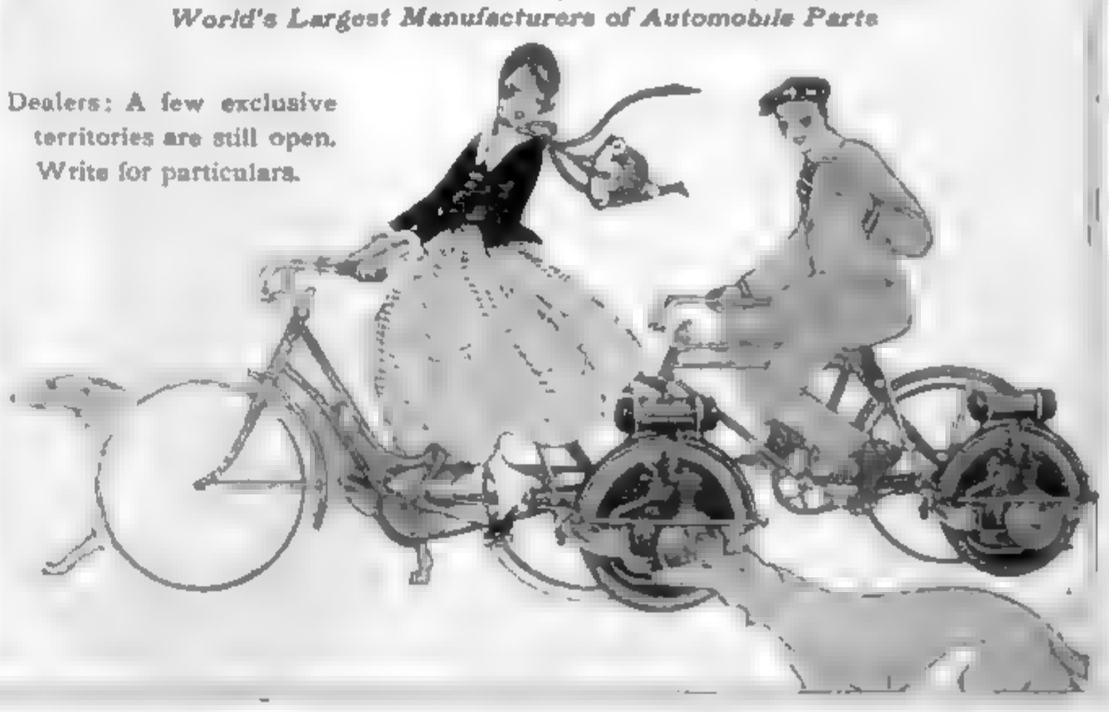
The SMITH MOTOR WHEEL attaches to *any* bicycle in five minutes, and the first short spin will foster friendship. Two pedal turns awaken the power and your foot work is done. The sturdy motor affords any speed from four miles to twenty. And you ride safely, clean, without vibration. No special riding togs are necessary.

Up to 125 miles of new pleasure in every gallon of gasoline. There are more than 10,000 motor-wheelists now! You will want to join them.

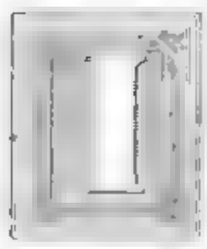
Smith Motor Wheel
DETACHABLE

See your dealer today, or write for our book, "Motor-Wheeling."
MOTOR WHEEL DIVISION
A. O. SMITH COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
World's Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Parts

Dealers: A few exclusive territories are still open. Write for particulars.



Buoyant Tires That Perfect Motor Car Comfort



IT HAS remained for Goodyear Cord Tires to supply to the motor car the final element of complete comfort.

That, as we see it, is something beyond luxurious upholstery, smooth-acting springs, electric starters, and highly-developed motors. It embraces, we believe, a supreme smoothness and ease of riding, with a feeling of utmost security in the tires as well as the car. It contemplates the fewest delays and the least annoyance, whether from the machine or the tires.

The motor car manufacturer has perfected his product to the point of complete comfort. And to that point, also, we have perfected Goodyear Cord Tires.

The additional comfort of Goodyear Cord Tires crowns the comfort of all the features the manufacturer gives you in your car.

The basic reason for the pneumatic tire is to provide a cushion of air under the car. And in this respect, the Goodyear Cord goes farther than any other tire produced.

It is, to begin with, extremely flexible, lively, responsive and speedy Goodyear cord construction—of cords without cross-weave—makes it so.

This natural buoyancy alone would distinguish it as the tire of tires for comfort. But to this desirable quality we add an increased cushion of air by making Goodyear Cord Tires greatly oversize.

For example, the ordinary 37x5 inch Q. D. Clincher contains 1259 cubic inches of air. The Goodyear No-Hook Cord Tire, 37x5, contains 35 per cent more, or 1702 cubic inches. So, in varying degree, with other sizes.

Such abundant air capacity means that, even though inflated to the regulation pressure, Goodyear Cord Tires ride more easily. But, because of their oversize, they need not be inflated to regulation pressure. Therefore we recommend a 10 per cent reduction—an appealing feature to motorists who seek increased riding comfort.

Nor is this all. Goodyear Cord Tires save power. They coast farther. They make more miles per gallon. They are more speedy. Witness the result of the Franklin fuel economy runs last May. Goodyear Cord Tires made the three highest records—55 miles, 53 miles, and 51.8 miles per gallon of gasoline. Fifteen cars made higher than 40 miles per gallon—ten of them tired with Goodyear Cords.

In the Hudson Hill coasting test, Goodyear Cord Tires coasted an average of 177 feet farther, and traveled faster, than ordinary cord tires

So these are some of the reasons for the climbing sales of Goodyear Cord Tires, in spite of the higher prices it is necessary to charge for such tires. They are some of the reasons for the adoption of Goodyear Cord Tires as standard equipment on the Packard, the Locomobile, the Franklin, the Peerless, and the White

Why these tires are less liable to common tire troubles—why they last longer and go farther—is told on the opposite page.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
CORD
TIRES

Goodyear Cord Tires are made with the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Note the sharp, deep grips. They offer great resistance to skidding. They give great traction. The double thickness of the big size blocks gives double wear. The tire rolls smoothly, and without vibration.

Flexible Tires That Save Many A Blow-out

GOODYEAR Cord Tires are widely bought, not alone for their crowning comfort, but also for the extra service and the extra protection due to their construction.

In these tires very strong, pliable cords are placed loosely side by side, without cross-weave to bind them or hinder their movement. They are built up in diagonal layers—and when the tire is completed, each cord, and each layer of cords, is cushioned in strong, live rubber.

The result is an extraordinary degree of flexibility, which enables the tire to yield freely under impact, and literally to absorb road obstructions. Thus it escapes most of the danger of stone-bruise and rupture of the tire body—likewise, the blow-out which is always sure to follow a stone-bruise.

This flexibility is made still more effective by the oversize of Goodyear Cord Tires and their increased air capacity. The pneumatic cushion within the tire would be extremely yielding even if inflated to pressures ordinarily prescribed, because it is a larger cushion. But the correct Goodyear Cord inflation pressures are lower, hence the air cushion possesses still greater elasticity.

Since Goodyear Tires are thus protected from injuries which ruin many a good tire, they have long life and give great mileage.

Years ago, when we began to make cord tires, we foresaw the demand for such tires and began to prepare for it. That demand is here; and Goodyear Cord Tires are meeting every motoring requirement.

We made our first cord tires in 1904; and we have constantly submitted our cord tires to every test that ingenuity could devise, with the one idea of making them better and better.

For a product that is only ordinarily good does not, and can not, conform to the high Goodyear standards of quality and value—it must be superior. We are satisfied that Goodyear Cord Tires now stand without an equal, in their unique combination of the utmost riding comfort with the utmost of service-value.

Naturally, tires greatly oversize, and made of cords by costly processes, are higher priced.

But few Goodyear Cord users are willing to experiment with other tires which they might find less comfortable and less durable.

Hence the sales of Goodyear Cords—notably the No-Hook type—are going up and up among car owners and car manufacturers who measure tire-value by the service and the comfort returned by their tires.

Goodyear Cord Tires, No-Hook type, are fortified against blow-outs, by our On-Air Cure; rim-cutting, by our No-Rim-Cut feature; loose treads, by our rubber rivets; insecurity, by our multiple braided piano-wire base; puncture and skidding, by our double-thick All-Weather and Ribbed Treads.

No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, with All-Weather and Ribbed Treads, for gasoline and electric cars.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
CORD
TIRES

Goodyear Cord Tires have the All Weather Tread for rear wheels, shown at the left; and the Ribbed Tread for front wheels, shown at the right. The name "Goodyear Cord" is branded on each side of the tire.

Ask the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer for Goodyear Cord Tires.

MADE FOR THE

B.V.D.

BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

THIS world-known label on Summer Underwear is the Sign-Post on the Road to Comfort that guides you straight to Money's Most.

If it hasn't the Red Woven Label shown above, it isn't B. V. D. *Underwear.*

B. V. D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.), $1. and upward the suit. B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. and upward the garment.

The B. V. D. COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency:
66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

EFFICIENCY EDGAR'S COURTSHIP

(Continued from Page 7)

my arguments with open mind. But before I endeavored to get her signature on the contract, as we say in business, I thought it best to give my proposition a last careful scrutiny; in short, to study it even more thoroughly than I had done hitherto.

With this end in view I visited a number of my married friends and discussed with them the matter of proposals. If a man is married he must have proposed successfully; therefore, his method is worthy of study. At the same time it would be inefficient not to have his wife's ideas on the subject; for, granting she had accepted the proposal, it might be she would have seen room for improvement in it. I encountered some few difficulties, but acquired valuable information.

I also spent two evenings in the reading room of our library studying the acknowledged great proposals in literature.

Thus equipped I felt ready to begin the final negotiations with Mary.

To see Mary would be difficult. Her father would be watching me to prevent any communication. But I would not depend on chance. That evening I sat concealed inside my door until Mary came out on the porch, and from my concealment I called to her. She looked about, unable to discover me.

"I'm just inside the door here, where your father can't see me," I said. "He has forbidden me to see you or speak to you."

"That's too mean for anything!" said Mary.

"But I'm going to see you. I've an important matter to talk over with you."

She didn't say anything to that.

"To-morrow is Saturday. The office closes in the afternoon," I suggested.

"I'm going canoeing with Mr. Wimple," she said.

I remained silent a moment, considering the situation; but a plan presented itself.

"You know the little island in the last lagoon?" I said.

It appeared she did.

"Will you," said I, "persuade Mr. Wimple to paddle you there, get out of the canoe, and ask him to play his infernal guitar to you? Will you do this?"

"I'll consider it seriously," said she, and went into the house.

Next afternoon, in order to lull to sleep any possible suspicions of Mary's father's, I hired a German individual, also a beginner on the instrument, to sit in my room from two until four, practicing scales on the saxophone. This would lead Mr. Pierce to believe that I was in my room. Meantime I made my exit through the basement entrance and hurried to the park.

There I found an inconspicuous spot from which I watched the arrival of Mary and Wimple. They entered a canoe and paddled away. I procured a canoe and followed at a safe distance.

It was with gratification I saw they were paddling toward the lagoon of which I had spoken to Mary. It took some little time to reach the spot. My heart seemed to be beating with unusual rapidity, and it increased its beat when I became certain they were going to stop at the small islet. Wimple drew up the canoe on the bank, after which he and Mary crossed the islet to sit in the shade of a willow, where Wimple took his guitar from its case and began to sing in a low tone certain songs with sentimental themes. I found myself unmistakably jealous.

Very softly I paddled to the spot. Cautiously I drew Wimple's canoe off the shore and pushed it out into the lagoon. About fifty feet away was a stake. To this I made their craft fast and then paddled off some distance, where there was concealment under the drooping branches of another willow tree. There I waited.

In half an hour Mary rose and looked about her. Wimple put up his musical instrument and together they started back to their canoe. As I suspected, Mr. Wimple lacked poise. His discomfiture was immediately apparent. Also, he seemed bewildered and deprived of initiative.

"What—what shall we do?" I heard him ask Mary.

"I haven't the least idea," said Mary, sitting down.

"We—we can't get off this island."

"The water isn't deep," said Mary

"You mustn't think of that. You mustn't wade. Really, you must not!"

"I had no idea of wading," she said with a certain inflection that made me smile to myself.

Wimple caught her meaning.

"You propose—that I should wade out to that boat," he said in horrified tones, "with my new flannel trousers?"

"It isn't my fault you have your new flannel trousers on," said Mary, "or that you didn't fasten the canoe. And I want to go home now."

Wimple hesitated; looked at her appealingly. Then he did what efficiency required he should have done in the first place, without discussion. He stepped, with marked distaste, into the water and began to flounder toward the canoe.

I quietly pushed my canoe from its shelter and paddled toward the opposite side of the island. Mary saw me. I put my finger to my lips and motioned. She crossed the island; and, before she had time fully to realize what was happening, I had helped her into my canoe and was paddling away rapidly.

A very few strokes served to push my craft under the concealing branches of the willow again.

"Well, of all things!" said Mary.

"I had to talk to you," said I.

"It looks," said she, "as if you had managed to make it possible."

She looked toward Wimple and smiled. He did, indeed, present a grotesque appearance.

"Mary," said I, "I love you! I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. I ——"

Here I hesitated. I blush to confess that the proposal I had formulated vanished from my memory. It had been an exceedingly desirable proposal, following the style of the great masters of that art. I floundered on:

"I —— It seems like I can't get along without you. You—I—we —— Oh, dog-gone it! Mary, won't you marry a fellow?"

Now, that was singularly clumsy. My heart sank within me. But Mary smiled. It was a very nice smile.

"I always—always—wanted an efficient husband," she said softly.

"Mary!" said I.

"But," said she, "you must give away your saxophone."

"You—you agree to marry me?" said I.

She blushed and nodded.

"Quick, then!" said I, grasping the psychological moment and putting my fountain pen into her hand, at the same time drawing a paper from my pocket. "Sign here!" I said, pointing.

"What's this?" she asked, surprised.

"The contract," said I. "Sign—on that line."

She did so. One must, in such moments, use a certain amount of personal force to get the signature, for that is the most dubious moment of any sale. Once the pen touches the paper, all is well.

"What—what is it about?" she asked.

I read it to her:

WHEREAS, Edgar Bumpus, of the city of Detroit, Michigan, is conscious of a sentiment of love and affection for Mary Pierce, of the same place; and whereas the said Mary Pierce reciprocates the said affection, NOW THEREFORE, THIS AGREEMENT WITNESSETH:

First—That the said Bumpus agrees to marry the said Mary Pierce, and to take her for his lawful wedded wife;

Second—That the said Mary Pierce agrees to marry the said Bumpus, and to take him for her lawful wedded husband;

Third—That the consideration for each of the agreements above is the promise given by the other party hereto, together with the aforementioned love and affection;

Fourth—That the damages for breach of this agreement have been estimated by the parties hereto and are agreed upon as the sum of ten thousand dollars ($10,000);

Fifth—That the said marriage shall take place within twenty days from the date hereof.

I affixed my name on the line below Mary's.

"Isn't—doesn't it make a contract—more legal if it's sealed?" Mary asked.

For an instant I failed to comprehend, but the position of her lips gave me a hint of her meaning. At considerable risk of upsetting the canoe I rose to my knees, moved forward impetuously—and the contract

BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER

Glass of Full Cream Milk

Sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

FATHERS *and* MOTHERS:
Each Will Feed Your Child the same Amount of Strength, Heat and Energy

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

Makers of Famous Beech Nut Bacon; Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup; Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce; Beech Nut Mustard; Beech Nut Jams, Jellies and Marmalades; Beech-Nut Chewing Gum, Beech Nut Mints

ASK YOUR DEALER

was sealed in a manner most pleasing to the parties; at any rate, to one of them.

"Now for your father," said I.

"But—poor Mr. Wimple!" said she.

"I think," said I, "that Mr. Wimple has served his purpose for to-day."

We went boldly to Mr. Pierce's door and entered.

"Father!" called Mary.

He came in, saw me, scowled.

"I thought I forbade you this house!" said he.

"Fresh conditions have arisen," said I, "which make my presence necessary. . . . Will you be so good as to read over this document?"

I put a copy of the contract in his hands. He read it with apparent emotion—became, in short, practically inarticulate. Finally he managed to make a question coherent:

"Did you—do you mean to say—my daughter signed this?"

"She did," said I. "You will observe it is a perfectly legal contract—even the damages are settled by it. If it is not carried out I shall commence action immediately, not only against the other party to the contract but against yourself for preventing its fulfillment."

"Yes, sir," said Mary. "He will—and I'll—I'll testify."

Mr. Pierce advanced a belligerent step, paused, reflected.

"I believe you're lunatic enough to do it," said he.

"I will," said I.

"He will," said Mary.

"Young man, if—if I withdraw my opposition, will you make one concession?"

"If possible, sir."

"Sell your saxophone," said he.

"I have already promised Mary to do so," said I; and held out my hand.

He took it. Then he kissed Mary and fairly ran out of the room. Mary glanced up at me with a look in her eyes that filled me with pride.

"You—you're wonderful!" said she. "Nobody else could ever have managed it. You're just lovely!"

"Merely efficient," said I—"merely efficient. Nothing extraordinary at all."

"It's just lovely to be efficient!" said Mary, after which we were better occupied than with conversation.

I have kissed few young women; none of them could perform that pleasing act with the efficiency Mary showed. I knew I had made no mistake in my selection of a wife.

A Safe Risk

ED CONNELLY, the character actor, went on a winter hunting trip up into the far hills of New England. One day, as he was trailing a deer—or it may have been a bunny-rabbit—through the snow, he came on a clearing in the woods, with a cabin in the middle of the clearing. At the door sat an aged native, and near him a gawky youth was cleaning a shotgun.

As Connelly watched, the boy raised the gun to his shoulder in an attitude of taking aim. Its muzzle was pointed directly at Connelly.

Connelly jumped for the nearest tree and yelled out:

"Hey! Turn that gun the other way! Suppose it should be loaded and should go off!"

"Mister," said the old man calmly, "don't you be skeered. That there boy of mine is the poorest shot there is in the hull state of New Hampshire. He never hits nothin' he p'ints at."

Too Much for Towne

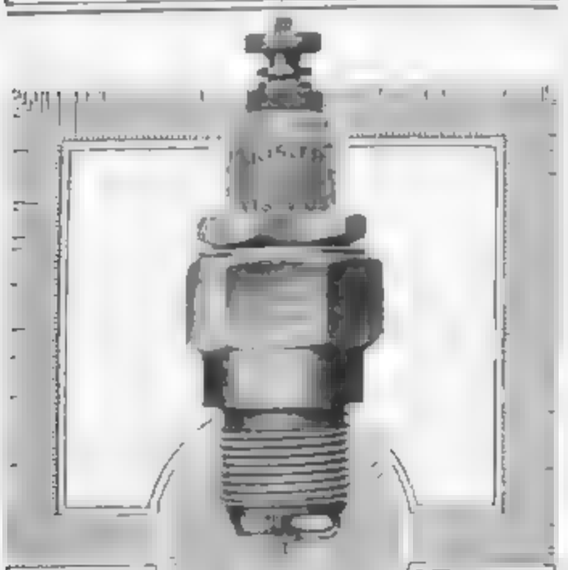
CHARLEY TOWNE, the magazine editor and poet, was once asked to act as the judge of a prize-story competition, open to all aspirants.

He consented.

From the publishing house conducting the contest a huge burden of manuscripts was brought to him. Selecting a bulky envelope at random he opened it and withdrew from it a great number of sheets of foolscap, covered on both sides of the pages with fine writing, done in purple ink and in a feminine hand.

Afterward, following his prompt resignation from the job of judge, Mr. Towne forgot the title of the story; but the opening sentence lingered in his memory. It was as follows:

"The day the ball was to be that night dawned auspiciously."



MOSLER
VESUVIUS
PLUG

"The Life Impulse of the Motor depends on the Spark Plug"
—A. R. MOSLER

Absolute certainty of operation—instant starting, smoother running, maximum power—that's what Vesuvius Plugs give any kind of motor! Perfected design and construction. Vitite (stone) insulator, gas-tight, carbon-proof—

Quality makes the Vesuvius—
"The Indestructible Plug"

Guaranteed to outlast the motor.
$1.00 each, in round metal box

Book free—"Mosler on Spark Plugs" prepared by A. R. Mosler, the foremost ignition authority, tells the right plug for every motor.

A. R. MOSLER & CO., New York, N. Y.

Valspar Resists
a Texas Hurricane!

EARLY last August Mrs. Reyband of Galveston tried Valspar on some porch chairs. A few days later the hurricane of August 16 blew up from the Gulf and the chairs were mercilessly buffeted by the wind as well as drenched in the rain and salt spray.

Mrs. Reyband expected to find the finish of the chairs ruined. But not at all. The varnish was absolutely unmarred.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

When the sun came out after many hours of storm the varnish was in exactly as good condition as before. The coating of Valspar was not harmed in the least by the drenching. It gave real protection to the wood.

Mrs. Reyband wrote us these facts and added:

"I believe in recognizing merit when I find it, so I am sending you this letter."

This is but an added proof of the satisfaction Valspar gives out-of-doors—on window casings, doors, porch ceilings, furniture and natural wood columns, which should *always* be Valsparred.

But Valspar is not alone an outdoor varnish.

It is suitable for use on all varnishable woodwork everywhere about the home—because it is absolutely waterproof and unaffected by liquids, and because it gives a hard, durable, handsome finish, dull or bright as may be desired. Valspar is the ideal varnish for every household use.

Special Offer

Upon receipt of 10c in stamps, to cover mailing and package, we will send you enough Valspar to finish a small table or chair—in order that you may learn first hand what a wonderful varnish Valspar is.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 FOURTH AVE., N.Y.
Largest Manufacturers of High grade Varnishes in the World

New York Chicago Boston TRADE VALENTINE'S VARNISHES MARK Toronto London Amsterdam
ESTABLISHED 1832

W. P. FULLER & Co., San Francisco and principal Pacific Coast Cities

For your white woodwork use
VALENTINE'S
Val-Enamel
Starts White—Stays White
Ask your dealer

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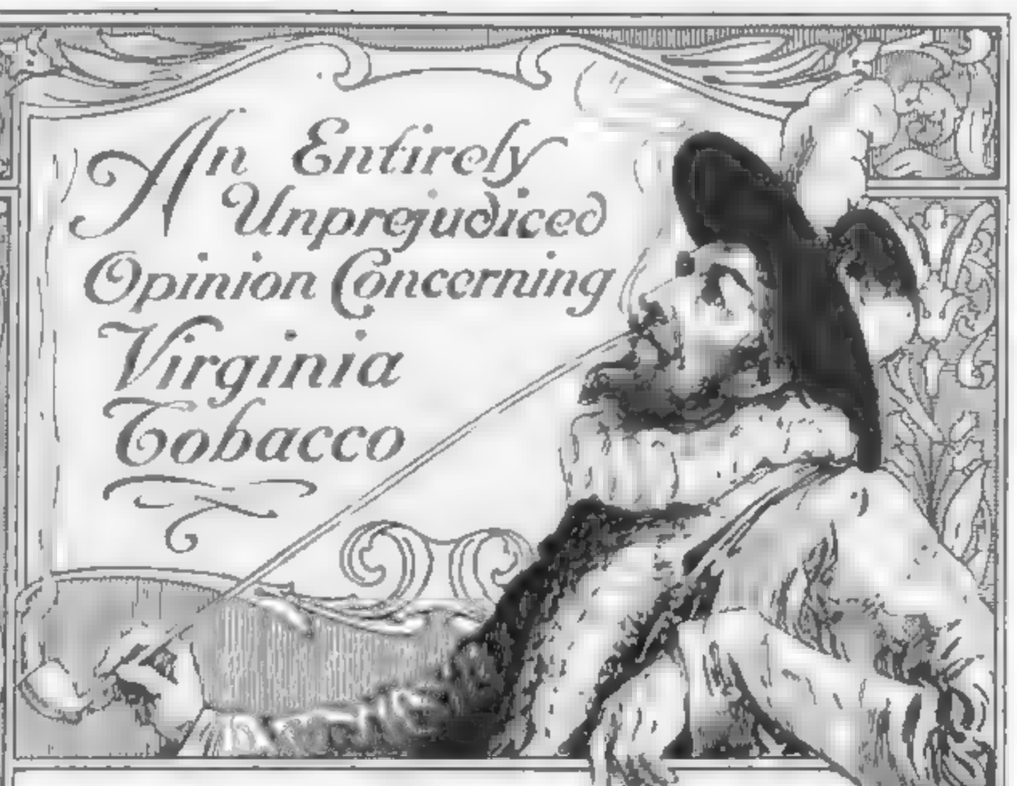


The following are quotations from a book by a famous student of tobacco lore, not a tobacco manufacturer.

"Early in the 17th Century, tobacco found its way to Constantinople."

"Turkish tobacco, however, is not adapted to the taste of American smokers, most of whom prefer tobacco of home growth to even the finest Turkish leaf."

"The light, rich mold resting on the sandy soil of Eastern Virginia was exactly suited to the cultivation of tobacco, and no better climate was to be found on the globe."

Duke's Mixture Granulated Tobacco—5¢

SOME smokers still pay a fancy price for the "descendants" of Virginia tobacco that was transplanted years ago to Turkey.

But men who judge tobacco by the quality rather than the price, prefer the original golden "Virginia" that is in DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco.

The honey-colored, sun-ripened leaf from which DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco is made, has flourished in the rich Virginia soil—three hundred years.

Besides the regular packing, DUKE'S MIXTURE is also packed in attractive 8 oz. glass jars convenient for desk or office which will be sent prepaid on receipt of 30c if your dealer cannot supply you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

VOLCANO-MAD

(Continued from Page 23)

"Oh—him!" Miss Clark shrugged her shoulders. "Crazy, I call him. I suppose he's up there now, putting his silly old volcano to bed. I hope I didn't hurt his feelings—I asked him what could be duller than a dead volcano."

"Dear!" reproved her friend.

"I might have been more impolite—I might have told him the answer to my riddle."

"What is the answer?"

"He is!" laughed Miss Clark, diving under the mosquito netting to bed.

In the weeks that followed Miss Clark must have realized that the answer to her riddle held her in no higher esteem than she held him. All the social diversions that Driscoll had dreaded, and more, too, came to pass. Now and then offering only a mild objection, the geologist attended them all, and so came to know both the young women better than he could have in a year spent in a wider circle of society. Miss Sabin grew more sympathetic, more quick in understanding, daily. Her friend went her frivolous way.

Gibson entertained; the English planters entertained; the Danish governor—for the island belonged to the Danes—opened his house. The time came when Driscoll himself had to make some show of hospitality, and he gave what Miss Clark described as a "crater party." By the side of his beloved he stood and, for the delectation of his guests, orated on her charms. They listened politely—most of them—though the lecture was long. Toward its close two were missing, and it need not be added that Miss Clark was one. The other was Billy Gibson. It took considerable hallooing to bring them back for the noon "breakfast" Rene had prepared. They explained that they feared the little scientific talk was still running.

The last week the two young women were to spend at Port St. Vincent arrived, and with it exciting days for Driscoll. A large volcano on a near-by island was suddenly active, and Port St. Vincent itself was stirred by the tremors of earthquake. Mount Barnabas grew vastly more interesting, though it gave no sign of joining in the fireworks. Of course it could not do that—all the records Driscoll had made proved the contrary.

On the day before Christmas the yacht that was to bear the two girls home stole into the harbor. They were to sail away early Christmas morning, and that night Bernard Sabin gave a final dinner in their honor. Though to leave Mount Barnabas, even to go that short distance, was a wrench, Driscoll came to say good-by to his friends.

The farewell dinner was over and the time for saying the word itself had come. Once more on the gallery, with the Southern Cross bright above them and the waters whispering along that spotless beach, Driscoll and the fluffy little Miss Clark were alone. She turned up at him a baby stare famous in three states.

"Don't talk of your old volcano," she pleaded, though this was by now an unnecessary request from her. "This is good-by. In an hour we go aboard the yacht and when you rise in the morning the harbor will be empty. You might be really nice just for once—and say it will be very empty."

"So it will," agreed Driscoll, looking down at her. Yes, scientific lingo would be out of place here; he searched his brain for pretty speeches. "Emptier than you think. I shall miss you a lot. You brought an element of—er—romance to this tawdry town."

Might as well be polite to her; she was going very soon to leave him in peace.

"Do you really mean it?" she asked. "I shall think of you—sitting on your mountaintop—with your stupid charts. Oh—I know—they're not stupid to you."

"They're not," he smiled. "But then—I could never make you understand."

"I'm glad you're coming back to the States soon," she went on. "But then—wherever you are—I suppose you'll always be on a mountaintop."

"Why not? I like mountaintops. That's why I like these islands down here. You know they are nothing but the tops of a great range of mountains that sank into the sea long ago."

"Are they? I'm always learning things—when I'm with you—whether I want to or not."

She was silent a moment, staring at the lights of the yacht, which stood so still on the blue floor of the sea.

"I wish you'd come and see me in New York," she said. "We'll try to picture all this again—the harbor, and the stars, and the cabbage palms that have such tender hearts—even Mount Barnabas."

"I will," Driscoll lied. "It's been great to know you." He had her hand now. "Little lady of the big eyes!"

He left her then to find Helen Sabin. As he went he had the feeling that he had been recklessly gay and frivolous. His mind went back to a night in June, a girl in a muslin dress the odor of lilacs above them. He had not always been as old as his volcano.

Saying good-by to Helen Sabin was not so light a task. Her fine eyes were serious as she looked at him.

"I'll always remember," she said, "how interested you were in your work; how it was all of life to you. It's noble—somehow—to give oneself like that."

"It's nothing at all," he murmured.

"Our friends who own the yacht," she went on, "have wondered whether you would care to go home with us. I have told them it is no use—but I promised to invite you. You—you couldn't come away before your time is up, I suppose? We might wait for you to pack."

He smiled.

"You know that is impossible," he said. "I shall leave most reluctantly at the end of another month. But thank you, just the same; and your friends—please thank them for me."

"I will," she said softly. Was there a note of disappointment in her voice?

"I don't believe you will ever realize," said Driscoll, "what your coming here meant to me. I was dying to talk of my work to someone who would understand. No one would listen—then you came. I—I can't tell you ——"

"Yes?"

"It—it is hard to say good-by."

"Is it? I wonder!"

"Surely you know it is! I hate that yacht down there because it is to take you away. Helen ——"

"Yes?"

"Good Lord!" He had his watch out now. "It's nearly midnight. I have missed the eleven-o'clock observations! However—I don't care. It was to say good-by to you."

"I appreciate your saying that."

"But—I must go now. Thank you for coming—for understanding—for listening. Good-by."

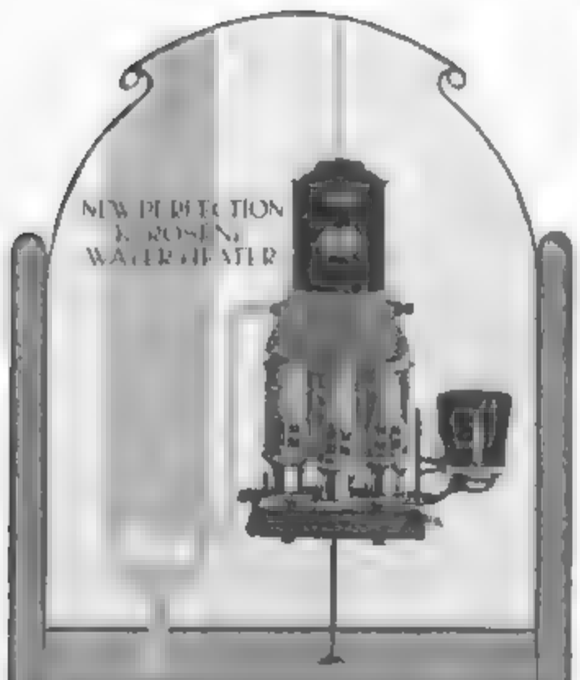
"Good-by," she whispered. He pressed her hand, and went away.

With wide, thoughtful eyes she stared after him. Please do not pity her. She was beautiful; she was clever; and to the north were many men who adored her. Besides, it was only that she might have cared if he had given her the chance.

Jim Driscoll went out into the Street of the Immaculate Saints. It is useless to try to conceal the matter—he was a bit upset. More than he had ever dreamed it could, the coming of these two girls of his own people had affected him. Remember, he had just said good-by. And, though the windows of the adobe houses all about him were wide open, though the breeze came hot from the sea, it was Christmas Eve.

A letter from his mother had been given him that evening and lay still unopened in his pocket. At the corner of the street hung an aged oil lamp, flickering feebly. Though Barnabas was waiting for him, he took out his letter and glanced through it. Brief passages leaped out at him from its closely-written pages:

"Bertha is coming, with her babies, for Christmas. Little Jim is the cutest thing! Have I told you he is beginning to talk? There will be holly and a great dinner—my own mince pies. I wish you might be here, Jim. I miss you terribly—but your work —— Very cold weather; snow two feet deep, as it used to be when you were a little boy. . . . Many sleighing parties. . . . Remember the time you ran into that tree on the old Martin Road and broke your new sled? . . . And how you came to me with the tears frozen on your cheeks? . . . I suppose your volcano takes all your time. . . . Father is reading your article in the magazine as I write this. . . . I wish you could see little Jim!"



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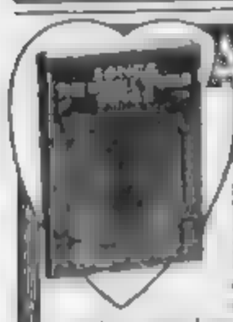

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Driscoll put the letter back into his pocket. Unaccountably before his eyes rose the vision of a great warm house, with snow piled high at the windows and children playing in the nursery. Perhaps there was more in life than volcanoes after all! What was it Helen Sabin had said? He was welcome to go North on the yacht—they would even wait while he packed!

Nonsense! He pulled himself together and started up the mountain.

His path took him within a few feet of the Church in the Bush, and as he neared that lonely little building he heard the fine voice of the Padre boom out in the tropic night. He remembered, then—Christmas Eve and the midnight mass. Inside he knew the negroes had gathered, as they did each year, more for the fried plantains and cocoa with cream and sugar to follow than for the message the priest had for them. Driscoll paused in the clearing outside the church, glanced up at his volcano, then turned and entered the building.

By the candles at the shrine Padre Forstmann stood, his face alight with the story of another Christmas he was telling. Before him was gathered the weirdest congregation any priest had ever faced. They wore their best clothes—the negroes—mostly the cast-off garments of the ruling whites. The black face of one shone beneath a derby hat; another was supremely conscious of a waistcoat, buttoned down his back; still another was resplendent, though perspiring, in a discarded suit of evening clothes that had once decked Billy Gibson. They waited patiently—like animals, Driscoll thought—through this necessary preamble to food.

And their likeness to animals reminded Driscoll of a priest of long ago—Kipling's Eddi of Manhood End, who told the tale of the Manger to an old marsh donkey and a wet, yoke-weary bullock, as they stood patient in his chancel:

And when the Sarons mocked him,
Said Eddi of Manhood End:
"I dare not shut His chapel
On such as care to attend."

Like Eddi, "just as though they were bishops," the Padre preached them the Word. As one who faced the flower of civilization, he spoke in ringing tones. Driscoll gazed at him with reverence; this great and good man, alone and forgotten by his friends, on that obscure island, was a constant inspiration to him. Soon the service ended and Driscoll again climbed the mountain.

He had gone about a hundred yards from the Church in the Bush when a tremor such as the island had not known in his day shook the earth beneath him. In another instant there was a boom, like that of a great gun, above him; and a fountain of steam and hot lava burst from the crater he had thought cold forever.

As to what happened during the remainder of that exciting night, Driscoll could never clearly remember. And this was wholly irksome to him, as a scientist, who should have kept a cool head and observed, observed, observed. It was not a great eruption, burying cities and taking human life—just a slight activity in sympathy with the outbreak on the near-by island. Two lines in the New York newspapers covered the story; a few more than two may cover it here.

Padre Forstmann's congregation had left its Christmas feast and was now in full cry down the mountain. Driscoll ran too; but he ran up, not down. Near the top, in a shower of ashes, he met Rene fleeing to the town; and, promising to follow at once, he urged him on. The wind was coming from the south, and so carrying the lava, fortunately, to the other side of Mount Barnabas. Because of this, Driscoll was able to go to the edge of the crater itself.

The thing that was uppermost in his mind was the shack that held all his possessions—most precious of all, the charts and reports of three years' faithful labor. He came in sight of that dwelling, but he came too late. Even as he looked, a great mass of hot lava fell on it, shattered it, and tore, with the wreckage, down the other side of the mountain to the river that ran in the valley.

Driscoll stood transfixed, while hot ashes rained about him. All that labor of love, all the results of three lonely years of observation, engulfed in a second and forever scattered and buried—and this by the volcano he had made the passion of his life! It came to him suddenly then: it was not the volcano he had loved; it was the papers

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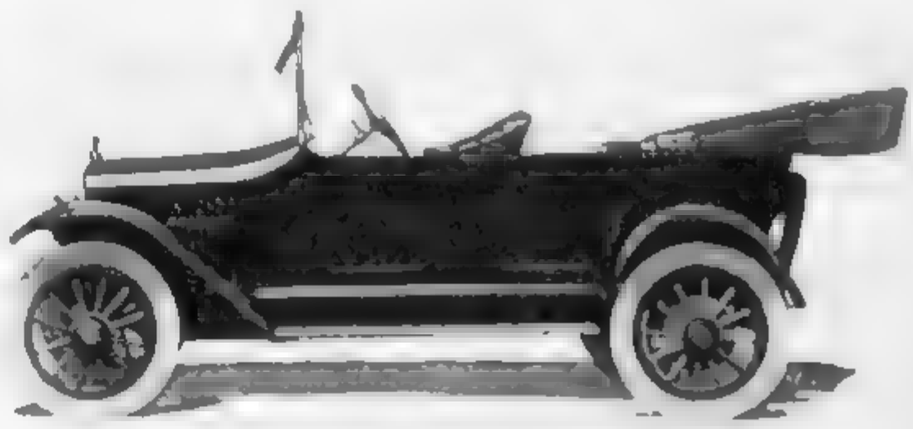

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(Boston Herald, February 14)
"AUTOMATIC FIREMEN"
On the South Boston waterfront, in a hazardous district, rises a wagon factory. It has three stories, it stretches 100 feet each way; it is stuffed with stock, paints and finished products. The building is all of wood; the floors are oily; the spaces favor a swift spread of fire sidewise and upward. One night last week a fire that must have been smouldering for hours flamed out from the walls and ceiling of a boiler room at the center of the lower story. The blaze, true to habit, crept across the ceiling timbers till it found a way up through crevices into the story above. Could a dangerous fire have a fairer start? Three o'clock in the morning—the flames attacking the centres of both lower floors—no watchman—no neighbors. But see what happened.
No sooner had the fire kindled than it gave notice of itself on a clanging gong that startled sleepers three blocks away and brought an officer on the run. Seeing smoke at the windows, he pulled the nearest signal box. Meantime the heat of the fire on the lower floor melted into action ten heads of an automatic sprinkling system. Where the flames had entered the second story and were climbing the woodwork toward the third, they opened the sprinkler head just above them. A few minutes later the firemen broke into the building, but instead of a blazing furnace they found a scattered flicker, much smoke and steam, and some charred timbering already drenched with water.
Do you recall the fire in a similar factory on Chestnut Street? The outer walls were of brick, there was a thick mulwall with fire-doors. The blaze started in the forenoon, when sixty workmen were at hand to quench it. The flames were fought with all the apparatus that answers four alarms. Yet the building was a loss, so swift and so complete that the city council asked reports that might explain why sprinklers had not been installed.
It pays the owner of a serious fire hazard to install a sprinkling system.

From the "Boston Herald" Read it!

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Yes——— it pays in cold cash too!

The Boston editor missed one big point in the above story. The man whose business was disrupted and demoralized had for years been paying out money for insurance which should have been buying him a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System to save his factory in the hour of need. In reality he paid for the Grinnell System that would have saved his plant, but he never got it.

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with queer zigzag lines, the charts, the notes, that told the story of the volcano. As for Mount Barnabas itself, he hated it now with a hatred as hot as its own inconsiderate lava stream.

He ran close to the crater. Somewhere below, in the mists, he heard the lake bubbling angrily. The air was hot and steamy and wet, as in a gigantic laundry—a laundry run by the devil. The earth beneath his feet rumbled and threatened; another boom, and he leaped back as a stream of lava, enshrouded in a tongue of flame, struck up at the sky.

Driscoll gave one last look toward the spot where his shack had stood, and then turned and walked calmly down the mountain.

Padre Forstmann was standing, bareheaded and unafraid, before the Church in the Bush. Driscoll came to him and held out a hand containing gold coins.

"Father," he said slowly, 'this ends me. I'm through! All the work of my three years here—gone—wiped out!"

"It is hard, my son," said the old man.

"Pretty tough!" agreed Driscoll. "I I'm leaving to-night—on that yacht down there in the harbor. I want you to give this money to Rene when you see him; and tell him good-by for me. Tell him to take it and go back to Martinique."

"I'll be glad to do that," said the priest. "The volcano—do you think ——"

"I'm not much of a prophet," said Driscoll bitterly. "You know I've been promising it would never erupt again. But this I do know—to-night's outbreak is not serious. If it were I should stay here and see it through. It is merely sympathetic activity—it will be over by dawn."

"Thank God for that!" said the Padre, gazing down at the terrified town.

"Padre," went on Driscoll, "you're a great man, and I'm proud to have known you. Good-by."

"Go back," said the priest. "God never meant you to waste your life here, prying into His secrets. He has shown you that to-night. Go back to your own kind; and take my blessing with you."

Driscoll went on to the town. He spoke reassuring words to the Danish governor; but they were not greatly heeded, for his former promises were remembered. He called at the house of Sabin, and found that it was unoccupied save for a few frightened servants. A boatman rowed him out to the yacht.

The first person he met on the deck was Helen Sabin. Her eyes were wide with sympathy; her voice had never been more tender.

"I know what this must mean to you," she said. "They told us your house was destroyed. Your records—your charts ——"

"Gone forever!" said Driscoll.

"You poor boy!" she said. "You understand, don't you, how I sympathize with you?"

He pushed on past her. On the afterdeck he came on Dorothy Clark, dancing for joy and gazing up at the steaming summit of Mount Barnabas.

"Isn't that old volcano the cutest thing you ever saw?" she cried.

He came nearer.

"I think it's just too sweet of Barnabas to stage these fireworks!" she went on. "Our last night here too! It must have known. Don't tell me it didn't know!"

"Do you realize," said Driscoll solemnly, "what this means to me? My three years' work was wiped out to-night—in ten seconds. All my photographs; all my records ——"

"What did your old records prove anyhow?" she asked.

He stopped. He had forgotten that.

"Well," he said, "they were valuable to science in many ways. Even though my findings seemed to point conclusively to the fact that Mount Barnabas was forever extinct—that it would never erupt again ——"

She stared at him.

"You have proved that?" she inquired.

"Well—in a way — "

"Isn't that a scream?" she laughed.

And now, dear reader, you are waiting for Driscoll to turn hotly on his heel, to hunt out Helen Sabin, to tell her ——

Wait a minute! He took a step nearer little Miss Clark.

"I love you!" he said in a voice so filled with sincerity and passion that it moved even her. "Ever since you came I've thought only of you—day and night your face has come between me and my work. You're the one woman—the one in all the world for me!"

She was speechless, overwhelmed by his ardor.

"I want you!" he cried. "Marry me! I'll go back to the States with you on this yacht—I'll stay there—I'll work for you, take care of you, love you while I live. I'm through with volcanoes—it's you now. I'll love you as—as I loved Mount Barnabas. My dear! My dear, will you have me?"

And then, just under the fluffy yellow hair, little Dorothy Clark found a sudden store of sense. She looked at this man and knew that he spoke the truth; that he adored her; that he was her man out of all those she had ever met. So, softly, she whispered:

"Yes."

They were married at her home in New York, and Driscoll, the happiest of men, went back to his teaching. And, just because I know that you, reader, are turning up your nose at this match and daring me to add "They lived happily ever after," permit me to report one more conversation before the tale ends.

The final bit of dialogue takes place several years later, between Billy Gibson and Padre Forstmann, both of whom seem to have felt the same fear that you who read this entertain. Billy, alas, was still roasting on the grill of Port St. Vincent, the State Department having so many other worries it had not yet thought to transfer him to happier climes. He had just returned to the Port after a trip to the States, which was chiefly for the purpose of persuading the nicest girl in New York to share the Caribbean with him. In the midst of this errand—successful, by the way—he had found time to visit Jim and Dorothy Driscoll in the Middle West city where Driscoll was teaching in a university.

"And are they happy?" the Padre had asked, stopping for a moment on the cool gallery of the Consulate.

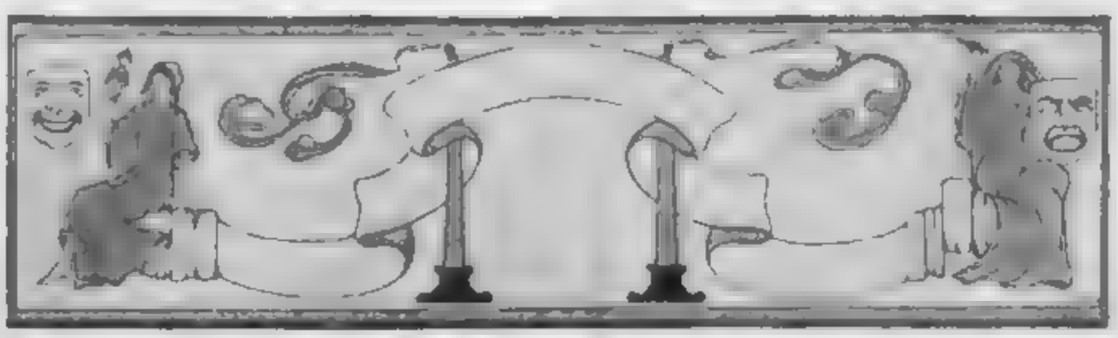
"Never a doubt of it!" said Gibson. "Happiness—they eat it! Live in a big warm house—snow at the windows when I was there—two of the prettiest kids you ever saw playing in the nursery. The place fairly breathes happiness! You know: not the kind you gather from the talk at table, and such times—the kind that may be a fake—but the kind you just feel in the atmosphere of the halls, in the little noises outside the bathroom door when you're shaving in the mornings—the whispers and the greetings, and the talk about the milkman not coming, which you aren't expected to hear. Yes, sir—Old Man Content certainly hangs out at their street and number!"

"I'm glad to hear it," said the priest.

"Funny, ain't it?" reflected Gibson. "Him with his ninety horse-power brain, and her with—well, let's be polite. The last couple in the world you'd expect to hitch up—especially with all the girls round who could talk to him about his work, and all that. Blamed funny!"

The Padre smiled.

"It is—funny—as you put it," he said; "but—that funny way—that is the way God meant it to be."



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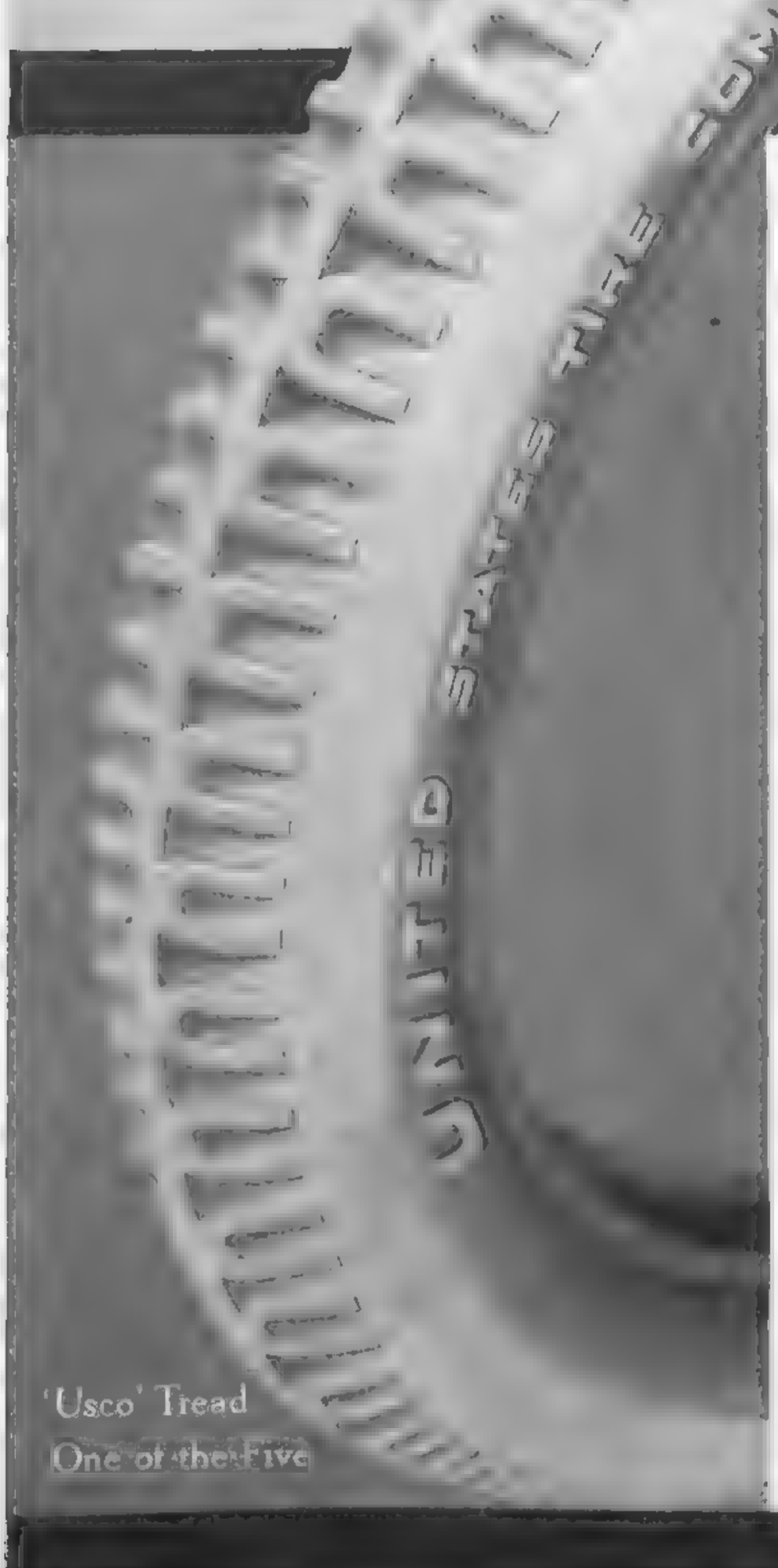

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THE MAN NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 21)

couldn't no man help liking her—"I wish't you wouldn't do that, sir—please!" says she.

"Why not?" says he.

"Well," says she, "because."

He turns around and throws up both hands. He never said another word about it after that. But after a while the calvary regiment went somewheres else—on some more land he had bought, so it turned out. Nobody knew what changed his mind. It was Katherine, the first girl friend that Bonnie Bell had had in the city.

You see, Katherine used to come to our house regular now; her and Bonnie Bell was right thick together. One time Katherine come in quite excited.

"My brother Tom's coming back next week," says she. "Ain't that fine?"

"Is that so?" says Bonnie Bell. "I'd like to see him."

"Tom's going to live with us," says Katherine, "and be in the office downtown—unless he gets married or something of that kind. I wish't he would. Now I wish't he would get engaged. I'd like to see how he'd act. You can't guess what I'd like!"

"No," says Bonnie Bell; "I can't."

"Well, he's awfully good looking," says Katherine. "He hasn't got much sense though. He dances and can play a mandolin, and has been round the world a good bit. He's sweet tempered, but he smokes too much. Sometimes of mornings he's cross. But you can't guess what I'd like!"

"No; I can't," says Bonnie Bell.

Then Katherine kissed her and taken her hands.

"Why," says she, "I'd like it awfully if you and Tom could hit it off together," says she. "I think it would be lovely—perfectly lovely! Then we'd be sisters, wouldn't we?" Bonnie Bell she blushed a-plenty.

"Why, how you talk!" says she. "I've never seen your brother yet and he's never seen me."

"I've told him you're lovely," says Katherine. "I'll bring him over sometime."

"I don't know how I could allow it after what you said," says Bonnie Bell; "but if he's as nice as you I'll jump right square down his throat. Could you ask me to do anything more than that?"

They giggled then, and held hands, and ate candy and drank tea, and talked, both with their mouths full.

"Oh, look at the Wisners' new car!" says Katherine after a while, and she run to the window.

Their car was just coming in to the sidewalk at their curb now. From where I set I could see it. Their driver opened the door and Old Lady Wisner got out; then a young man. They both went out of sight right away round the fence—you couldn't see into their yard from where we set.

The girls by this time had got so sometimes they'd talk about the Wisners. Bonnie Bell says now:

"Why don't you call on the Wisners any more?"

"Oh, because," says Katherine, "We're friendly, of course, for the families have lived in here so long; but Mrs. Wisner and mommah haven't been very warm since the last Charity Ball business."

"I don't know about that," says Bonnie Bell.

"Oh, Lord! Yes," says Katherine. "They didn't speak for a while. You know, Honey, the Wisners are among our best people. But then, mommah's a Daughter of the Revolution and a Colonial Dame, and a Patriot Son, or something of the sort besides. Mrs. Wisner she's only a Daughter and not a Dame; so she doesn't rank quite as high as mommah. Some said that she faked her ancestors when she come in too. Anyway, when she tried for the Dames they threw her down. Mommah was Regent or something of the Dames then too—not that I think mommah would do anything that isn't fair. But Old Lady Wisner got her back up then, and she's been hard to curry ever since. We don't try."

"Well," says Bonnie Bell, "isn't that strange? I thought everybody in the Row was friendly except—except ——"

"Except the Wisners?" laughed Katherine. "But don't you worry. There's plenty of differences in the Row. They have their fallings out. You see, they all want to be leaders."

"I know," says Bonnie Bell. "In any pack train there always had to be one old gray critter, with the bell."

"That's it!" says Katherine. "Well now, all these leaders of our best people they want to carry the bell and go on ahead. That's what Mrs. Wisner wants—and maybe mommah, though she has a different way of doing things. Mommah's a dear! So are you, Honey; and I do wish Tom and you—"

"I was just wondering who it was got out of their car just how," says Bonnie Bell. "But that fence ——"

"Ain't the ivy pretty on your side of your fence?" says Katherine.

Bonnie Bell stood in front of her and looked at her square.

"Look here, Kitty Kimberly, you're as sweet as can be and I love you, but don't try to keep up the bluff about that fence. They built it to keep us—to keep us ——"

"Well, maybe," says Katherine. "But they can't."

"They built it to show us our place," says Bonnie Bell, brave as you like. "They didn't think that—they didn't know ——"

"It was cruel," says Katherine, red in her face now, she was so mad about it. "I'm glad you mentioned that fence—I couldn't; but all my people said it was the meanest thing ever done. It was vulgar! It was low! That's what my mommah says. We were always sorry for you, but we didn't know how —— But, Honey, I'm glad you planted the ivy on it. It shows you're forgiving."

"We're not," says Bonnie Bell. "We're far from it—at least my dad. He's awful when you cross him. He won't quit—he'll never quit!"

"We all know that," says Katherine. "Everybody in the Row does."

"I don't know how much you know," says Bonnie Bell. "I don't know how much people have talked about us."

"Well, I can tell you one thing," says Katherine. "We heard some of the talk; and I want to say that it isn't favorable to the Wisners. There are others in town besides them. Tell me, Honey, aren't you all the way American?"

"Yes," says Bonnie Bell. "I can be a Daughter of the Revolution and a Colonial Dame, and a Patriot Son, and all the rest, so far as having ancestors is concerned."

"Could you?" says Katherine. "Then I rather guess you will!"

"We go back to the First Families a good deal in Maryland," says Bonnie Bell. "You see, my mother married my father and went West, and out there we didn't pay much attention to such things. I didn't know they cared so much here. But my people were first settlers and builders, and always in the army and navy."

"How perfectly dear!" says Katherine. "We'll start you in as a Daughter; that'll make Old Lady Wisner mad, but she can't help it—mommah will take care of that. Then we'll make you a Dame next—that'll help things along. And when you're in two or three more of these Colonial businesses, where the Wisners can't get—well, then I'll be more comfortable, for one.

"I don't blame your poppah for feeling savage towards the Wisners," says she after a while. "Who're the Wisners anyways? Maryland—huh! I guess that's about as good as coming from Iowa and carrying your dinner in a pail while you're getting your start selling sausage casings in a basket. I don't think a packer's much nohow. We're in leather.

"But good-by," says she now. "I've got to go home. I've got to tell mommah to get those papers started. Pretty soon I'll bring Tom over."

Nothing much happened round our place for a little while. I didn't see nobody from the Wisners' and I didn't care to. Kind of from force of habit I used to walk up and down the line fence once in a while, just to have a eye on it. I done that one evening and walked back towards our garridge, for it seemed to me I heard some sort of noise down that way. It wasn't far from the end of the wall that was close to the lake. I set down and waited. It seemed to me like someone was trying to break a hole through the wall. I could hear it plunk, plunk, like someone was using a chisel or crowbar, soft and easy. I waited to see what would happen.

By and by I seen a brick fall out on our side of the wall. I just picked it up and set there waiting to bust in the head of anybody that come through after the brick if he couldn't explain what he was about.

The fellow on the other side kept on working. He pulled bricks out on his side now. By and by I could see light through it wasn't right dark in the yard yet. He pulled out the bricks and made quite a little hole close to the ground.

"Hello there!" says he, softlike. "Is that you, Curly?" says he.

"Who're you and what do you want?" says I.

"I am the hired man—Jimmie," says he. "I've come back."

"The hell you have!" says I. "Well, I can't talk to you. What made you come back? Where you been?"

"Out West," says he, "on the Circle Arrow Ranch."

"What's that!" says I. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. I've been working out there. I found I could rope a little and I didn't always fall off a horse. You see, the old man owns a lot in that company."

"Why didn't you tell me you was going out there?" says I. "And how come these folks to take you back?"

"They couldn't help it," he says. "I told you I had too much on them. You'd ought to see how things is going out there! They had to take me back."

"Well, what are you breaking a hole in our fence for?" says I. "Quit it!"

"Your fence? It's our fence. Don't I know all about it? It was a damn shame, Curly."

"What business is it of yours?" says I to him.

"Well, I hate to see the family I work for make such fools of theirselfs." He was setting up close to the wall now, looking through.

He went on talking: "If I put the bricks in again on my side, and you on yours, who'll know the hole's there?"

"We've got ivy on our side," says I. "It's green and 'most to the top of the wall. But I don't know now why you broke that hole through."

"Curly," says he, "I want to let Peanut through, so's he can have a good friendly fight with my dog once in a while. Sometimes I'll pull some of the bricks out. I reckon Peanut'll do the rest."

"Peanut'll not do no more visiting," says I; "and I've got orders not to have any sort of truck with anyone on your side of the fence."

He set quite a while quiet, and then says he sort of quiet:

"Is that so, Curly?" says he.

"It certainly is," I answered him. "When a thing starts, till it's settled you can't stop Old Man Wright. Sometimes he pays funeral expenses," says I, "but when anybody gets on the prod with him I never seen him show no sign of beginning to quit. He can't," says I; "none of them Wrights can."

"Do you mean they're all that way, Curly?"

"The whole kit of 'em, me included," says I, "and the servants within our gate, and our ox, and our hired girl, and all our hired men."

"Even the maidservant within your gates?" ast he of me.

"Shore!" says I. "Her especial and worst of any."

"But you don't take no hand in the war?" says he.

"That's just what I do," says I to him. "That's what a foreman's for. You'd better plug up that hole and stay on your own side of the fence."

He set quiet for a time and then he says: "I'm darned if I do!"

"Good-by, Jimmie," says I.

"Oh, shucks!" says he. "I'll see you from time to time."

I didn't make no answer but to put the bricks back in the hole on our side.

Now for reasons of my own, not wanting to rile Old Man Wright, I didn't say nothing to him about this hole in the fence. Neither did I say anything to Bonnie Bell about the hired man having came back; because she was doing right well the last day or so, brighter and more cheerful than she had been. That, of course, was because of what Katherine'd told her about her brother Tom. Any girl likes to hear about a young man coming round, of course. Far as any of us could tell, Tom Kimberly might be all right.

Bonnie Bell now, all at once, she taken to wanting to go on the lake with her boat, and she insists our chauffore and her and me must go down and fix up the boat. We didn't none of us like it especial, but she said she hadn't been on the lake for so long she wanted to go once more before it got too cold.

I didn't know nothing about boats, but sometimes I'd go down to the boathouse and watch Bonnie Bell while she was tinkering with the engine or something. One day I went down to the boathouse about the middle of the afternoon, expecting to meet her out on the dock. All at once I hear voices out there, one of them hers. I stopped then, wondering who could of got on our dock.

There wasn't no way from the Wisners' yard to get on our dock now, because the door into their boathouse had been nailed up. The wall run clear down to their garridge, and their garridge faced on to the boathouse, which was lower down. The only way anybody could get on our dock from their place was to get in a boat and come round from the lake. Then it would of been easy.

I said I heard Bonnie Bell's voice. She was talking; who she was talking to, I didn't know.

"It's all wrong!" says she. "You are presuming too much. Of course I pulled you out of the lake—I would anybody; but your employers are not friends of ours. Even if they were you've no right in the world to speak to me."

Then I heard another voice. I knew it was Jimmie, their hired man! He spoke out and I heard him plain.

"I know I haven't," says he, "none in the world; but I've got to."

"You must not!" says she. "Go away!"

"I'll not," says he. "I can't help it! I tell you I can't help it!"

Me being foreman, I reached round now to get hold of a brick or something. I couldn't help hearing what they said.

He'd been ordered off; yet here he was talking to Bonnie Bell!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

(Continued from Page 15)

enterprise. Scientific research must be encouraged, technical education improved, our patent laws revised, drug culture stimulated, manufacturing diversified, medicine and pharmacy drawn together for service rather than proprietary exploitation. Out of all this, new home industries will grow.

In the field of chemicals similar shortages are found. The acids, bleaches, oils, metals, pigments, and so on, are all disturbed; and to follow a few of them through their many ultimate uses is to take a trip not merely through all our industries but pretty nearly through the whole of everyday life.

Every industry dependent on paper feels the competition of explosives factories for sulphuric acid, which has advanced more than three hundred per cent, and in some cases is almost unobtainable; for much wood pulp is made with this chemical. After sulphite pulp has been produced it must be bleached. The bleaching agents are scarce, and so your daily paper takes on a yellow tone. After bleaching, it was the practice in normal times to tint the paper white with German coal-tar blue. That blue is rapidly becoming a memory in the market and paper becomes more and more bilious in hue. Six months from now, if shortage continues, people may be glad to have even bilious paper.

In the textile industry acids are needed to take the grease out of wool, and bleaches to treat raw materials and finished cloth. Things like bichromate of soda, advanced from five cents a pound to forty, and bichromate of potash, once eight cents a pound, now eighty, give an idea of the scarcity.

Driven to desperation by difficulties, the manufacturers ask what our scientists are doing. Why can't they get to work and supply these necessities? And the scientist replies that chemical shortage itself has hampered research and teaching in our colleges.

The railroad and telephone companies, studying economy, have been in the habit of treating their ties and poles with creosote to prevent decay. Creosote oil was one of the first heavy chemicals to rise in price following the war, because most of the stuff

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And so easy to use. You open your can and if your recipe calls for the coconut milk, save it. If not, press out the milk—*press until the meat is thoroughly drained* and you have left a quantity of snowy-white coconut meat, fresh as though just taken from the shell and ready for any purpose.

Think of the trouble we have had preparing fresh coconut ourselves! Think how seldom we use it just for that reason! Because no good housekeeper uses anything but *fresh* coconut these days. And now, for the first time in our housekeeping history, we have *fresh coconut in cans*, and already grated.

I have investigated and I find Baker's is the only fresh grated coconut to be had in cans. The government demands that labels shall tell the truth; so when I picked up this can the other day and found the following *on the label*, I knew I had news for you. Just read what I read:

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came from Germany, which placed an embargo upon it.

The paint manufacturer finds that ingredients have advanced pretty much along his whole line. Linseed and other oils are up, with turpentine. Colors like Prussian blue, once twenty-eight cents a pound, now a dollar and fifty cents; vermilion, formerly fifty-five cents, now three dollars and a half; chrome green, once seventeen cents, now forty-eight; and lampblack, usually four cents, but at present fifteen—give some idea of limitations. Varnish gums are up too.

Even the artist, who buys small quantities of fine colors, is being made to feel the shortage; and the shops dealing in his materials have to hand some of them out like siege rations to make them go round among old customers.

The dye situation is constantly reflected in trade. One of the concerns making package dyes for home use has been able to get enough coal-tar colors to maintain its trade, but it was discovered that the tiny packets were being bought in quantities from drug stores for use in factories; so the packet dyehouse has been compelled to watch sales and take steps to prevent this diversion of its goods. Not long ago a man in an Eastern town wanted enough dye to change the color of an overcoat. He bought all the packets of Easter-egg dyes he could find, and the manufacturer of these packets promptly warned the druggists who had sold him the dyes that they must not let any customer have them in such quantities.

The photographer has been hard hit, because many of his delicate patent chemicals came from Germany. Prices have risen as high as a thousand per cent in some instances, and most of the German things with names ending in "ol" are unobtainable. Our manufacturers have made substitutes for some photographic chemicals. Potash salts have been replaced, as far as possible, with soda salts; hydroquinone has been made here or replaced with pyrogallic acid, and domestic manufacture started of the barite-coated paper that formerly came from France and Germany.

Quicksilver, aluminum dust and cyanide of potassium are all up in price, the first two because the explosives factories take them and the last on account of the potash famine. Out in the West the war breathed life into mining, which is prosperous beyond all memory; but these three chemicals are widely used in ore treatment, and so the miners and smelters are hampered.

The Shortage of Fertilizer

The farmer will feel shortage in fertilizers this summer. In normal times we use one hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of chemicals for plant food. The cotton planter in the South must have them, because his soils, long devoted to that single crop, have become poor in available natural chemicals. The truck grower in the Gulf States, raising early vegetables for the winter market, must feed his crops liberally with chemicals to push them into our Northern cities ahead of competing sections.

The citrus grower in Florida has a semi-tropical climate to stimulate his trees, but he must supply plant food to his light, sandy soil.

Potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid are the Big Three of commercial fertilizers. The first two are used in powder making. Potash is almost unobtainable for industrial purposes on account of the shutting off of supplies from Germany, and the scarcity and extraordinary price make it almost madness to think of scattering potash on land. Nitrates come mostly from Chile, and are scarce and high by reason of the crisis in shipping. Makers of explosives pay such prices for both that other manufacturers are deprived of them to a great extent, and the fertilizer industry feels the shortage most keenly.

Even acid phosphate, the best form of phosphoric acid for plant food and the one item in the Big Three that we have always been able to supply to the world in abundance, on account of our phosphate rock deposits, has risen in price because sulphuric acid is needed to treat the raw rock, and powder mills take most of that acid.

Last year there was a potash shortage, but farmers managed pretty well. There were old stocks of fertilizer on hand. The trade was able to supply new goods with a decreased potash content. Soils that had been fed liberally with chemicals for years had a potash reserve which could be drawn on one season, in a pinch. This year better management will be needed. Rotation of crops must be practiced in some cases to draw upon dormant plant food. Legumes must be planted and plowed under to get Nature's free atmospheric nitrogen. Stable manure, garbage and other waste must be conserved.

No matter what substitutes are devised the potash shortage is acute, and there seems to be no way to get round it in farming. We have deposits of potash in the West, as mineral, and in the form of seaweed. High prices have led to the working of these resources and supplies of the chemical are being shipped. But they go to manufacturers; and when the war ends it may be impossible for these concerns to compete with Germany in supplying agricultural potash, for the German deposits are the most abundant and easily worked in the world.

Advanced German Methods

We have also established plants for making some of the heavy chemicals, particularly benzol, toluol, nitric acid, sulphuric acid and carbolic acid; but these plants seem to be largely of an emergency nature. Prices have been phenomenally high. With supplies from Europe cut off on one hand, and an entirely new demand for war explosives on the other, American capital has felt safe in installing equipment that will pay for itself out of one year's profits, and may, therefore, be thrown on the scrapheap when peace returns if necessary. And that may easily be necessary, for to venture into chemicals anywhere in this country seems like skating on very thin ice. There is such a frightfulness about German chemistry!

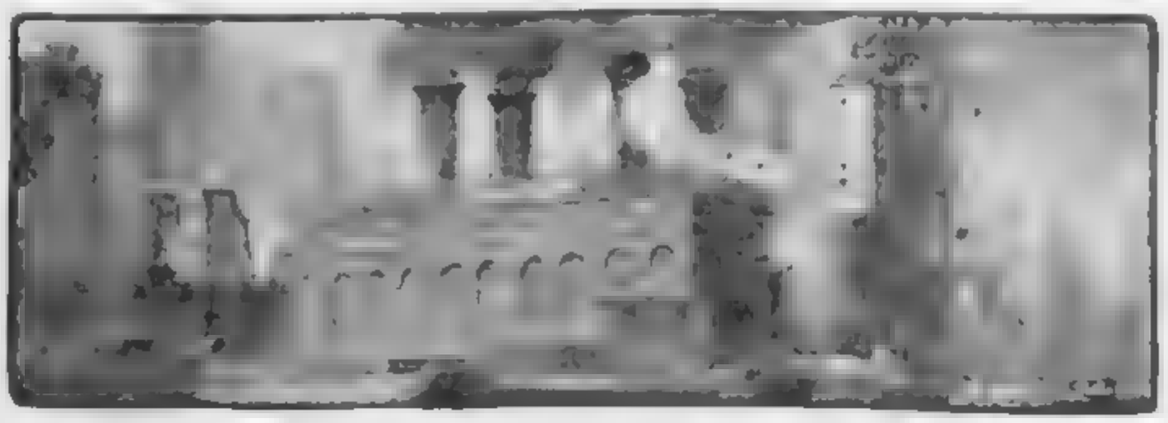
We make sulphuric acid by running the fumes from copper smelters, which cost us nothing, through an elaborate and expensive system of lead chambers. That was found too costly in Germany years ago, because the fumes there are generated from pyrites and have to be paid for. So the contact process, whereby the fumes are passed over platinum, was devised, with wonderful savings.

For war purposes we have been making nitric acid out of Chilean nitrates. In Germany that is old stuff! They gave that up years ago to make it out of ammonia from by-product coke ovens, as part of their coal-tar industry. This was not cheap enough by German standards, and they went to Scandinavia, where there was abundant cheap water power for electric current, and helped themselves to Nature's free nitrogen through the electric arc.

Even that did not reach German ideals of economy; so they contrived the process of taking atmospheric nitrogen by pressure and distillation. To-day they are using this to hurl their big shells at their military enemies. When the war ends they will probably hurl it into our markets.

There is some doubt about the ability of the Germans to colonize and expand geographically; but when they went into the aromatic series of the hydrocarbons their colonization was completely and permanently successful.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Mr. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early number.



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THE CITY OF UNSHED TEARS

(Continued from Page 10)

The care of the poor, however, is not left wholly to unorganized effort. There is, of course, the separation allowance for a basis of living. Most of the towns and all the wards of Paris are caring this winter for the most pressing need—coal. Any family that needs it and cannot pay receives a scant but sufficient supply from the *Mairie*. In certain districts where the need is exceptional the town supplies provisions. No one is going to starve or freeze in France this winter, and no child is going to grow up stunted through war privation. But the strain of keeping up the effort is measurably heavy, and it is complicated by the horde of aliens or half-aliens whom France must sustain until the end of the war. She has been, in fact, the dumping ground for war refugees. There are the inhabitants of Northern France who came out, driven by the Germans, before the Battle of the Marne. There are the peasants and the families of coal miners and factory operatives who poured out ahead of the German advance to Ypres and the Yser.

When starvation began to threaten the occupied district of Northern France the Germans took to dumping people, as their food supplies gave out, across the Swiss border. From one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand of these people filtered into Central France before our own Commission for Relief in Belgium added unto itself the work of revictualing Northern France. Then came the Serbians and Montenegrins. Only last week the German guns ruined Verdun as aforetime they ruined Ypres. The city was cleared of its inhabitants; perhaps thirty thousand people came down from Verdun and vicinity to be quartered on the villages of the Puy-de-Dôme country in Eastern France. All these people, it goes without saying, form a most important item in the charity budget of the French people.

The charities which have to do with the soldiers are perhaps a little less necessary but more picturesque. The approach of the spring campaign, perhaps the surprisingly early German attack at Verdun, put an end to the most picturesque of all, the *permission du Poilu*. All this winter, as all last, the army has been granting leaves of absence, running from five days to a fortnight. But the French Army does not believe in turning a soldier loose on the world—it is bad for discipline. When he gets leave he must go to his family. Now there are in the army at least a hundred and fifty thousand men who live in those parts of Northern France held by the Germans. They cannot get home. Also in the French Army, as in any other, there are men without relatives in France—foreign legionaries, reservists from the United States, for example. They say that it was an American woman who first proposed that French families make "godsons" of these men, taking them in, assuming responsibility for their conduct. That idea was much more revolutionary in France than it would have been in America. The aristocratic or bourgeois family here is generally a closed circle, and the last thing a Frenchman does is to invite an acquaintance to visit his home informally—it just isn't done in France. Nevertheless, this idea took like wildfire. Everyone has been doing it, even the hotels. The restaurants and cafés display a poster, showing a "mine-host" looking person, standing by a full board and welcoming a bearded, helmeted soldier, who advances in a kind of apologetic attitude. The lettering advertises the work of the hotel keepers and restaurateurs' association, formed for the purpose of helping the "*permission du Poilu*."

Adopting Poilus Sight Unseen

The stories coming out of this work have been both touching and amusing. In Bordeaux a party of us Americans sat down one night beside a family group—two middle-aged women, two middle-aged men, a delicately featured young girl of about seventeen and the *Poilu*. He was an amusing little gargoyle of a man, with a front tooth missing, a merry eye, and a rough but animated manner. Suddenly he leaned over toward me and asked in English to look at my evening newspaper.

This, of course, was only an advance toward conversation, and the moment he opened his mouth I knew that he got his English in America, not England. He was, in fact, a coal miner who had come from war to war—for he had fought with his union behind the barricades of Ludlow. Sixteen years he had been mining in the United States, and five of those years on strike. But at that he preferred American mines to those about Lille, where he learned his trade. His old mother was shut up in Lille. He had heard no word of her nor of his sisters—the universal story of the Northern Frenchman and the Belgian refugee in these days. He preferred to talk of that fight at Ludlow rather than of the fighting about Arras, through which he had come unwounded: "Mother Jones—now there was a woman! The operators were afraid of Mother Jones. I bet if that Mrs. Pankhurst had come out," he said with touching faith, "we'd 'a beat ol' John D. han's down!" So touching seemed to be his faith in militant womanhood. He had learned to play baseball in America; and because he had developed thereby a throwing arm, which he let us feel, his captain had made him a grenadier bomb-thrower.

However, the remarks of the *Poilu* from Lille and Ludlow interested us rather less, on the whole, than a little drama which the women of our party worked out from the expression of the young French girl. Whenever she permitted her gaze to rest on his face her expression ranged from disapproval to deep disappointment. Plainly, when she learned that her family was going to quarter a soldier on *permission* she had her young girl's dreams. She expected probably a handsome and refined soldier, with silky mustaches and deep, dark eyes, preferably slightly wounded, so that she could read him poetry while bathing his brow with eau de Cologne. She got—this. If the rest of the family had any sense of humor at all they must have loved him; but he was not a young girl's ideal.

The Trials of New Godmothers

At the house of an American, where I dined the other evening, I found a *Poilu* in full uniform covered by an inharmonious apron, waiting on table. He was the family butler, home on *permission*. That morning, learning that madame was giving a dinner, he had expressed real regret that he could not serve it, having no suitable clothes. "You might wear your uniform," she suggested. "May I?" he answered eagerly. So he served us, and it was a little incongruous—this bronzed, fit soldier, with the look of determination and of experience in his face, waiting on us pale, flabby civilians. They tell me that the desire to resume his old civilian occupation is strong in the soldier home on *permission*. During that interval between struggles, hardships, perils and alarms it rests him somehow. In my first week here I found waiters, elevator boys and cabmen on *permission* working so. The peasant very generally has put in his week or two plowing or fixing up the place. None of us can realize, probably, how restful it is to work again with the old horse, the old dog, the old familiar tools; and this to me is not the smallest pathos of the Great War.

Hand in hand with the *permission du Poilu* goes the institution of "godsons" at the line. French and foreign women, with a little means to spare, "adopt" soldiers without means, making themselves responsible for the little comforts which help a soldier endure his lot. That also has its amusing side. A young woman of sensibility adopted a peasant infantryman. She wrote to him, breaking gently her new relationship, and asking him what he lacked. "Since madame is so kind," he wrote back in ungrammatical French, which I cannot convey by translation, "a wool undershirt and a pair of drawers." Another wrote: "Send me only money." The hardest quandary of all, however, was put up to a wounded soldier in the American Ambulance Hospital. A little American girl, acting as his godmother, sent him a box of presents with a letter. "I am putting in," she said, "a Testament which my grandfather carried all through the Civil War." However, the Testament was not in the package. With fine French understanding for the ways of women toward little girls, the soldier reached the conclusion that mother, in arranging the package, had quietly abstracted the valued family relic. When last heard from he was trying to compose a letter expressing proper

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Upsonizing makes every room so much more beautiful. The paneling is an artistic delight, and you can finish it in such handsome tints. Washable paint gives a surface that you can always keep clean, fresh and sanitary

All this beauty *lasts*. Because UPSON PROCESSED BOARD is strong, durable, perfect and permanent. It is like real lumber—altogether different from ordinary wall boards. It is DEPENDABLE

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LOOK FOR THE BLUE CENTER

gratitude while concealing the fact that the Testament had not arrived.

These are the picturesque charities. It is always more picturesque to succor a soldier fighting for his country than to care for his wife, his widow, his children or his orphans at home. But those other quieter charities, both public and private, are really more important to the future of France; and they absorb at present the best of French effort. The stories thereof are legion. There is a large commercial establishment with many branches. It has not made a franc since the war began; in fact, most of the branch houses are closed. Nevertheless, the heads of the firm have managed to liquidate some private securities and are seeing that the families of their employees weather this storm. Individuals are giving small fortunes to fill in the chinks which public charity always leaves, the special cases not covered by any organization. Scratch anywhere in these days, even into the matter-of-fact work of charity, and you turn up a good story.

An American clergyman in charge of a church at Paris went last autumn to a hospital just behind the trenches. To him came the old priest of the district. "In the name of God," he said, "can you do something to help us? I am in charge of seven parishes. I cover them on foot—I cannot ask for a horse now. The other six priests were mobilized—three are dead. Our harvest is coming and we have no men—the women are not enough. Can you help us?" The next day the American returned to Paris. He found in his mail a draft from America. "For any purpose which seems good to you," said the letter of inclosure. It was half the price of a harvester. The clergyman met on the street that morning a rich American and told him the story. "I'll give the other half," he said. The next day a new American harvester started for the line; and Catholic and Protestant clergymen together directed a crew of old men and crippled ex-soldiers who saved the grain of seven parishes.

The Wrecks of Armageddon

The subject is infinite; but I must take space to mention the work, so important to the future, of reestablishing the wrecks of Armageddon. Trench fighting makes this a war of head wounds. No one knows exactly the number of the blind in France, but it is enough. Several French institutions and an American house, conducted by Miss Winifred Holt, are teaching the literate among them touch-typewriting, the illiterate basket-weaving, so that their lives may not be wasted to themselves and to France. But where one is blind, a hundred have lost legs or arms. Usually this means a change of occupation. Very generally these *mutilés* are being taught the trade of mechanic. The reason for this reveals what all Europe expects of the future. Much of the heavy work once done by man-power must hereafter be done by machine power, if not by woman power. The heavy orders placed of late for American agricultural tractors prove this, as does another incident, tiny in itself. A Frenchman talked the other day to a group of American manufacturing men concerning present and future needs. "We want especially," he said, "machines of lower gauge and lighter leverage, so that women may run them." There will be more work than ever in caring for machines; and a man with one leg or even with one arm can do this work where he could not plow, reap, wait on table or shovel coal.

Finally, there is the present state of art in Paris, art having been a real industry hereabouts. That is both dismal and amusing enough. Taking art in its broadest sense, the actors and musicians are doing better than might have been expected. Some theaters are running; generally the cinemas have reopened all over France. Your moving-picture audiences are always hungry for the up-to-date stuff, and public demand for dramas dealing with the war has justified producers in reopening studios in the Midi where actresses and old or disabled actors may find a little work. The education of the young proceeds as ever, and teaching music helps the musicians. But the arts of painting and sculpture, by which France stood eminent among nations, they have been knocked flat, since no one is buying statuary or pictures. Even the schools have suffered greatly. Most Americans know of Julian's academy. It used to run three *ateliers*. Now but one is

(Continued on Page 57)

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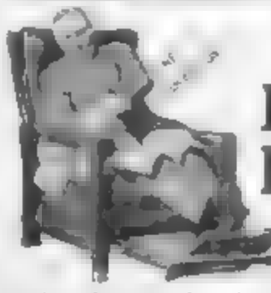

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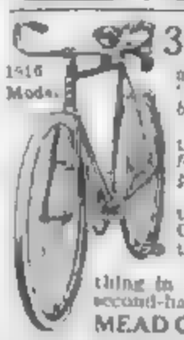

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SEND us any diamonds, watches, old gold, platinum or silver jewelry (new or broken), false teeth (with or without gold), any dental fillings, painters' gold leaf cotton or magneto points. We pay in cash the highest possible prices. Can do this because we do largest business of this kind in the country. Established 1899. Your goods returned at our expense should our offer be refused within 10 days.

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A STATEMENT

Concerning Final Drive in White Motor Trucks

IN VIEW of the conflicting claims for this form and that form of final drive which now confront the purchaser of heavy-duty trucks, this Company, as the largest manufacturer of motor trucks in America, deems it fitting to make a public statement of its own purpose and practice in the matter.

White Trucks of over two tons' capacity have always been chain-driven, and will continue to be chain-driven until some other form of final drive is developed in the future which we find to be more efficient or equally efficient. In its present state of development worm drive will not be adopted by this Company, and White engineers now see no prospect of its ever being sufficiently improved to warrant its adoption.

CHAIN DRIVE EFFICIENCY

1. The superior efficiency of chain-driven White Trucks is proved by the fact that more power is delivered to the rear wheels.
2. They require a smaller motor for equal load capacity.
3. They consume less gasoline, getting as high as 50% more mileage per gallon.
4. They endure a higher road speed; perform more easily on rough roads, steep grades, and in heavy going.
5. They pull capacity loads out of chuck holes and over obstructions which would stall any heavy-duty truck with a drive of less leverage.
6. Tire mileage is materially greater because the unsprung weight on the wheels is so much less.

WHITE TRUCK PERFORMANCE

Motor trucks have been in use long enough to accumulate a volume of motor truck experience, long enough for owners to know actual operating value. They can compare one truck with another. They have the records of performance; and large users, who keep the most effective cost records, indicate the showing of those records by an overwhelming preference for White Trucks.

That preference is well known. It is eloquently reflected in the fact that in total annual sales White Trucks predominate two to one over any other make, and among many large users they predominate ten to one.

WHITE TRUCK PREDOMINANCE

When a truck both outsells any competitor two to one and commands a higher price—its competition is severely felt by trucks of similar design; so severely, in fact, as to necessitate a change in that design to escape the brunt of parallel competition. This gives rise to new theories of construction, which are adopted in the endeavor to arouse fresh interest and to divert attention from White performance.

At this late stage of motor truck experience there is no need of truck buyers' being bewildered by fads and theories. Over and above the conflict of all theory looms the solid fact of White Truck performance—longer life, more days in service, lower eventual cost, as attested by comparative cost records of numerous large users and by the fact that such users purchase more White Trucks every year than trucks of any other make.

THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

ONLY GRAND PRIZE for Motor Trucks, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco

Let the man from Truck Headquarters tell you his story

Frankly, we believe you will find what he has to say mighty interesting.

It will be a story of fact—straight from the shoulder, sane and sound. It will be free from disparaging reference to other trucks or truck makers.

This man from Truck Headquarters will talk trucking as you see it from your chair.

He will not presume on your knowledge of the truck situation by trying to convince you that out of the 200 or more truck manufacturers his company produces the majority of trucks used in all lines of business.

He will not tell you that GMC trucks are the only ones selected by intelligent buyers or that GMC trucks alone will perform satisfactory service.

He will explain how the present high-grade GMC trucks were evolved through the co-operation of practical and experienced men in every department of our great factory.

He will show you, for instance, where a GMC two-ton truck has the same size and weight of certain important units as some other well-known makers use in trucks rated at 3½ tons capacity.

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Let us put you in touch with a GMC salesman or dealer near you. He will come to you representing the product of a company of unquestioned reliability—the strongest organization of its kind in the world.

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Would you like to buy at $5.00 per hundred cigars that you will enjoy every bit as much as those you now buy at 10c or 3 for a quarter?

There is only one way to do it.

You must buy your cigars from the factory.

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These statements are usually true. They illustrate a tendency to take steps to bridge the gap that developed years ago between the cigar maker and the cigar smoker

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This panatela is a hand made cigar, rolled in a model factory, by skilled, adult, male cigarmakers. It has a long filler of Cuban-grown Havana tobacco, properly cured. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra. It is five inches long, panatela shape, a trifle thicker than the average panatela—not quite so thick as a Lonsdale

Ask for this kind of cigar at any retail store and the cigar offered will be not less than three for a quarter in price.

Our price is $5.00 per hundred, $2.50 per box of fifty. Order a box from our factory and if the cigars, as smoked, are not exactly as claimed, they cost you no money at all.

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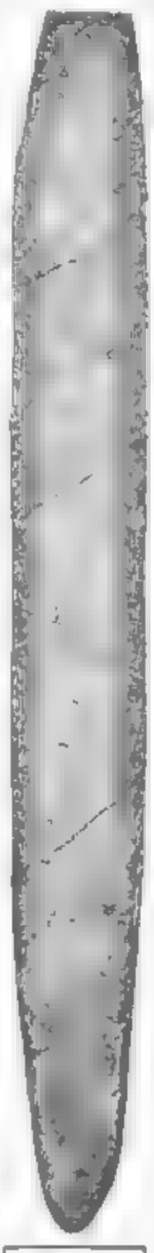
Besides our Panatela we make sixteen other sizes including a number of Clear Havana shapes. Our complete catalog sent free on request.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.



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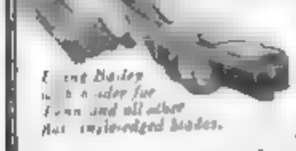
lies in the edge of the blade



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puts a "Comfort" edge on your blade in a jiffy—a few strokes on each side—that's all.

One side, with delicate abrasive, makes a keen edge. The other side, oiled calf-skin, makes it smooth for comfortable shaving. Both surfaces, mounted on flexible pads, hug the blade at exactly the right angle—no tearing or spoiling the delicate edge.

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(Continued from Page 54)

open, and that, until recently, has held only morning sessions. The students are women. A very few aliens or young French people have recently begun to work at Julian's by way of keeping their minds off the war. These include a retired grocer and a retired butcher. America is different. Among us they would have taken to bridge or pinochle.

A year, or even six months ago, the Latin Quarter, the heights of Montmartre, and all other districts where painters most live and work were in a picturesque state of imperfect adjustment. Mimi, of the studio, was keeping house until the folks got back; and Mimi was caring for herself or being cared for by loose and engaging methods peculiar to the Bohemian life. All that has changed. The model, to whom art was only an incident of a butterfly life, has drifted elsewhere, abandoning the struggle to those serious-minded women who regard posing as an art and a career. In the Latin Quarter of Paris, as in Greenwich Village, New York, Russian Hill, San Francisco, or whatever art quarter you may name, there was a mixture of work and trifling, of people who are heralds of to-morrow and people who merely posed. Many of the posers, being immobilized foreigners, still lingered here six months ago. Somehow they have mostly drifted away; one sees them now only in two cafés on the Boulevard Montparnasse, still talking art for art's sake and making gestures with their thumbs. But it is the last stand of the Old Guard.

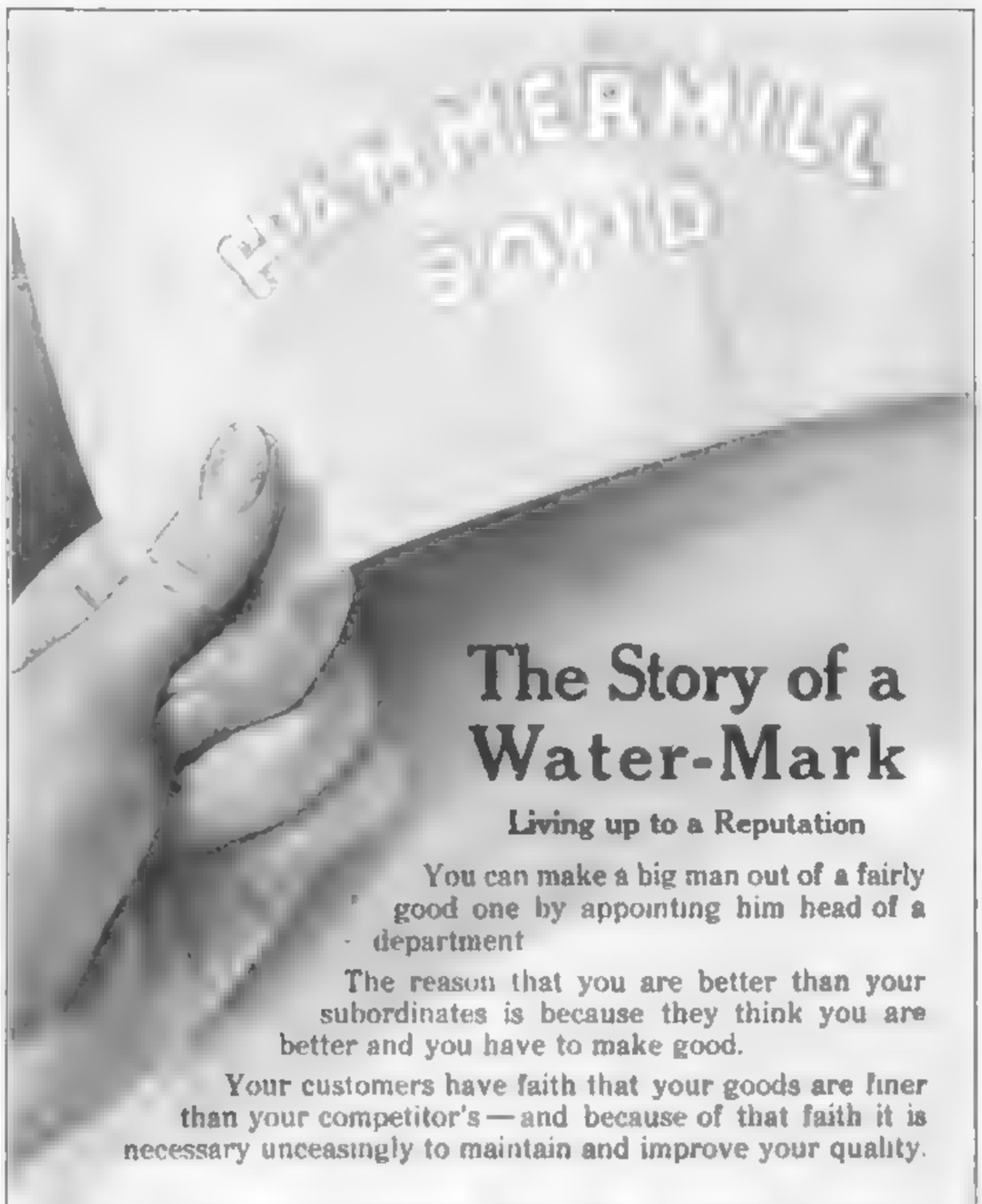
It is quite another thing with the real artists and their families. Some of the best French painters are out in the trenches or disabled, and all are desperately hard up. No one knows how the painters, their wives and their children would have lived but for the work of the canteens. These are virtually boarding houses for painters, sculptors, their families and the other people dependent on art for a living. One pays if he can—usually about six cents a meal. If he cannot pay the canteen forgets it and no one knows the difference.

This work is twofold: A large French society, supported to a certain extent from America, has a string of canteens all over Paris. The *Appui aux Artistes*, supported by American money, has five such establishments caring for about two hundred and fifty people. As this is an American institution I have seen more of it than of the larger French society.

Canteens in the Latin Quarter

I had luncheon one day for six cents in a Latin-Quarter branch of the *Appui*—"a typical canteen," they told me. This was an old provision shop. The painters had knocked together long wooden tables, which they covered with oilcloth. They had leased a restaurant range and set it up in what had been a storeroom. A *réformé* painter and his wife run the place—without salary, of course—and the women took turns in waiting on table. The only paid employees, I take it, were the cook and the scullion. We had cabbage soup, sheep's legs stewed with vegetables, pudding, fruit, red wine, cider and coffee. The cooking was French; therefore it was good. This meal, sold for six cents to those who could pay, cost about twelve cents, not including rent and overhead charges. The guests were mainly women, of course; but there were two old men and one young fellow who limped badly—maimed for life at Soissons. Two baby carriages, with occupants, stood in the corner. And everyone sat down to his meal, giving that indescribable "Ah!" of anticipation with which a Frenchman approaches food; and everyone was polite and gravely cheerful, if I may express it so.

It was at another canteen that a visitor heard an old gentleman remarking acidly that luncheon to-day was worse than luncheon yesterday. This ingratitude appalled him until he learned the facts from the *directrice*. This man is one of those artists who have higher standing among their fellows than with the public; he has never done well financially. He is also one of those artists who are as children in practical things, and his wife runs his life. When everything else was gone madame took him and the children to a canteen. But she never told him the whole truth; his pride would never have stooped to charity. He thinks that this is a coöperative boarding house to which madame is paying full board. Everyone knows this, and everyone humors the illusion. Half the trouble of the directors is seeking out cases and getting



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There grew in our organization that greatest of all forces—industrial idealism. Such an organization needs no driving—it drives itself—always towards the goal of better goods. The country holds Hammermill Bond to be the best paper of its kind and we live up to that reputation. It is your faith in Hammermill Bond which forces us to make it so good

But with paper, service is almost as important as quality. It doesn't matter how good paper is if you can't get it.

Our distributors in all important business centers find that it pays to carry big stocks at all times, and to back them up we keep an immense reserve stock at the mill. You can always get on short notice any of our three finishes—Bond, Ripple, Linen—in twelve colors and white

It will pay you to learn all about Hammermill Bond. We issue a separate Portfolio for each kind of business which contains a lot of valuable information and suggestions, besides complete samples.

We send a set of Portfolios to printers. Printers find these Portfolios a big help in selling better printing.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

[illegible] paper of [illegible] character

The FRANKLIN CAR

ONE of the most interesting things in the whole automobile situation is the type of men who own and drive Franklin Cars.

The list of Franklin owners shows a most remarkable average as to *substantial rating* and *strong position* in affairs.

The typical Franklin owner is a successful man who thinks for himself: and who owes his place in the world to his habit of *getting the facts* and using his *own judgment*.

The point we make is that the Franklin owner as a rule is a man who can afford any price car. He sees in the Franklin the *best use of his money*—and his whole habit of life has taught him to seek *efficiency*.

Every practical-minded motorist should read the new book, "Why the Average Motorist's Dollar is Shrinking." Send us your name on a post card for a copy.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

people into the canteens—persuading them that this is not really charity. It is not, either. It is paying back what America owes to the art of France.

Last night I dined at a more picturesque canteen. He who knows Paris need not be told of Montmartre. That hill rises out of Paris as Russian Hill out of San Francisco. The crest was an old hill village once; and until recently, when modern cafés, studios and apartment houses began to crowd in, probably the most romantic part of the city. We crept up sidewalks that were stairs; we threaded alleys shut in by walls that had gathered moss for centuries; we ducked through an oval door into a courtyard; we plunged into the darkness of another wall. A door opened suddenly into a long, low room, with fifty people eating and chattering at tables which were splashed with light from a big oil lamp shaded with green Chinese silk—from someone's studio junk. Hung thick on all walls was a collection of pictures, prints and what not, contributed, I take it, by all the guests for the decoration of their boarding house, and arranged with an artist's sense of the whimsical. Here was a sketch with an unusual effect; here was a very bad sketch thrown in for a joke; here was a caricature of a studio character; here some of those crude drawings of children always so amusing to your true painter; there was a water color of real merit.

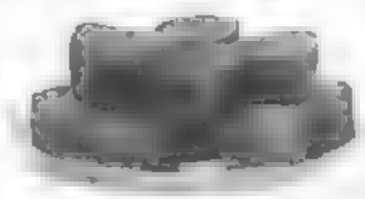
Each guest, as he finished his course, took his plate and went into the kitchen for the next—there were no waiters. They had borne more than their share of the war, these people. There were war-widows among them; there were men who must return to the line when their wounds have healed; there were men who will never walk straight again; and all were flat, dead broke. Yet, though the artist be tottering on the verge of the grave, the spirit of art is the spirit of youth; they were more nearly gay than any group I have seen in Paris.

There is a sign on the wall of another canteen that expresses this spirit. Certain neighbors must have objected because the artists made music; for here it is, as freely translated from Parisian argot to American slang: "In consideration for the spiritual sensitiveness and pure boneheadedness of the neighbors, cut out the song—even the Marseillaise."

The Test of America

Oh, the marvel of this France! There flashes into my mind now and then a picture of the America I know meeting such a calamity as this. I think of quiet Scituate, in Massachusetts, with half its houses put to the torch, with its selectmen and clergymen held or shot as hostages, with an alien army issuing from the Town Hall the orders which should stamp the Yankee into the system. I think of New York in mourning, in darkness, all its gayety over, all its careless spending done, waiting and working, and stifling its tears while for month after month the guns of the line make widows from Albany to New London. I think of busy Chicago, half ruined, yet forced to make ruin produce. I think of San Francisco with all her careless songs muted. And I wonder if we would bear it all with half the bravery, the fortitude and the immortal hope of this people, who hated the idea of war but who waged war, when it was forced upon them, with the heat. Sometimes I have doubted if we would stand the test.

Then I remember the three immortal Canadian brigades who plugged the line at Second Ypres. They were as blood of our blood; one who marched with them could tell only from the uniform that they were not Western volunteer regiments of our own army. The world knows what things they did. I think, too, of the San Francisco disaster. I remember how the millennium of kindness was on this earth while the hard period lasted, how people were ashamed to speak of their own losses. And I realize that we would stand the test. The latent qualities are in us, as they are in the French. It would need only war, "that lie which is half truth," to bring them forward.



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This is 75 per cent fine patent flour mixed with 25 per cent special bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. Price, 25 cents per large package.

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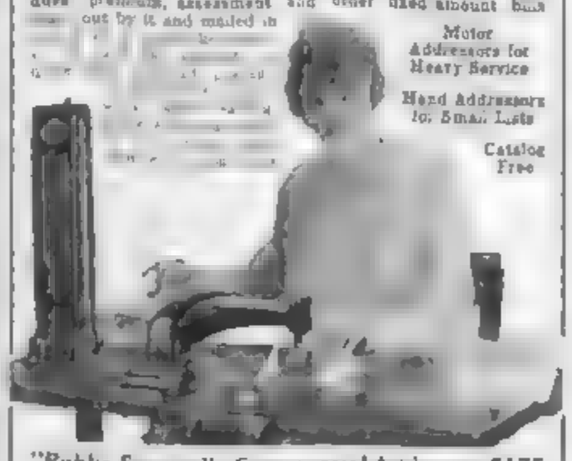

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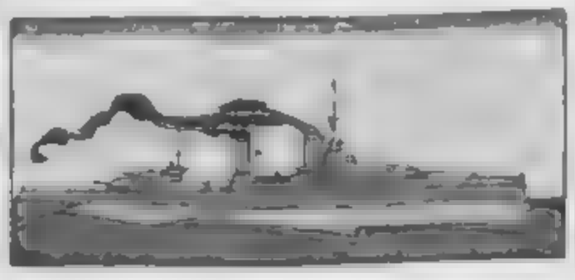

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Styleplus Clothes are built to an Ideal. Wars cannot swerve us from that Ideal. Fluctuations in markets and prices cannot dismay us. Our plan is scientific, our methods are so specialized and our scale so big that changing conditions cannot turn us aside from our Great Aim, which is: To clothe American men not only well, but *exceptionally* well at all times for the one moderate and invariable price of $17.

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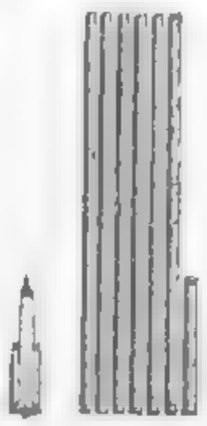


Magnitude

SIZE is not everything. But when a business is the largest of its kind and dominates its field throughout the world, there must be a big reason.

When an institution has reached a position of world dominance as has Butterick from a humble beginning through the steady growth of years, its size is significant.

The Butterick establishment includes one of the largest printing plants in the world. Also the largest and most complete fashion organization in the world. Likewise, the largest pattern business in the world. It is the only publishing house that does a truly international business.

Butterick's British edition of The Delineator has a larger circulation than any similar magazine in the British Empire. The French edition of The Delineator (Le Miroir des Modes) has a larger circulation than any comparable magazine in France. Likewise, the German edition of The Delineator (Moden Revue) is the leading magazine of its kind in Germany. One hundred and twenty-five million copies of the Butterick periodicals are published each year. In five languages they exert a potent influence all over the civilized world.

The paper Butterick uses each year reaches the staggering total of 3,922,000,000 square feet. If the Butterick magazines were printed on one press, working eight hours a day, it would take five years to print a single edition.

If all the paper used by Butterick in a single year were reeled out in a strip one foot wide it would reach 742,740 miles, 29 times around the earth, or three times from the earth to the moon.

THE DESIGNER

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

THE Delineator

The sixteen story Butterick building in New York has been outgrown in a decade. The business has increased 250% in seven years. Outside of the building the rentals now amount to more than $250,000 a year.

Butterick has distributing branches in Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Boston, Atlanta, Galveston, Toronto, Winnipeg. Canadian headquarters is a new five story plant in Toronto. 17,000 merchants sell our publications and fashion service.

Butterick has establishments in Great Britain, in Paris, and in Berlin. For years Butterick has had branches in every country in the civilized world.

One monthly issue of our three American women's magazines, The Delineator, The Designer, and The Woman's Magazine, is more than a million and a half copies. One issue piled flat, one copy on another, would make a stack 14,410 feet high, equal to the altitude of Mt. Rainier, or 19 times the height of the Woolworth Building.

This enormous edition goes out twelve times a year. And Butterick receives from America alone more than three million letters a year relating to these publications and the service which they represent. That means ten thousand letters every working day. This very hour some thousand people are writing to Butterick. The reason for Butterick's magnitude is the scope and depth of Butterick's service.

Butterick Building, New York

This service is the big reason for what Butterick is today.

This service of practical helpfulness for more than half a century has given the Butterick magazines their unique place in the confidence of American women.

Butterick

The Man Behind the Shovel

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

SOMETIMES when you sit in the observation end of the Limited and look idly back on the retreating landscape you will see him, shovel in hand, standing beside the track and glancing in a dazed fashion at a fast-flying luxury he has never enjoyed. He seems at quick sight to be a fairly inconsequential part in the manifold details of railroad operation.

You Will See Him Glancing at a Fast-Flying Luxury He Has Never Enjoyed

As a passenger you come in direct contact with the men who sell the tickets and make the reservations, the conductor, the car porter, the dining-car steward and the waiters. And sometimes when you are hurrying to your train you will stop for an instant to look at the clear-headed, cool-nerved man sitting in the locomotive cab and give a passing thought to the responsibility he undertakes in making your trip safe—for we are a selfish folk, after all, and see these things largely from our own standpoint. But the man behind the shovel—you have only a dim idea of his responsibilities and the part he plays in the comfort, to say nothing of the safety, of your trip.

Yet come a little closer to him if you will. Understand that from the very hour the railroad is completed it requires constant and exacting care. Constant strains of the traffic and the elements, seen and unseen, are wearing it out.

Temperature, wind, moisture, friction and chemical action are doing their best, sixty minutes to the hour, to tear down the nicety of the work of man in building his best pathways.

The effects of temperature—of the wonderful range of heat and cold the greater part of America experiences, and sometimes within a remarkably short space of time are to expand, contract, and ofttimes break the rails; to sever telegraph lines, the maintenance of which is so vital to the safe conduct of the railroad; to disrupt the almost equally important signal service.

The Autocrat of the Tracks

A single flat-wheeled freight car went bumping over a railroad side line up in Minnesota on a zero day one winter and broke so many rails that it was necessary to tie up the entire line for twenty-four hours until it could be made fit for operation.

Track looks tough. In reality it is a wonderfully sensitive thing. Not only is the rail itself a sensitive and uncertain thing, whether it weighs fifty-six pounds to the yard or one hundred and ten pounds to the yard, but the ballast and the ties—even the spikes—must be in absolute order or something is going to happen before long to some train that goes rolling over them. A large percentage of railroad accidents on account of the failure of mechanism rather than of the human element is due to this very thing.

Therefore the maintenance of track alone—to say nothing of bridges, culverts, switches and signals—becomes a very vital though little-understood feature of railroad operation.

Of the one million several hundred thousand men who are engaged in railroading in the United States some four hundred thousand are engaged in maintaining the track—and still we are saying nothing of the bridges or of the signals. In the railroad army the men behind the shovels form no mean brigade.

The brigadier generals of this sturdy corps of railroaders are the engineers of maintenance-of-way. A very large road will boast several executives of this title, reporting in all probability to a chief engineer of maintenance. Reporting to these from each division is a division engineer—probably some smart young chap just out of Tech. who is getting his first view of railroading at mighty short range. He, in turn, will have his assistants; but he is probably placing his chief reliance on his track supervisors.

These men are the field rangers of maintenance. Each is in charge of from ten to twelve sections, which will probably mean from eighty to a hundred miles of single track—much less in the case of double-track or four-track railroads. The section has its own lieutenant—section foreman he is rated on the railroad's pay roll; but in its lore he ever will be the section boss, and boss of the section he must be. If there was ever need of an autocrat in the railroad service it is right here; and yet, as we shall presently see, even the section boss must learn to temper his autocracy with finesse and tact.

A Job With Big Dimensions

Climb down from the top for the moment and see the railroad as the section boss sees it. Underneath him are four or six or eight workers—perhaps an assistant of some sort or other. Over him are the supervisors, and above them those smart young engineers who can figure out track with lines and pothooks, though the section boss is never sure that his keen eye and unfailing intuition are not better than all those books the college boys keep tucked under their arms.

The college boys, however, seem to have the sway with the big bosses down at headquarters, and the section boss knows he can go only a little distance ahead before he comes against a solid wall, the only doors of which are marked Technical Education. He can be a supervisor at from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, and ride up and down the division at the rear door of a local train six days a week; but the time when he might advance up to the proud title of roadmaster has gone. There are only a few roads to-day that even cling to that title. But he is not discouraged. He will tell you so himself.

"Go up?" he says. "Up where?"

You are standing with him beside a curving bit of single track. The country is soft and restful and quiet—save for the chattering of the crickets and the distant call of the way freight which has gone grumbling down the line. The August day is indolent—but the section gang is not. It is close to ninety, but the gang is tamping at the track with the enthusiasm of volunteer firemen at a blaze in a lumberyard—only its foreman has deigned to give you a few minutes of his attention.

"Up where?" he asks again, and then answers his own question: "To some stuffy sort of office? Not by a long shot! I'm built for the road—for track work. This road needs me here. We're only single

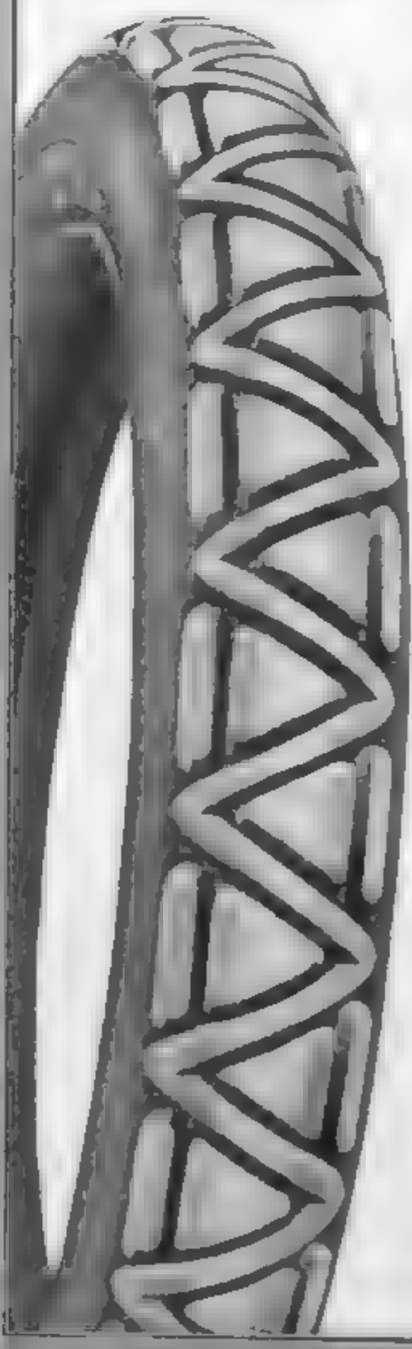
PUNCTURE-PROOF

PNEUMATIC—GUARANTEED

SCIENCE and SKILL, plus 33 years of experiment and study of rubber, have produced LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires, Guaranteed *PUNCTURE-PROOF* under a cash refund.

LEE Tires

PNEUMATIC NON-SKID PUNCTURE-PROOF



PUNCTURE PREVENTION

Puncture is prevented by three layers of small impenetrable discs. While the discs overlap they do not touch, the tire thereby retaining its full resiliency. No sharp object can penetrate the carcass and inner tube.

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All rubber used in LEE Tires is treated by the LEE "Vanadium" process, which greatly toughens the rubber, and increases the resiliency, affording extraordinary resistance to wear and tear. LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed in writing for **5,000** Miles.

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LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Manufacturers of Rubber Goods Since 1883

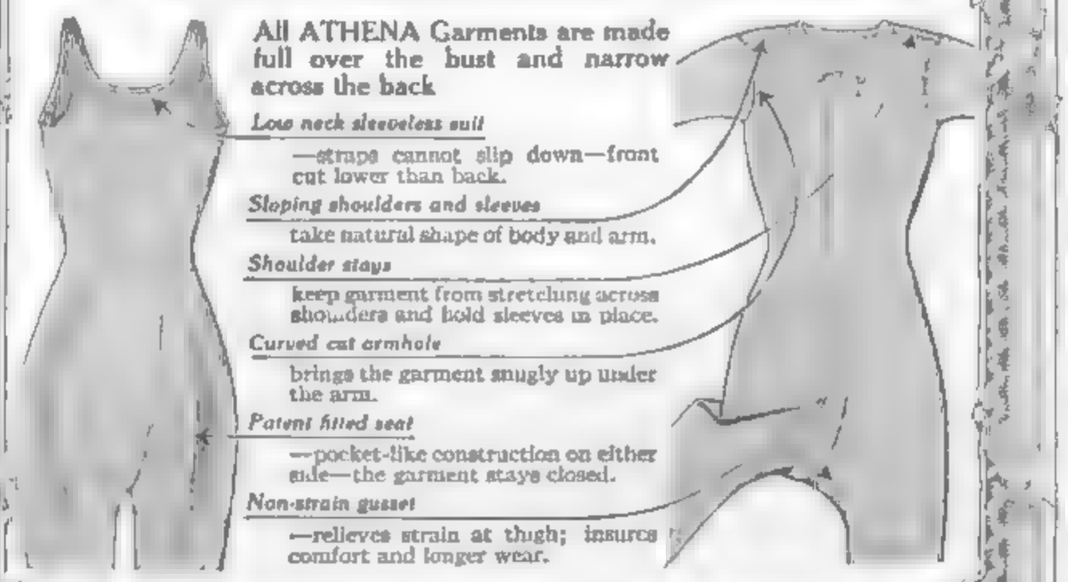
CONSHOHOCKEN, PENNA.

Distributors in all Principal Cities

Look up "Lee Tires" in your Telephone Directory

TRADE MARK

Special features which give ATHENA Underwear its daintiness, comfort qualities and perfect tailored fit:



All ATHENA Garments are made full over the bust and narrow across the back

Low neck sleeveless suit
—straps cannot slip down—front cut lower than back.

Sloping shoulders and sleeves
take natural shape of body and arm.

Shoulder stays
keep garment from stretching across shoulders and hold sleeves in place.

Curved cut armhole
brings the garment snugly up under the arm.

Patent fitted seat
—pocket-like construction on either side—the garment stays closed.

Non-strain gusset
—relieves strain at thigh; insures comfort and longer wear.

ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The moment you put on a suit of ATHENA Underwear you will appreciate its daintiness and perfect fitting qualities.

ATHENA Underwear will give you the dressed-up feeling that always adds so much to your comfort.

You will be able to move your arms and body freely; you will experience no drawing or binding over the bust and hips; there will be no wrinkling under the arms or at the waist.

ATHENA Underwear will fit you *snugly* all over, yet there will be *no stretching* of the fabric anywhere.

When you put on ATHENA Underwear you will be able to bend or stoop without discomfort or hindrance.

The secret of the wonderful superiority of ATHENA Underwear is in the perfected tailoring.

It is fashioned in the making to conform exactly to the lines of your figure.

All sizes, weights and qualities at the prices you have been accustomed to pay.

Ask for ATHENA Underwear at your local dealer's.

Manufactured by
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Healthy, Wealthy and Wise"

Would you like a really healthful and paying job — one that will take you away from indoor grind and send you out of doors, where you can breathe deeply and feel yourself growing younger?

We need a representative in your town to collect renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* The work requires only an hour a day of your time, it will keep you in the fresh air and it will pay you from five to twenty-five dollars a week.

Let us send you full particulars.

Agency Division, Box 362

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

track as yet right here;- but next summer we'll be getting eastbound and westbound, and then a bigger routing of the through stuff. To-night the fastest through train between New York and the Mississippi River will come through here, at nearer seventy miles an hour than sixty, and my track's got to be in order —every foot of the thirty-seven thousand feet of it."

"That's your job?" you say to him.

"Part of it," he replies. "My job is seven miles long and it has more kinks to it than an eel's tail. See here!"

He points to a splice-bar almost under your feet. You look at it. You are frank to admit it looks just like any other splice-bar you ever have seen; but the section boss shows you a discoloration on it hardly larger than a silver dollar.

"Salt water from a leaky refrigerator car did that. We've got to look out for it all the time—especially on the bridges."

You choke a desire to ask him how he knows and merely inquire:

"Are you responsible for the bridges too?"

"To the extent of seeing that they are O. K. for train movement. My job includes tracks, switches, drains, crossings, switch and semaphore lamps. We get out on our old handpower Mallet here and make every sort of emergency repair you can think of—and then some more—on telegraph wires, culvert signals and the interlocking. We've got to know the timecard and keep out of the way of the regular trains. Every little while a special comes along and we have to dump our Pullman in the ditch without much time for ceremony. We've got to know as much about flagging as the trainmen. And sometimes we act as sextons."

"Sextons?" you venture.

He thumbs a little handbook.

"Last year I performed the last rites over seven cows, two sheep and a horse. My job has a lot of dimensions."

Cultivating the Farmer

He puts his book in his pocket and draws out a circular letter the general manager at headquarters has been sending out to all the track bosses. He reads it with a grin and then hands it to you. It says:

"More than any other class of employees you have the opportunity of close contact with the farmers who are producing to-day that which means tonnage and therefore revenue for the company to-morrow. Have you ever thought of cultivating the farmer while he is cultivating the fields? A friendly chat over the fence, a wave of the hand as you pass by, may mean a shipment of corn or cattle—just because you are interested in him. For your company's welfare, as well as your own, cultivate the farmer."

The railroad can do and does do a lot of efficient solicitation through its fixed employees in the field; the opportunities of the station agent in this wise are particularly large. And there is a good deal of real sense in this particular circular. Yet the section boss seemed to regard it as distinctly humorous.

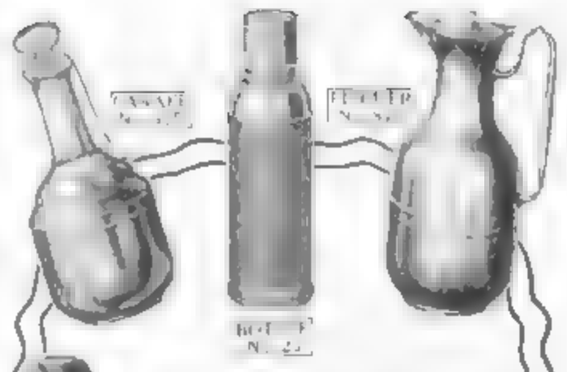
"The boss sits in his office or in his car," was his comment, "and I think he forgets sometimes that he was once a section man himself and working fourteen hours a day. The farmer doesn't have a lot of time for promiscuous conversation, nor do we. We'll wave the hand all right—but a chat over the fence? Along would come my supervisor and I might have a time of it explaining to him that I was trying to sell two tickets for Europe for the road. I've got to hustle along another line for my sixty-five per.

"We're not hanging very much over fences and chatting to farmers," he continues. "Under good conditions we put in about ten hours a day. And there are times when a sixteen-hour law, even if we had one, wouldn't bother us much."

"What times?"

"Accidents and storms! When we get a smashup here on this section, or on one of my neighbors', we all turn to and help the wrecking crew. Sometimes we'll put in a twenty-four-hour trick—and sometimes thirty-six. I've worked fifty-one hours with no more than a snatch of sleep—and that was accident and storm. It's storm that counts the most. It's nice and pretty out here to-day, even if a little warmish. Come round here next February, when the wind begins to whistle and the mercury is trying to hide in the bottom of its little tube, and help me replace broken rails in a snow-packed track."

(Continued on Page 65)



Something ICY-HOT For Everyone $1.25 and Up

See display, at your dealer's, for [illegible]. Or send to us for new catalog showing pictures and prices of all styles. The most complete beautiful and useful line ever shown.

ICY-HOT Bottles and Jars require neither fire nor ice. The temperature of contents cannot be affected by outside air. No chemicals are used. Just fill bottle and cork it.

BOTTLE No. 31

ICY-HOT

Keeps Contents Icy-Cold for 72 Hours Steaming-Hot 24 Hours

There's an ICY-HOT for every purpose—bottles for the [illegible] for the [illegible] and traveling, [illegible] for [illegible] an ICY-HOT indispensable for keeping baby's milk at proper temperature and invalid's broth, drink, or food, all night, without heat or ice, or bother of preparation. Provides hot or cold drinks while motoring, yachting, hunting, fishing, etc.

JAR No. 740

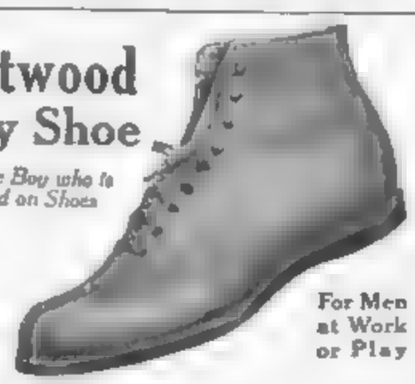
Ask Your Dealer

Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom. Accept no substitute. Protected against imitators. [illegible] ICY-HOT Lunch Kit for Workers and School Children [illegible] lower compartment with ICY-HOT Bottle for cream. $2.00

Icy-Hot Bottle Co. Dept. B, Cincinnati, O.

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Men at Work or Play

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak-tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for football, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wetting. Cleans easily with soap and water. Stands all kinds of wear and still looks good. Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No waxed threads or tacks to hurt the feet or wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes 8 to 13	. . . .	delivered, $3 50
Boys' Sizes 1 to 5	. . .	" 4 00
Men's Sizes 6 to 11	. . .	" 5 00
Same with Flat Broad Heel,	. . .	" 5 00
For Golf—Heels and Hob Nails,	. .	" 5 50
Women's Sizes, 3 to 7, with Flat Broad Heel,		5 00
For Golf, Rubber Sole and Heel,	.	" 5.00

Eastwood Sandals

"All the fun of going barefoot without the scratches and bruises"

Made [illegible] expand naturally [illegible] a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted with ill-fitting shoes.

[illegible] all charges prepaid [illegible] $1 50 [illegible] $1 75 [illegible] $2 00 [illegible] made for women and boys, 3 to [illegible] $2 50 Misses' 6 to [illegible] $3 00.

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How the War Put *One* American Engineer to the *Proof*

Twenty months ago, probably not one business man in this country realized that certain well established ideas would shortly be put to the hardest test in history.

In the light of this war, the world that prided itself so on being *practical* turned out to be *full of theories.*

Nowhere in business activity has theory shown itself so strongly intrenched as in motor truck engineering.

Everybody had long foretold that the next war would be a *gasoline war.*

Everywhere in America it was assumed that in event of war an army could simply take over the output of *commercial truck builders.*

In the unsparing test of war service, this theory falls to the ground.

Heavy weight, constant work, the *unexpected,* were always showing up the weak spots of a truck.

But trucks like the Schnieder busses and delivery wagons of Paris, *built to meet war department specifications,* with a possible war in mind, are still running after nineteen months of war service.

It is logical that the engineer who designed the Locomobile, the *first American-built car* to win the Vanderbilt Cup, should also be the man to build the *American business truck that takes rank in war service* with the European trucks built to war department specifications.

This engineer is A. L. Riker, Vice-President and Chief Engineer of the Locomobile Company of America. Mr. Riker was first president of the Society of Automobile Engineers, and was chosen by his fellow experts of the Society to represent them on the United States Naval Consulting Board, of which he is Chairman of the Committee on Internal Combustion Motors.

A. L. Riker is an engineer who has always refused to be limited to the conventions of his science, and has insisted on living in *close contact* with the *business world and its problems.*

He began his intimate study of motor truck transportation in the business world in the early days of the automobile.

The trucks he designed and built fifteen years ago *are still running.*

Mr. Riker's latest achievement is the new Riker Truck, a *war-tested truck,* a truck developed from the lessons of the war, designed by A. L. Riker and built by the Locomobile Company of America—unquestionably and incontestably *the best-built truck in America.*

For the first time in American industry, an engineer has provided for the business men of this country a motor truck designed to hold up in unsparing service and unexpected strains.

A truck that is good for *war service* is ideally good for *business purposes.*

The Riker Truck is the best-built truck in America.

The Riker Truck has a frame of *chrome nickel steel,* as against the structural steel usual in truck practice.

Its engine bed is *government specification bronze,* instead of the aluminum ordinarily used. This is the only bronze engine bed ever put into a truck.

Its springs are of *silico-manganese steel*—no better springs are made either in America or abroad.

Its transmission gears are of *chrome nickel steel,* its propeller-shaft of *chrome nickel steel,* its driving axles of *chrome nickel steel.*

There is *more high-grade material* in the Riker Truck than in any other truck built in America.

A Riker Truck *will go farther, carry heavier loads, do its work with less tire cost, less upkeep and depreciation* than any other truck of the same rated capacity.

The price is about the same.

Engineers, Industrial Men, Superintendents of Delivery, Traffic Managers, Students of Technical Schools and Colleges, are invited to inspect the new Riker Truck, and see *Mr. Riker's application of engineering principles to motor truck design in America.*

The Riker Truck is on display at all our Branch Houses, located in the leading industrial centers of the United States as follows:

New York City	Sixty-first Street, next to Broadway
Boston, Mass.	700 Commonwealth Avenue
Chicago, Ill.	2000 Michigan Avenue
San Francisco, Cal.	230 Fulton Street
Philadelphia, Pa.	Twenty-third and Market Streets
Los Angeles, Cal.	Pico and Grand Avenue
Seattle, Wash.	600 East Pike Street
Cincinnati, Ohio	911 Race Street
Oakland, Cal.	Twelfth and Harrison Streets
Baltimore, Md.	107 West Mt. Royal Avenue
Washington, D. C.	1124 Connecticut Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Euclid Avenue and Baum Street
Kansas City, Mo.	1833 McGee Street
St. Louis, Mo.	3033 Locust Street
Minneapolis, Minn.	832 Hennepin Avenue
Bridgeport, Conn.	Seaside Park

LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Card of Introduction
Peck & Hills Furniture Co.
SALESROOMS
CHICAGO
NEW YORK CITY
DENVER
LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO
Gentlemen
This introduces to you the bearer, M
who would like the privilege of looking through your lines
Please extend every courtesy and consideration to this party and charge to our account any goods which may be selected
MUST BE SIGNED BY A FURNITURE DEALER
Get this Sample of P & H Furniture Polish
NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
LOS ANGELES · OAKLAND · SAN FRANCISCO
Peck & Hills

Clip Out This Card

See America's Greatest Home Furnishing Exposition

CLIP this card. Take it to your leading furniture dealer for his signature. Then visit our great Home Furniture Exhibitions held the year around in our show rooms in the cities listed below.

This card—an exact reproduction of our famous "Card of Introduction"—is your "Open Sesame" to any one of these exhibitions, where, conducted by an expert guide willing and able to answer any questions, you can gather the best ideas for furnishing your home—and see probably the largest and most artistic array of furniture in America.

Peck & Hills

Furniture and Home Furnishings

Standard for 20 Years *Highest Award at Panama-Pacific Exposition*

You pass through floor after floor of the most interesting exhibits imaginable. A veritable *maze* of the latest and most approved types of modern, artistic, dependable furniture and home furnishings greets you.

Here you'll find modern bedrooms, dining rooms, living rooms, drawing-rooms, each fitted with its appropriate furniture *en suite*—fitted completely, harmoniously, just as it should be.

Here you'll find exhibited the better types of the beautiful *Period* Furniture now so much in vogue—all in its correct setting.

Here you'll find carpets, oriental and domestic rugs, floor coverings of all kinds—and draperies.

In short, you'll find anything—everything you want here—whether for a modest home or the most pretentious mansion.

Nor need you feel under the slightest obligation to *buy*. The purpose of this exhibition is *educational*. But if you *care* to buy, you *can* buy—anything you want! We will deliver your selections through the local dealer who signed your Introductory Card. Then you pay *him* on mutually satisfactory terms.

No extra cost—no red tape—no credentials other than the "Card of Introduction" *above*—[illegible]able transaction from start to finish—and a profitable one for you, too.

Another P & H Way

If you cannot visit any of our display rooms, ask your dealer to show you our big *catalog* which [illegible] describes everything shown at our big display ex[illegible]. From the catalog you can buy anything not carried in stock by the dealer and he will order it for you. He [illegible] And so do [illegible]

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The small edition of our big catalog comprises a buying guide of utmost value to those seeking the newest and best ideas in home furnishings. Illustrated like the big catalog and crammed with interesting *values*.

Period Furniture, popular yet requiring skill and discrimination if it is to be purchased intelligently, is also fully described—hints on buying [illegible]. It places

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We Furnish Hotels, Apartments, Lodges, Clubs, Restaurants, Offices, Schools, Etc.

We do a large business in the above lines and are in position to render a *service* which will surprise you. And we can save you a *lot of money*, too—besides giving quick delivery.

We [illegible] representatives everywhere, backed up by an efficient [illegible]

A letter [illegible] addressed to our [illegible] St. and Wabash Av[illegible] instant and careful attention, no matter where you are located

(Continued from Page 62)

Against conditions such as those the railroad finds no little difficulty in securing good trackmen. The section boss will tell you how, until about twenty years ago, these were largely Irishmen, with a fair mixture of Germans and Scots—even a few Englishmen. The Italians began coming over in droves a little more than a quarter of a century ago, and almost the first men they displaced were the Irish trackmen on our railroads. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that they came and took jobs the Irishmen were beginning to scorn. The latter preferred to become contractors, politicians, lawyers. What is the use of driving like a slave all day long with your arms when you can earn three times as much by using your wits?

Of recent years there have been few Irishmen in track service—an occasional section boss like the man to whom we have been talking—and, with the exception of Wisconsin and Minnesota, practically none of the men from the north of Europe. Even the better grades of Italians have begun to turn from track work. They, too, make good contractors and politicians and lawyers.

In their stead have come the men from the south of Italy, Greeks, Slavs, a few Poles and a few Huns. These are a difficult lot. They seem to lack intelligence. In handling a rail with tongs they should pair off—long and short, heavy and light; but there always seems to be a man on the wrong side or there is one who hangs on desperately after the rest have let go.

The north-of-Italy men are better than all these. They show real human intelligence, and some of the larger roads in the North and East are beginning to promote them to be section bosses and supervisors, with good results.

The day has come, however, when the railroad has begun to take keener notice of the personnel of the men to whom is given the actual labor of keeping the track in order. In many cases it offers prizes to the foremen for the best-kept sections. The prizes are substantial. They need to be. With hard work as the reward in this branch of service, the railroad is no longer able to pick and choose from hordes of applicants. Instead it has to fairly dragnet the labor markets of the largest cities; and when it gets its men it has to use them with a degree of consideration that was unknown in its service even a dozen years ago.

No longer can an autocratic and brutal foreman stand and curse at his section hands. They simply will not stand for it. Bawlers-out, as the worst of these fellows used to be known along the line, are not in fashion now. And the track supervisor who used to stand on the rear platform of a train and toss "butterflies" out is far more careful in his criticisms. "Butterflies," be it known, are indited by the supervisor en route to call the attention of the foremen to track defects in their sections.

Jollying Washington Pie

The railroad has been handling this difficult matter with exceeding care. It makes periodic efforts to get farm boys in its section crews; but the American farm boy is looking for bigger things—a career in train service and more opportunities for travel than come in paddling a hand car up and down a seven-mile section.

The negro is still in large service in the old South—below the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. He is a good trackman. Unlike most of the south-of-Europe men he has strength and stamina for heavy, sustained work. Moreover, he is built to rhythm.

If you can set his work to syncopated time he seems never to tire of it. He is a real artist with the spike-maul. He cuts six or eight inches off its handle and it becomes his "short-dog."

Gripping it at the end with both hands he swings it completely round his head and strikes two blows to the white man's one, no matter how clever the white man may be. And he is actually fond of a bawler-out. He respects a real boss.

"We find negroes good trackmen," a shrewd railroad head down in Virginia will tell you. "The great trouble with the average African citizen round these parts is that with two dollars he is a millionaire, and you may be assured he is not going to work again until he has spent that two dollars. That is the reason why our road sends commissary cars out along its line; and we pay in gloves and overalls and food and tobacco—not in money—at least not more than the law compels.

"You can get Sambo by flattery almost every time. Two or three years ago we were down in the bottoms, trying to replace a section of line that had been badly keelhauled by two or three washouts. We finally got out on a narrow bank where there was only room for a dozen men to work, while the rest of our combined gangs—seventy-five or eighty rail rustlers—stood round waiting for them to finish.

"One of that gang had the hard work to do. He was a big negro, casually named Washington Pie Lewis, six feet three and weighing two hundred pounds—built like an ox. His foreman stood and watched him. The foreman knew negroes, and all the while they were tugging with the trestle timbers he kept up a steady jolly at the top of his voice: 'You're the boys! I wanted the dandies on this job. An' did you ever see the likes of Washington Pie? Sure as I live Wash's going to do the trick—and to-morrow he gets a holiday and a ticket to the circus up at the co'thouse.'

"We rebuilt the trestle by jollying big, grinning Washington Pie, who as he grinned brought the biggest and strongest set of muscles I ever saw into tossing trestle timbers round as you and I might toss shingles. And the next day we gave Washington his ticket to the circus. If we hadn't kept our word with him we should have lost every negro in the gang."

The Independent Hobo

The hobo trackman is in a class by himself. He is not the migratory creature that you may imagine him. On the contrary in nine cases out of ten he can be classed by distinct districts. Thus he may be known as a St. Paul man, a Chicago man or a Kansas City man; and you may be quite sure he will venture only a certain distance from his favorite haunts. In the spring he generally is so hungry that he is quite willing to take any sort of job at any old price, provided free railroad tickets are given.

The majority of these hoboes have had experience behind the shovel. Some of them know more about track than their foremen. Unless the section boss has had previous experience with hoboes, however, he will get no benefit from their superior knowledge, but will be left to work out his problem entirely alone.

As a rule the hobo becomes independently rich on the acquisition of ten dollars at one time. Then he turns his face back toward that town to which he gives his devoted allegiance. He now has money to pay fares, but he does not pay them. Summer is on the land and he likes to protract the joys of the road; so he beats his way home slowly and leaves a record of his migration executed in a chirography that is nothing less than marvelous.

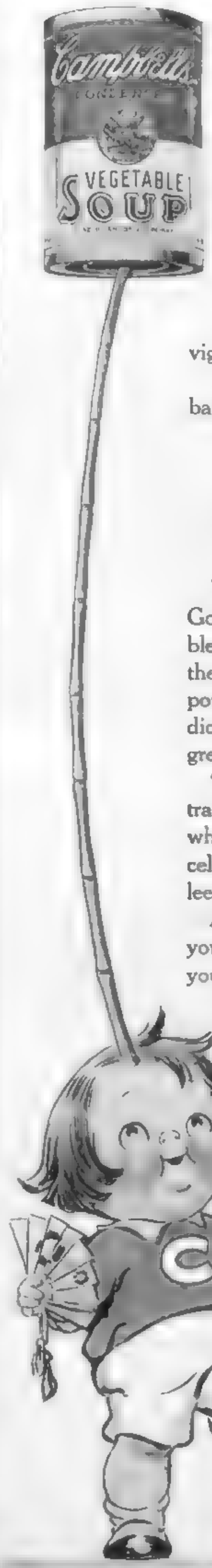
The day that masonry went out of fashion in railroad construction and concrete came in was a bonanza to the hobo. On the flat concrete surfaces of bridge abutments and piers, telephone shanties and retaining walls he marks the record of his going and whither he is bound—and marks it so plainly with thick black paint that even he who rides on the fastest of the Limited trains may read—though he may not understand.

Once in a while a hobo sticks to his work and in consequence immediately ceases to be a hobo. There is a division engineer who sits in his office at Jersey City and from a vast range of experience tells of two cases where hoboes have made good. There came to his camp together two young men who were really boys, for neither had passed his nineteenth birthday.

They were steeped in whisky when they walked into a railroad recruiting office down on a waterfront street in Philadelphia. It took a few days of hard work under a broiling sun to get the whisky out of their systems. Then the division engineer—he was a track supervisor at that time—chanced along and sized them up. They looked different from the derelicts that the labor agencies had been sending that summer. He asked their ages; and when they told him he decided to pull off his coat and make real men of them.

He got them in a corner in the noon-hour loaf and talked to them like a father to his kiddies, though he was but twenty-seven himself. He threatened and he cajoled and finally he laughed and slapped them on their backs. In the slang of Broadway he "got his idea across."

"Get out of these boarding cars and go down and live with the boss," he urged. "He's got a nice little house in the village and his wife's a bully cook. I know!"



A Balanced Ration

A food which is first of all delightfully appetizing. And also a food that combines in just the right proportions the various elements which your system needs to keep you in vigorous trim.

It would be hard to name a better-balanced food than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

The rich stock is made from choice Government-inspected beef. In this we blend thirteen different vegetables. Among these are carrots, yellow turnips, white potatoes and sweet potatoes—delicately diced,—small peas, baby lima beans, green okra, and tender corn.

"Alphabet" macaroni adds to the attractive appearance. And we flavor this wholesome combination temptingly with celery and parsley and a delicate hint of leek and sweet red peppers.

As nourishing and satisfying a dish as you ever tasted. It involves no labor for you; no waste of time nor fuel. And you will find its regular use a constant benefit to your family's health and condition.

Hadn't you better order a few cans from the grocer and start your dinner with it today?

21 kinds

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Beef	Mulligatawny
Bouillon	Mutton
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Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pepper Pot
	Printanier
Clam Bouillon	Tomato
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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

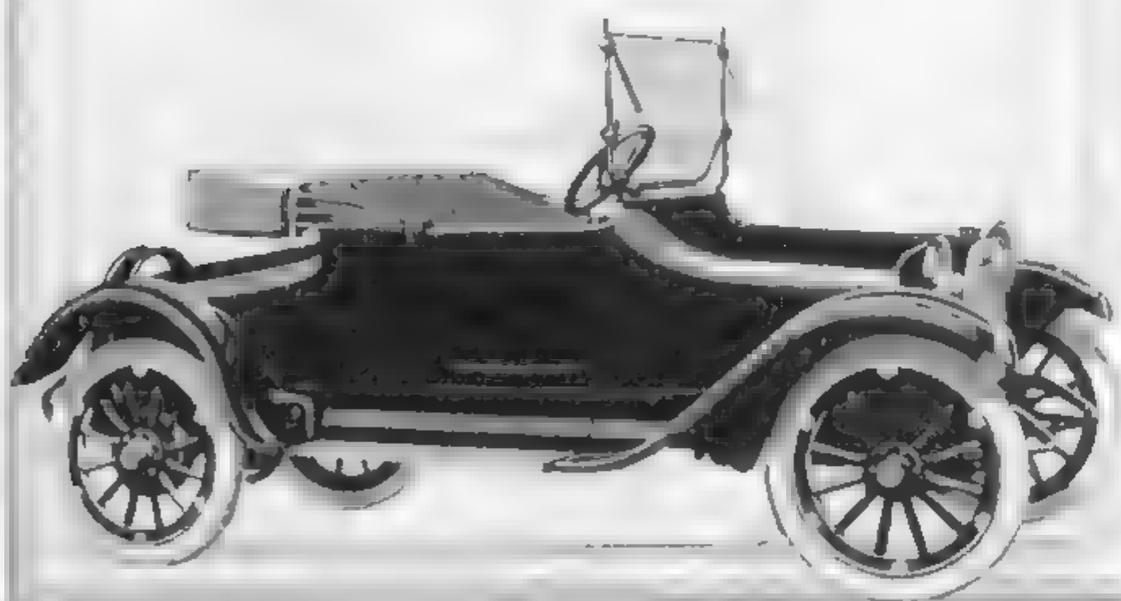
DODGE BROTHERS
ROADSTER

Before Dodge Brothers began the manufacture of their own car they had built the parts for half a million motor cars

Their experience, their knowledge of processes, materials and men, comes from the most intimate contact with their business. Their supervision is direct and constant, for they are the active superintendents, engineers, managers and owners of their business

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



His tones must have carried conviction, for within a week they did move out of the boarding cars, with their constant atmosphere of desolation and greasy potatoes, and into a quiet, clean home. And the only thing to be added to this story is the fact that one of these men is to-day a track supervisor on that road; the other has left track work and is to-day the crack salesman of a concern that sells about a million dollars' worth of track supplies every eight months.

If you want to get another angle on the man behind the shovel take a fast train and go down into the sunbaked Southwest. Down there he is of a different sort.

Imagine yourself, if you will, spending a day with him on his lonely job among the sagebrush and the mesquite. You are up at seven o'clock in the morning—and the gang is up before you. At seven the sun is an hour high; and judging by the cloudless sky this is to be a repetition of preceding roasting, suffocating, hot days.

The section house stands near a bit of spur track at the end of a long passing siding in the desert. It consists of an old maintenance-of-way car, the bones of which long ago grew too old and shaky for safe travel up and down the line. Back of it stand half a dozen shacks, built of old ties and covered with dirt roofs. These are the quarters of the Mexican track hands, for down here all the low-paid railroad labor is Mexican. The section boss calls the row Fifth Avenue. He is not Mexican—you can count on that. He is from New England and his name is Smith.

Though he sometimes misses the Green Mountains of his native state when he gazes out round the prairie from his section house and sees nothing save the squalid Mexican quarters and the horizon, he does not say so. He whistles to keep his courage up and at seven o'clock in the morning he whistles to let his greasers know that the day's work has begun. They come tumbling out of their shacks and follow him to the toolhouse, the most pretentious structure in the vicinage.

Rail-Tamping in the Southwest

Smith unlocks the door; the Mexicans push the hand car onto the track, load the tools and the water barrel, grab the handlebars, and they are off. The day's work has commenced. They pump the car for about four miles down the track and stop. The car is taken off the track. One end of it is propped up and the water barrel pushed under it, to protect it from the burning sun. Smith throws a piece of old sack over one rail to keep his hands from getting blistered and sights along its top—burnished by traffic until it resembles a glistening gun-barrel.

Juán, who is the veteran among the Mexicans, puts a jack under a designated spot and raises both rail and ties slowly until Smith signals him to stop. Then the rest of the gang begin to push or tamp dirt under the ties—ends and centers. They move slowly along the track, carefully repeating the performance. Not a rail-length—not a foot of the line—is being neglected.

For a thousand miles to the east of them and many miles to the west along that same system other gangs are that day doing exactly the same thing—for you must remember the track is deteriorating from the moment the contractor hands it over as completed until the day it is finally torn up and abandoned. All the time between, the attention given it must be constant and painstaking.

Throughout the morning Smith and his gang keep hard at it. Sometimes a Mexican finds a moment to roll a cigarette or shift his big sombrero; but they have kept ahead pretty steadily with their tie-tamping, sometimes varying the monotony long enough to slip in a new tie in place of a decayed old one. About half past eleven they quit for dinner.

It is as hot as blazes now and even the Mexicans begin to feel it. Each man of the gang takes his lunch basket and makes a desperate effort to locate a little shade. Two of them crawl under the hand car; another squats behind a telegraph pole. Smith makes for a little shady patch behind a block signal; the rest of them lie flat under a bit of sagebrush.

They do not get back to the rail-tamping at once—not for a time, at least. Before they are done with their tamales and coffee a cowpuncher comes riding up to the railroad. The cowman gets off his pony and

(Continued on Page 69

5¢ a Roll

The New Nut Candy

Selected Virginia Peanuts roasted to a crisp, tasty brown — combined with Chocolate Candy of delicious flavor and consistency.

Nut Tootsie Rolls

It is impossible to describe how good they really are. You must try them.

Made clean—Kept clean—Wrapped dustproof.

A roll is divided into six parts for your convenience. Sold wherever Candy is sold.

Lots of Nuts

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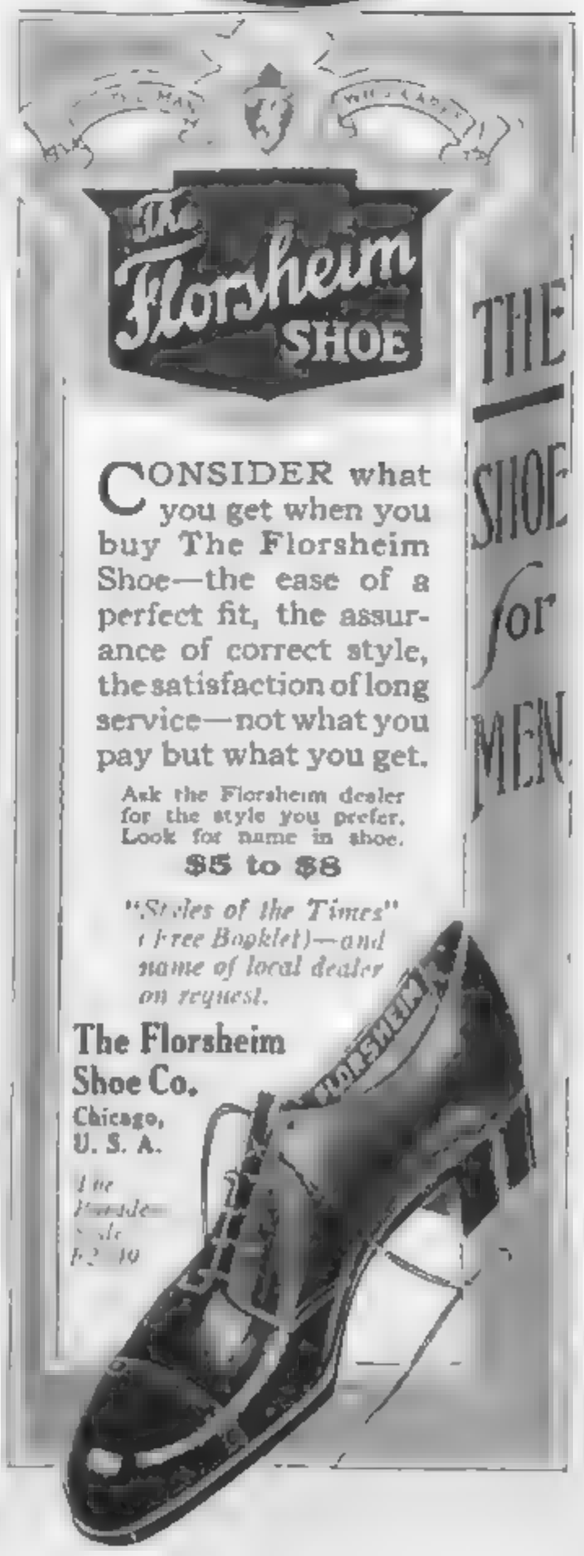

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Ask the Florsheim dealer for the style you prefer. Look for name in shoe.

$5 to $8

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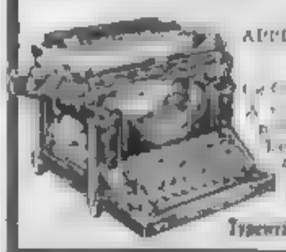

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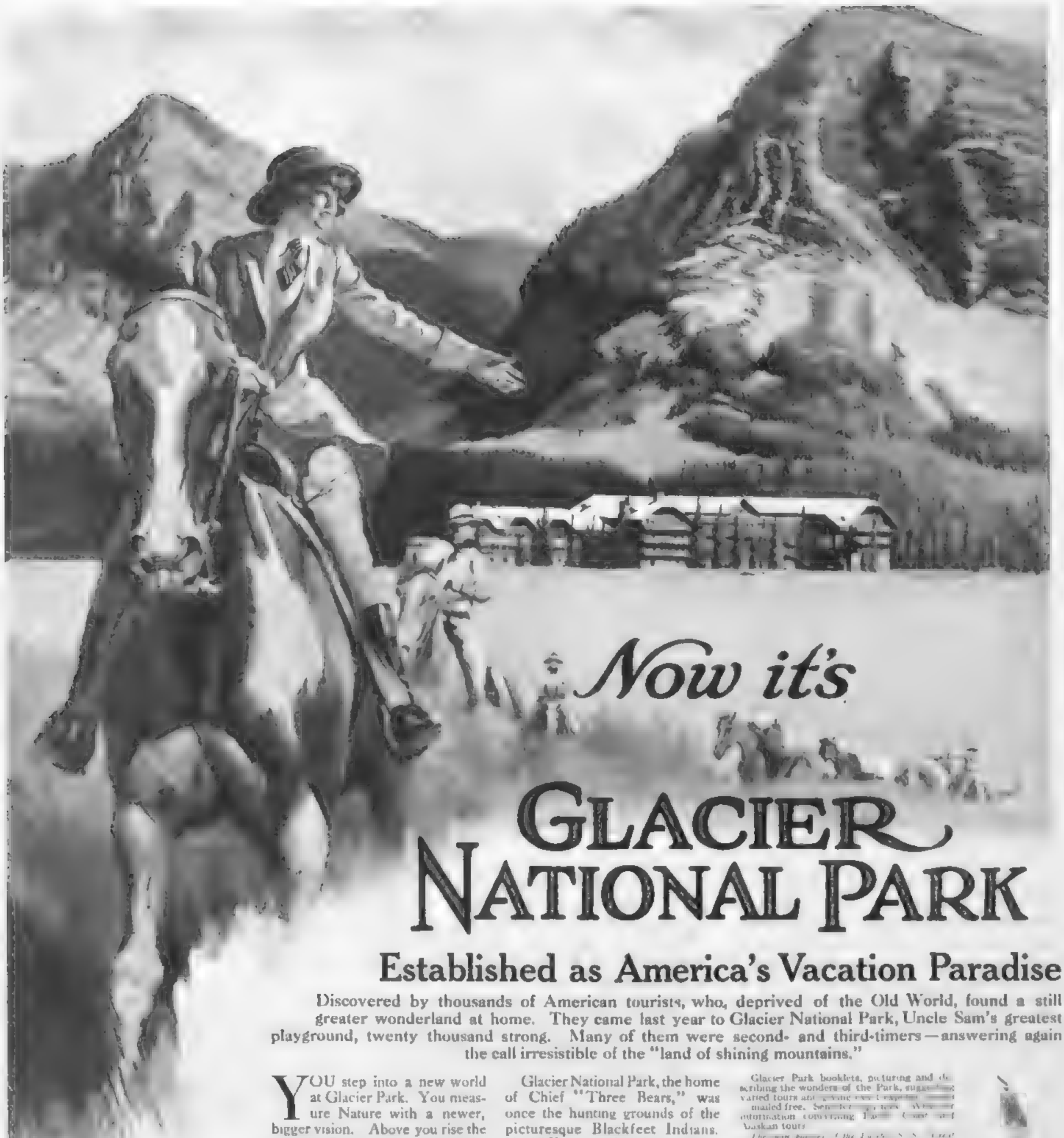

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Established as America's Vacation Paradise

Discovered by thousands of American tourists, who, deprived of the Old World, found a still greater wonderland at home. They came last year to Glacier National Park, Uncle Sam's greatest playground, twenty thousand strong. Many of them were second- and third-timers—answering again the call irresistible of the "land of shining mountains."

YOU step into a new world at Glacier Park. You measure Nature with a newer, bigger vision. Above you rise the towering Rockies—the far-stretching Continental Divide—cloud-piercing peaks and glistening glaciers; skyland lakes of turquoise and emerald. Within you comes the urge to hit the trail. You tour by auto-stage over scenic motor highways. Launches ply the lakes.

Go by saddle-horse, or over wide, safe trails afoot. Plenty of use for your fishing kit—your camera.

Glacier National Park, the home of Chief "Three Bears," was once the hunting grounds of the picturesque Blackfeet Indians. You'll "meet up" with them here—quaint, friendly, interesting

You can stop at splendid modern hotels or Swiss chalets, or live in a tepee, cook your own meals. Vacations, $1 to $5 per day.

Great Northern through trains of supreme comfort daily reach this vacation country. The railroad edges the Park from east to west entrances. Low round-trip summer tourist fares via Great Northern, from June 1 to Sept. 30.

Glacier Park booklets, picturing and describing the wonders of the Park, suggesting varied tours and giving rates [illegible] mailed free. Send for [illegible] information concerning [illegible] Coast and Alaskan tours

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Please send me Hotels and Tours Folder, Aeroplane Map and other descriptive literature on Glacier National Park. Free

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"THREE BEARS"

—His Mark

Meet me at Glacier National Park this Summer

"See America First"

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

GlacierNational Park

A Country Banker's Story

(Told at a tractor demonstration in a prosperous Western county)

Three men met recently at a tractor demonstration in a prosperous Western county. One of them was a leading country banker of Illinois. Another was an editorial writer on a well-known farm paper. The third was a salesman of advertising.

In addition to being at his desk in the bank every day, the banker owns several thousand acres of high-grade farm lands, the operation of which he personally directs.

The salesman asked him how great was a banker's influence upon his neighbors in the purchase of machinery, the equipment of their farms and the methods of farming which they followed.

It was a question of the power of leadership among farmers.

And this is what the banker said:

"The men in the position of leaders among farmers have a very great responsibility. I have urged country bankers for years to realize their responsibility in this respect. Even if they do not own farms, their banking customers seek their advice.

"This responsibility means so much to me that, in equipping my own farm, I am always careful not to put up any building, buy any equipment, nor undertake any experiment in farming which would be liable to lead my neighbor astray.

"I spoke at a meeting of farmers right here last winter. As I sat down, a farmer got up and said: 'It's easy enough for you to buy this improved machinery, and build the buildings you have been describing, because you are wealthy. But the rest of us can't afford to equip our farms that way.'

"I tell you I was glad to be able to say to this man that he or any other good farmer in the county can come to my bank and borrow money at the prevailing rate of interest, to erect on his farm any buildings duplicating mine, or to buy any of the machinery that I have bought for my own use.

"In other words I could show my faith in the equipment I had bought by offering to lend him money to buy this same equipment."

At this point a young farmer joined the group to ask the banker's advice about the purchase of a tractor. He knew that the banker had two on his farm, and he wanted the benefit of that experience.

The banker told the farmer that the fact he had bought a second tractor was the best evidence of his belief in their practicability. And when the farmer asked what make of machine the banker would recommend, he was referred to the work these machines had done on his farm.

Whereupon the farmer started out for the headquarters of the machine the banker uses.

It was natural for the advertising man to ask the next question, and the banker answered it this way:

"It certainly ought not to be difficult to convince manufacturers of the importance of making their appeal to the leaders in every community. An appeal of that sort is the most effective and the quickest way of influencing the mass of our farming population. There is not any doubt about it."

In every farm community there are leaders who dominate. They are leaders of agricultural thought. They buy with forethought and care, and indirectly they influence the buying impulse of the entire community.

The country bankers are but one factor in this group.

The county agents and agricultural educators are another.

The largest and most successful farmers are equally influential.

There is a publication which is the inspiration of practically everyone in this dominating group of country business men, educators and practical farmers, representing huge buying capacity in the farm market.

That publication is *The Country Gentleman*.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 66)

throws the bridle reins to the ground. He singles out Smith and addresses him—with due respect as the representative of the railroad on the ground.

"Kingsnipe," he says, using the section boss' best title in the Southwest, "one of those thar trains of your'n jes' winded a yearlin' of mine down yonder here."

Smith does not comment. He is not garrulous at the best, and he wants to see the dead cow before he commits himself as a representative of the railroad company. Sometimes these cowpunchers have dragged dead cattle

This was a sure-enough accident, however, and Smith pulls out his notebook to make a note of the brand, earmarks and the other details for his stock report to the supervisor. Before he can complete his report, his practiced eye, which rarely ever is raised from the rail, catches something wrong. To your eyes it might mean nothing. To Smith it spells trouble.

A piece of the ball of the rail—hardly more than three inches long is about to break off. This to the mind of the trained track maintainer is serious. He cannot bother with the dead cow just now. Instead, he hollers back to his Mexicans to get the hand car on the track. He gives Juán a red flag, a torpedo and a written note of explanation to engineers—for Juán has always shown a surpassing indifference to the English language—and sends him west for half a mile to flag.

The car and the rest of the crew start east to get a new rail. They find it on a railrack some two miles distant and leave another flagman there. The crew comes back to the broken rail. Two of the Mexicans start to pull out the spikes on one side; two others take off the fishplate bolts at the joints; and Smith, with a bar, pushes the rail out of place. The entire gang gets the new piece of steel in place. And if you have taken the trouble to time the operation you will notice that not thirty minutes have elasped between the time the boss discovered the break and the time the track is ready again.

Smith calls in his flagmen; and nobody who sits on the through train that goes rolling over the replacement a little later knows how good a chance he stood of being killed or seriously injured where the gang stands on the sidebank.

After all this the funeral of the yearling proceeds. Smith has completed his record of the details of the deceased. His notes show brand, earmarks, color, and guesses as to her age, weight and value that would do credit to a cowpuncher.

"You never can tell when some duck'll come along an' sue the road on something like this," he observes as the Mexicans dig her grave.

Is this all of Smith's job? By no means. When the interment is finished he takes a look at his watch—four o'clock. The conductor on a passing local freight has tossed him a "butterfly" telling him he is going to set out a carload of ties at the spur track by the section house. Smith knows if he holds that flat car out of service one unnecessary hour it is going to go against his record back at headquarters. So back they all go to the section house and the job of getting those ties piled up beside it.

Looking for Washouts

The heat is terrific. The rails in the distance seem to be dancing in the simmering atmosphere. The rainy season is about due, Smith tells you, and every evening the skies have begun to cloud up—only to be completely clear again at daybreak. It now seems hotter under the grayish clouds than it did under the cloudless skies; but the gang tugs steadily at the ties. The car is half unloaded.

Suddenly the sky changes from gray to black. Back on the horizon comes the growling of distant thunder. Dust storms go chasing across the prairie and the grazing cattle begin to run helter-skelter in a vain hunt for shelter.

Smith has not lived twelve years in Western Texas for nothing. Suddenly he sights down the track and then yells something in Spanish that must mean:

"Beat it, boys!"

The unloading of the ties ceases instanter. Smith makes for his house—the gang for theirs. For ten minutes there is a pandemonium of thunder and lightning, the deafening roar of sheet rain. Gradually it lessens, and there comes the moment when the foreman opens his door and looks out on the country.

It has been transformed. Where the arid prairie stretched at the back of his house on wheels there is now a far-reaching lake. The sidetrack is covered with water and in the ditch along the main line a stream rushes like a millrace. The drainage ditches are fairly fit for navigation.

In forty minutes the rain has ceased—almost as suddenly as it began. Smith is hungry and there are some Mexican stomachs fairly aching for tamales and coffee; but the gang goes without its supper. The line is more important.

Smith gets out his lanterns—two white, two red and two yellow ones—calls his crew, and they get the hand car ready to run up the line and look for washouts. The water is still running in torrents and they have to stop every little while to get brush and rubbish off the track. After a while they come to a place where the track sags—and some two hundred feet of line is hanging half suspended by the rails themselves.

Half of the embankment is gone, and the red lights go forth in the hands of flagmen at once. While Smith is using his quick wits to plan for replacing the bank, a slow-crawling freight comes puffing cautiously along from the east. The conductor and the engineer join Smith and then take all his gang—save the flagmen—back in the caboose to the section house. Arrived there the conductor connects his caboose telephone with headquarters and tells of the washout.

The Trackmen of Texas

"The section boss will have the line ready in two or three hours," he adds, and gets out a deck of cards for a game with his brakeman. There is no seven-up for Smith or his men. He gets the engineer to push out the carload of ties to the washout and they go to work.

The foreman of the adjoining section has seen the red signals and his men turn in too. There is plenty of work for all in cribbing up the swinging track; and when it is nearly done Smith tells the freight engineer to go back and get his train. By the time he returns it can move over the weak place—still cautiously.

The conductor stands at the rear door of his pleasant caboose and waves Smith good night as the freight train goes thumping off toward Los Angeles. Smith and his gang walk back to the section house. Their hand car was left there, and they are only thankful it is but three miles away.

"We need the exercise," says Smith as he snatches up a cold pork sandwich at two o'clock in the morning and drops like a tired dog into his bed; "but it's a day's work most of the time down here."

There is another man on this same section who is filling his job and filling it well. And there are many other men on many other sections who are filling their jobs and filling them well. If it were not for the Smiths all the way across Texas, all the way across the Southwest and up the Coast—all over this big North American continent—the railroads would have a mighty hard time of it getting their trains over their tracks. No wonder they are puckering their brows over the question of getting proper maintainers for their lines.

During the day you brought this help question up with Smith. He liked to talk about it. For one thing, he understands Mexicans; and that is a full half of a section foreman's job down in the Southwest.

"Two weeks of decent food and you have as toughened a little worker as you can desire. You can feed him flattery on a spoon and he will swallow it whole," he said.

You recall the incident of Washington Pie Lewis and begin telling Smith of the labor conditions in the East.

"The Mexicans could never stand it up there," he says. "They're no good more than two or three hundred miles north of Old Mexico. And when you get west of the Sierras you'll begin to find the Jap trackmen."

The Japanese invasion has been something of a godsend to the big railroads in the Far West. Up in British Columbia, where John Chinaman is not in legal disfavor, you will find him a track laborer—faithful and efficient. On the Canadian Pacific seventeen per cent of the total force of trackmen are Chinamen. At the west end of that Canadian transcontinental the track gangs almost exclusively are Chinese.

The Jap is not illegal in the United States, however, and he is turning to railroading. It is only fair to say that he is

THE big help for "Clean-Up" Week is Campbell's Varnish Stain. It freshens up furniture—makes old scratched chairs look like new—gives lustre to picture frames, window sills and doors—and imparts tone and beauty to discolored floors. Anybody can use it.

CAMPBELL'S VARNISH STAIN

Dissolves Grease Spots

It's famous as the Varnish Stain that dissolves grease spots. Use it on a floor—and the grease spots disappear. It penetrates the wood fibre, and gives an armor-plate finish. It is so thoroughly unified in preparation that it has no sediment, but is transparent through and through.

Our Special Offer for "Clean-Up" Week

"Clean-Up" Week runs from May 1st to May 7th. That's next week. It's a time to get busy and make your home brighter.

With every purchase of Campbell's Varnish Stain made between May 1st and May 7th, inclusive, we will give, free of charge, one copy of Mr. Ekin Wallick's new book, "The Attractive Home." This book is valued at one dollar, but we give it free provided you buy at least one can of Campbell's Varnish Stain—and turn in the coupon printed in this advertisement.

A Dollar Book Free to Purchasers of Campbell's Varnish Stain

Mr. Wallick is an authority on home decoration and the author of many books. In this instructive book he tells how to make your home beautiful at a small expense. There are chapters on rugs, portières, lighting, wall decoration and furniture. It is not an advertising publication, but a real dollar book, superbly illustrated in six colors. Remember, you must take the coupon to your dealer between May 1st and 7th—and buy at least one can of Campbell's Varnish Stain—to get the book free.

If you cannot secure Campbell's Varnish Stain from your dealer, send us the coupon and forty (40) cents in stamps (45 cents if white enamel is ordered), and we will send you postpaid Mr. Wallick's book and a half-pint 25-cent can of Campbell's Varnish Stain—any color you select—$1.25 worth for 40 cents. In writing, be sure to give name of nearest paint dealer or decorator.

There are 13 colors: Natural wood color, light oak, dark oak, walnut, cherry, mahogany, green, rosewood, white enamel, flat black, gloss black, piazza green and piazza red.

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Also makers of Colorite (for straw hats) and Cow-Ease (the famous fly repellent)
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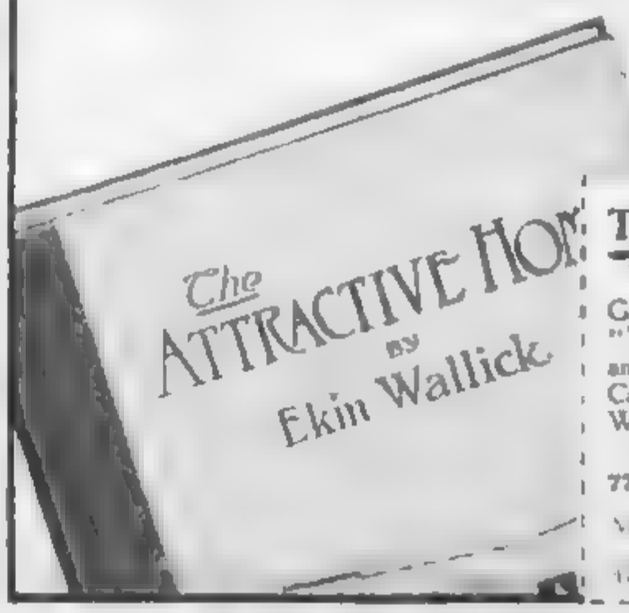


This Coupon Gets this $1.00 Book Free

Good for one copy of Ekin Wallick's book, "The Attractive Home," if properly filled out and presented to dealer at time of purchase of Campbell's Varnish Stain—during "Clean-Up" Week—between May 1st and 7th.

CARPENTER-MORTON CO.
77 Sudbury St. Boston, Mass.

Name

Town

Pure Confections for all the Folks

It's great to have Necco Confections on the table all the time. Fine for the kiddies—fine for the grown-ups—fine for the visitors. Everybody likes Necco.

All of the delightful Necco varieties come to you delicious and pure from our clean, sanitary Necco factory. Here the greatest care is taken to produce pure candies that mothers can offer the children with perfect confidence.

It takes but a nickel to try Necco Lemon Drops, Fruit Drops, Sweethearts, Boston Baked Beans, Necco and Hub Wafers. You'll be surprised at the superior goodness of these Necco tidbits.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Nine delightful, old-fashioned flavors in Necco and Hub Wafers.

Your Head or Your Hands

You can make a living with either, but there'll be a big difference in the living.

The manual laborer may earn $2.00 a day. The salesman—a head-worker—earns $10.00 a day.

Subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are head-workers—salesmen. Many of them make more than $10.00 a day. Even in spare time, scores of Curtis representatives earn from $50.00 to $100.00 a month. And many localities are as yet practically untouched.

Would you like to coin your spare hours or your full time into dollars? We can offer you a position as our local representative—on salary and commission. For details, address

Agency Division, Box 359
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

the best track laborer our railroads have known. He is energetic, ambitious, intelligent, and therefore easily instructed. His mind being receptive and retentive, he rarely has to be told a thing a second time.

Though small, the Jap is robust and possessed of powers of endurance far beyond any other race. Furthermore, he is cleanly—bathing and changing his clothes several times a week. His camp is always sanitary, and he prides himself on the thoroughness of his work. You may be sure he is carrying a Japanese-English dictionary and that from it he is learning his three English words a day. Track workers from the south of Europe will spend a lifetime without ever learning a single word of English.

Ties That Wear for Twenty Years

The Jap is peculiarly loyal to the foreman who treats him squarely. Here is a case in point: An extra gang—sent by the railroads in trainloads to meet big work—had been up in the California hills, toiling continuously for thirty-eight hours on a landslide. They were dog-tired but mentally alert when they finished; and they came back to their camp at the close of one of the wettest days on record. The foreman was not a Jap and lacked their ability to stand a day and half kneedeep in mud and water. When he came back to the camp he was three-quarters sick. The Japs gave him a foot bath, a dose of quinine and put him to bed.

At midnight the telephone in his shack began to clatter. He jumped out of bed, caught the message and began dressing. Before he had finished he was at the door of his cabin calling his men through the dark and the drizzling rain.

"We've got to get back," he said. "She's gone out again."

Then he turned to finish dressing. He did not finish. Two of his best workmen—Japs—were in his cabin arguing with him. Out of their jargon of Japanese and dictionary English he was told that the gang had gone on strike. When he began to curse—for the fever still ran in his veins—they told him they would go to work if he would go to bed.

The white man was sick; but the white man had a white assistant. The assistant should go; and if he made any complaint against one of the workers the Japs themselves would see to it that the offender left on the first train.

The big foreman stormed. The Japs were obdurate. He knew Jap nature and finally he gave in, with more or less bad grace in the matter. The gang swung cheerfully on to the worktrain and sailed into a slide that a crew of thirty white men had refused to touch because of the constant danger from falling rocks from the mountainside. Several of the Japs were seriously injured because of those rocks, but not one complaint was filed. And it is in the archives of that railroad that the big slide was cleared in record time.

There is another class of Asiatic workers that has in recent years begun to show itself along the West Coast, and this class is far less satisfactory in every way. These are the Hindus. They have drifted across the Seven Seas and marched into a new land through the gates of San Francisco or Portland or Seattle.

Any railroad executive will tell you of the increasing costs of track maintenance. He will illustrate this by the way the simplest of all construction materials, the crosstie, has increased in value.

The more common grades of cedar and Georgia pine are the ties that are being offered to the railroad, and even these come in diminishing supply and poorer quality; for you must not forget that it takes thirty-one hundred and sixty-eight ties—eight carloads—to lay a mile of standard single track, and that the moment these are laid they begin deteriorating and a campaign of constant and endless replacement must begin also.

The crosstie is of uncertain age, but long experience has put the average at eight years. In recent years the railroad has practically doubled its life by a process of thoroughly creosoting the tie before it is placed in position. The creosoting process more than pays its way.

"The tie wears out where the spike enters it," a division engineer tells you. "The spike splinters the grain of the wood, and into the fine crevices water and snow work their way and do their deadliest. The use of the track has a tendency to loosen the grip of the spike in the wood. A part of track maintenance is to stiffen the track by constantly pounding that spike back into position again; and that does the tie no good."

He delves into a photographic record book and shows you a method that his own road—unusually rich and progressive—has adopted.

"We've doped out a machine," he explains, "that takes the end of a square, well-cut, creosoted tie and bores four holes at just the right gauge-point in it. Plates go on the top and bottom, and into the top one is clinched our hundred-pound rail. Four long bolts hold the entire thing together and there is not the slightest strain on the grain of the tie.

"Costs money? Of course it costs money—runs construction totals up a good bit; but the tie stays and all the track maintainer has to do is to tighten up the bolts a bit—just as he does with the bolts at the rail-joints. We are going to get twenty years out of those ties."

He proffers another suggestion—this time about a competitor.

"They're doing the right thing," he says. "They've engaged a trained forester and he is placing quick-growing trees along the right-of-way. There is plenty of room for at least a single row—in some places a double row—and some sweet day, when road-maintenance engineers are confronted with an absolute famine of wooden ties, the men on that road are going to find themselves in clover."

"In clover!" you retort. "How about the steel tie?"

Cushions Made of Wood

"Fine—in street-railroad construction," he replies. "It has never made good in standard railroad track designed for high speed and heavy trainloads. It is too rigid. Wood is the best of all cushions. It is the softener between the pounding of the trains and the rigidity of Mother Earth. It is the final touch in track."

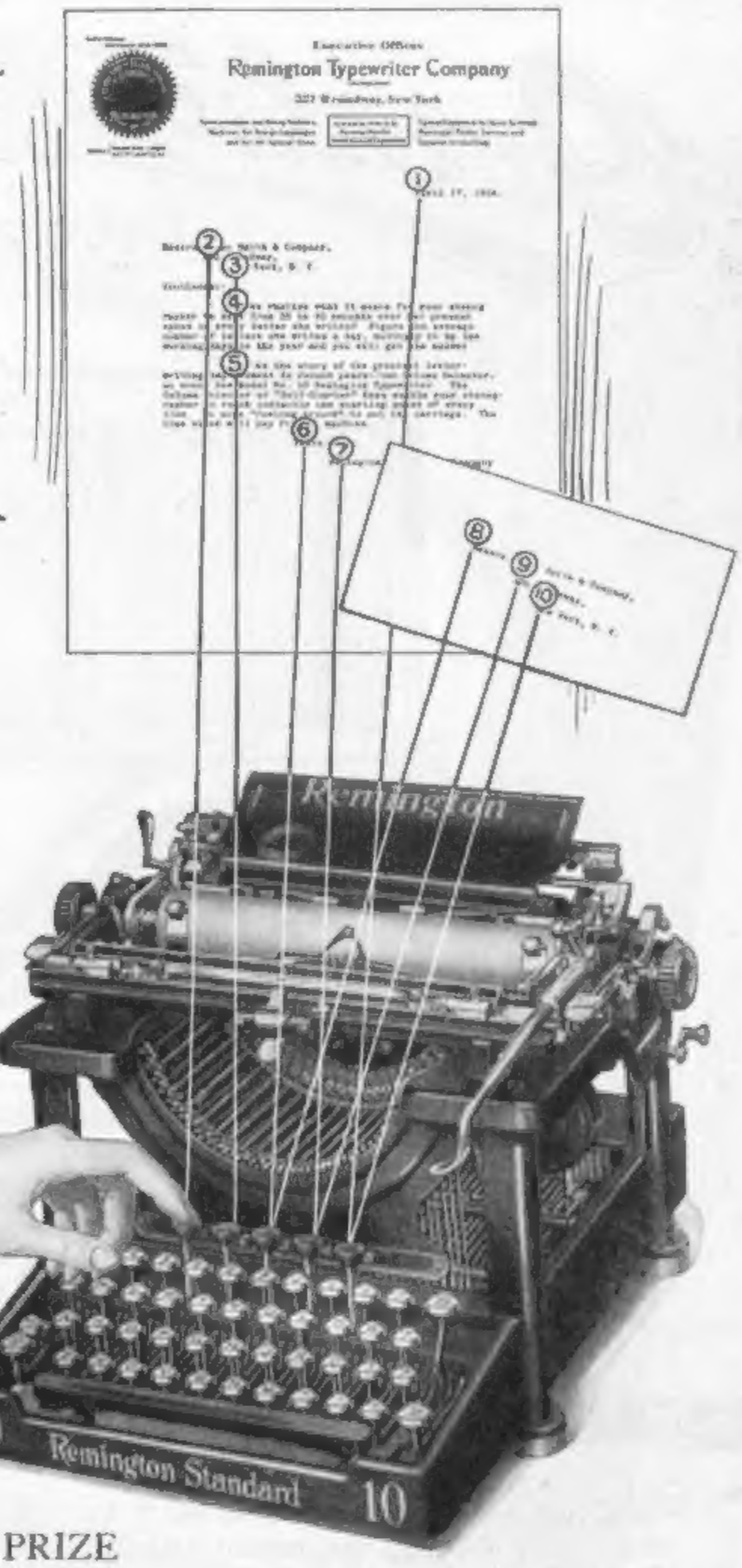
With his track construction and maintenance costs jumping high, the railroad executive has also to consider demands of the big brotherhoods of the operating department; but it is a good deal of a question as to whether any moderate pay increases would change the type of trackman. It is difficult work, with long, tedious and hard hours.

The native American shows little interest in labor of that sort. He finds he can buy comfort in easier ways. And that is quite true of the second and the third generations of those who come from beyond the seas to seek a decent living on this continent. Two generations will generally put a south-of-Europe man out of overalls and into a sack suit and a derby.

And yet the railroad must meet this problem. Its track will continue to need maintenance. In a hard job and a lonely one it must still demand of the man behind the shovel faith, a quick wit, strong arms and a loyal heart. If these qualities were to cease for twenty-four hours the railroads of America would cease to operate.

10 automatic time-savings per letter

New Remington "self starter"



One touch instead of several

GRAND PRIZE
Panama-Pacific Exposition

This Remington invention eliminates whole groups of slow hand motions. It gives any typist ten or more flying starts on every letter that leaves your office.

See how:

She slips your letterhead in the Remington paper-roll. She presses a column selector "self-starting" key. Instead of feeling its way, the carriage automatically toes the mark *just* where the typing of the date should be started. Result: *TIME SAVED.*

She writes the name. Then she presses another self-starting key. Instead of "inching" along, the carriage darts to exact position for "street and number." *TIME SAVED.*

Another key speeds the carriage to position for "city and state." No slow hand spacing. *TIME SAVED.*

Down the page it goes automatically fixing the carriage in position for paragraphs, "Yours truly" lines, name and address on envelopes, as precisely as though measured by scale—and infinitely quicker. *TIME SAVED. TIME SAVED. TIME SAVED.*

The new "Self Starter" insures a neat uniformity in all letters that leave your office. It gives your typist more time to type. She doesn't waste time doing things her machine should do for her. She doesn't have to look on and off her notes. *TIME SAVED.*

These "self-starting" keys come only on Remingtons. They are a built-in part of the New Remington No. 10 machines.

No added cost.

It saves enough time to pay for the machine. *It will pay you to look into it.*

Let us mail you a folder—whether you are an employer who is looking to reduce time waste, or a typist who knows that "getting ahead" depends on surer, quicker typewriter results.

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For clear, clean typewriter results, use Remtico brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Write our nearest office.

Don't force your business to fit a machine. Select from the complete Remington line (over 40 models) the machine that fits your business.

Overland Delivery Car

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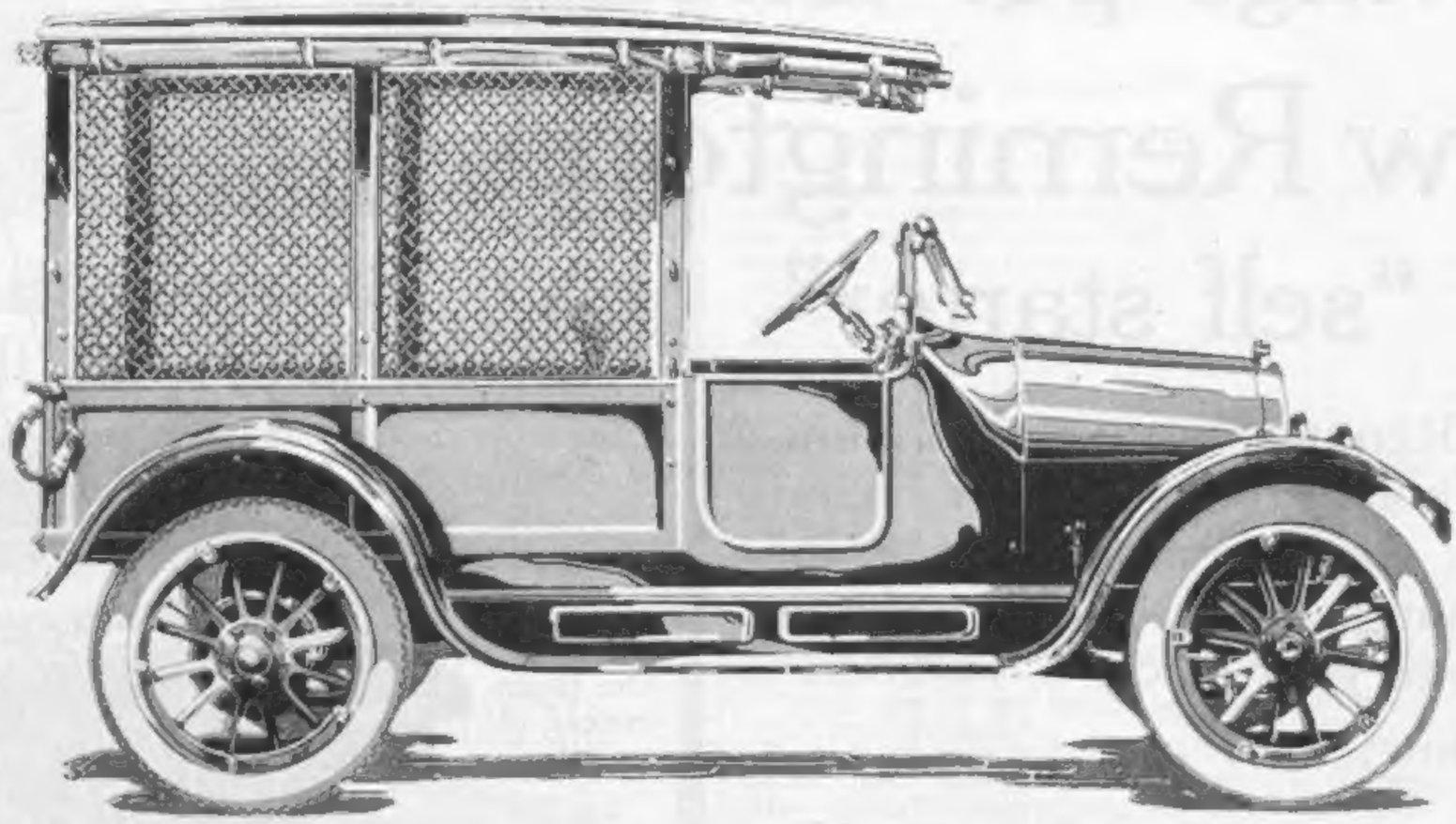
Model 75 f. o. b. Toledo
Completely Equipped



$595 Complete And Economical to Run

Everyone knows that horses can't do the work—not with the present demand for quick, frequent deliveries.

You must put your goods behind a motor—or the fellow who does will get the business.

Do as thousands are doing—buy an Overland Delivery Car.

Overland Model 75 Delivery Car is light but sturdy—small in size but large in carrying capacity.

It's inexpensive to buy and costs little to run.

The price is only $595—complete.

And not a single extra to buy. Nothing is lacking.

Screen sides and doors come with the car. Also storm curtains all round to protect driver and load in bad weather.

The windshield is of the rain-vision ventilating type.

Of course, this car is electrically started and lighted. And there's a magnetic speedometer, electric horn, ammeter, electric control buttons on the steering column—everything necessary or desirable.

Yet the price is only $595.

The driver won't be tempted to leave the motor running at the curb to avoid laborious cranking by hand. The self-starter eliminates this waste of fuel.

The four-inch tires mean hundreds of extra miles in good, hard service.

Demountable rims are provided—with one extra. This permits quick tire changes—eliminates delayed deliveries—saves the driver's valuable time.

Those easy riding cantilever rear springs mean safety for the load—no breakage—no ruined goods or materials.

No other delivery car will give you these advantages for anywhere near the price—only $595.

There are over 78 cubic feet of space back of the driver's seat. In addition, there's room beside the seat when needed.

And there's always the power, the strength and the endurance to carry the full load anywhere—everywhere, and for a long, long time.

But the price is only $595.

And no car can be operated at smaller cost. The en-bloc motor was designed to give greatest efficiency with least consumption of fuel. Users everywhere attest the economy of this car.

Think what this economical, dependable Overland will mean to your business.

No more tardy deliveries—no more disappointed, disgruntled customers.

And this perfecting of your service requires an outlay of only $595.

You cannot accomplish the same result as completely and efficiently with any other car at anywhere near this price, $595—complete.

See our dealer today. He will gladly demonstrate the car for you.

Or write direct to our Dept. 683 for a special delivery car catalog.

We also supply the Overland Model 83 B Panel Body Delivery Car for $695, f. o. b. Toledo

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The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

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Seedless Navel Oranges in Their Prime

Oranges of the most delicious flavor. Rich, ripe, juicy, tender, *seedless. Real food,* in Nature's Purity-Packages. Forever one of Nature's *delicacies,* within the reach of all.

A beautiful free book, "Sunkist Salads and Desserts," tells how to use these oranges—the *ideal* oranges for richly flavored juice, to peel and eat whole, and for *all* culinary purposes.

First-class dealers everywhere sell Sunkist oranges and Sunkist lemons.

Ask for the large Sunkist Orange Juice Extractor—10c from dealers or 16c by mail east of Missouri River, 15c from dealers or 24c by mail west of Missouri River, 24c by mail to Canada.

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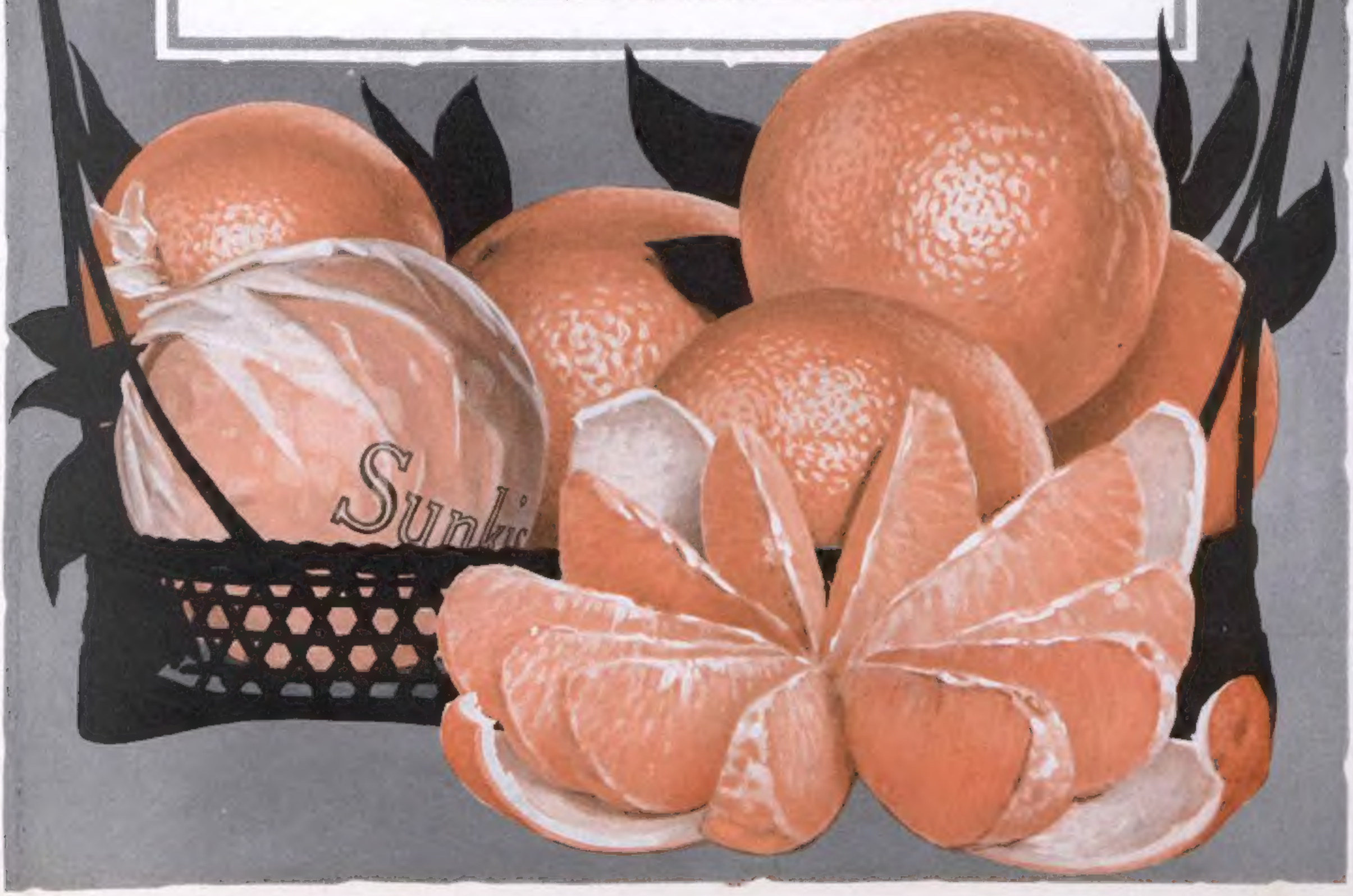

If you were 200 miles from a dentist wouldn't you employ the surest means of protecting your teeth?